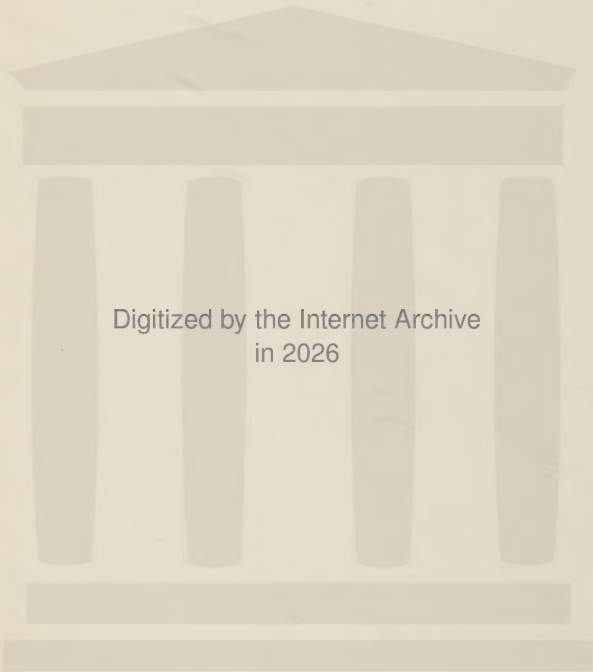
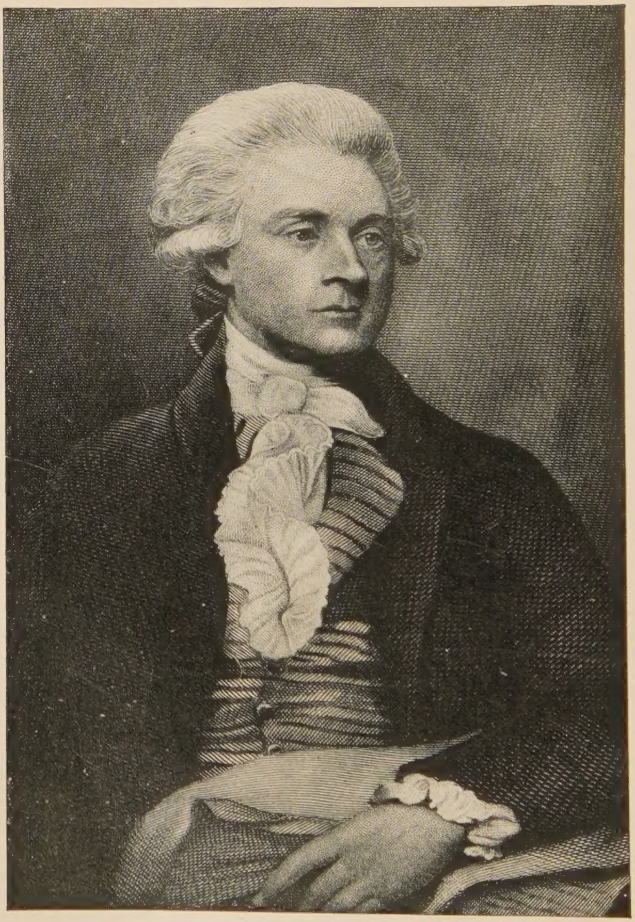
ROBERT MANNING STROZIER
LIBRARY

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA

Page 19


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/lifetimesofthoma0000thom_u4g6



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

BY

THOMAS E. WATSON

Author of "The Story of France," "Napoleon," Etc.

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
MCMIII

E
332
.W34
1903

973.46
J45.Wa

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

LIBRARY
FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY
TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA

Published, October, 1903

DEDICATION

BECAUSE HE HAS CONSECRATED HIS WEALTH, TALENT, AND ENERGIES TO THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH THE MASSES OF OUR PEOPLE LIVE; BECAUSE HE HAS SHOWN AN EARNEST, FEARLESS, AND CONSISTENT INTEREST IN THE CAUSE OF THE WEAK AND OPPRESSED; BECAUSE HE IS TO-DAY WORKING WITH SPLENDID ABILITY ALONG THE SAME LINES WHICH MR. JEFFERSON MARKED OUT A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

PREFACE

By far the greater number of books treating of American history and biography have been written by Northern men. Southern men of the Old Régime were not much given to the writing of books, and when the man of New England strode forward, pen in hand, nominated himself custodian of our national archives and began to compile the record, nobody seriously contested the office. This being so, it happened almost inevitably that New England got handsome treatment in our national histories. Tended by the reverential hands of her own sons, her historical graves have been kept very green indeed. The microscope, applied to every historical scene and character in New England, has let no excellence escape its magnifying power. This was very natural. The New England author, by the sheer strength of environment, education, heredity, inborn prejudice, and preference, saw everything from a New England point of view, and as it appeared to him so he colored the record.

Nobody denies that New England deserved good treatment in our histories. Her record is one of glory, and her sons have the right to be proud of

it. No patriotic American would want to detract from her merit, even if he could. None could do so, even if he would. But, at the same time, the history of New England is *not* the history of the whole Union.

The criticism which can be leveled justly at so many of the alleged histories of our country is that they are not *national.* They tell, with fulness and power, the story of New England; but too often they ignore the South and the West. Very frequently they are cruelly unjust both to the South and the West.

This is to be deplored. It can not be to the permanent best interests of our common country that any section thereof should be misrepresented. All true patriots must realize the vital importance of harmonious relations between North and South, East and West. Any book whose tendency is to inflame section against section, and to leave in the minds of the people a rankling sense of wrong, is a dangerous book.

I can conceive of nothing more ominous of future trouble than the continued growth of purely sectional literature. As long as Northern authors "write at" the South, and Southern authors "write back at" the North, we are cultivating perilous conditions. Upon the fertile seed-bed of sectional prejudice and jealousy such books are broadcasting the seed of strife whose harvest will be gathered in

the years to come. Surely it is possible to tell the story of our Republic as we would write that of France or England. What American author would think of the sectional divisions in France, or Germany, if he were engaged in compiling the record of either? How absurd it would be to warp such a narrative to please a local prejudice!

Yet American history suffers from precisely this method of treatment. Some Northern histories are so offensive to the South that no Southern man can read them. Some Southern books are equally offensive to our brethren of the North.

In The Life and Times of Jefferson I have made an earnest effort to deal fairly with the man, the facts, the times, the different sections—his friends and his enemies.

I have tried to give New England her just dues —which are great. And I have likewise tried to do justice to the South, whose fair proportion of the toil and the glory is too frequently denied.

Without detracting from the one section, I have endeavored to exalt the other. Instead of taking away a single one of the treasures of our national history, my purpose has been to bring neglected additions to the casket. No accepted national hero has been ignored, but I have endeavored to show that there are others whose names deserve a greater prominence than they have always enjoyed.

In other words, my effort has been to make the

book *national*, not sectional. How far I have succeeded, the reader will judge.

In the preparation of The Life and Times of Jefferson, the author has used every known source of information. The leading histories, the biographies, the memoirs, volumes of correspondence, etc., he has consulted them all, so far as he is aware of their existence.

Before the completion of the work, the author visited the community in which Mr. Jefferson lived and died.

He enjoyed the privilege of full and free conversations with Dr. William Carey Nicholas Randolph, the great-grandson of Thomas Jefferson, who is familiar with all the family traditions, and who is himself a gentleman of rare mental gifts.

Another valuable source of information was the venerable Jesse Maury, now ninety-three years of age, but who yet retains possession of his mental and physical vigor. This most estimable citizen was a member of the volunteer escort which rode with Lafayette on his last visit to Monticello. He is perhaps the only man now living who can claim a personal and vivid recollection of both Lafayette and Jefferson.

The author, of course, made his pilgrimage to Monticello, where he was courteously shown several of the rooms of the mansion by Mr. L. N. Levy, brother of the proprietor.

The house yet shows many signs of the decay into which it fell during the troubled period of the Civil War and the years which followed, although its owner has spent large sums in its restoration.

Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, is not used by strangers to his blood as a private residence. The Hermitage, the home of Andrew Jackson, is not used as a private residence. And Monticello, the home of Jefferson, seems sadly desecrated when it is used for private purposes.

The same spirit of veneration for the mighty dead which consecrates Mount Vernon and The Hermitage should rescue Monticello.

THOMAS E. WATSON.

THOMSON, GA., *July, 1903.*

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

YOUTH AND EDUCATION

PAGE

Yorktown founded—Jefferson's ancestry—His youth and education—The Indian chief—The "old régime" in Virginia—The Virginian gentleman of the "old school"—William and Mary College—Dr. Small—Governor Fauquier—Fiddling, dancing, and studying—Jefferson graduates and reads law—Personal appearance and habits—His friendships—Dabney Carr, the Jonathan of the David—A dream and what came of it 1

CHAPTER II

BEGINNINGS OF THE REVOLUTION

Origins of Revolutionary War—"Protection" run mad—Current events—Attempt to found a republic in Louisiana—Pontiac on the war-path—Plays a wonderful ball-game and wins an English fort 27

CHAPTER III

STAMP ACT TIMES

England passes the Stamp Act—North Carolina leads a revolt—Patrick Henry—James Otis—Henry's great speech—Jefferson present—Jefferson a lawyer—Those minute, voluminous diaries—Lawyers' fees then and now—Webster, Pinckney, Wirt, Randolph 39

CHAPTER IV

IN THE LEGISLATURE

Jefferson elected to State Legislature—Lord Botetourt the new governor—Jefferson gets a gentle rebuke—Patriotic resolutions passed—Botetourt disbands the rebels—Meeting at the tavern—Boycott resolutions—The author pays attention in a friendly way to William Eleroy Curtis—Jefferson and slavery—Shadwell burned—Monticello begun 60

CHAPTER V

REVOLT IN NORTH CAROLINA

PAGE

The North Carolina Regulators—Battle of Great Alamance Creek—Woodrow Wilson's book 73

CHAPTER VI

MARRIAGE AND MONTICELLO

Jefferson in love—Marries a handsome widow, who is supposed to be rich—Happy married life at Monticello—The fatal British debt 87

CHAPTER VII

THE NAVIGATION ACTS

Rum and the slave trade—Navigation Acts enforced—The burning of the Gaspee—Richard Henry Lee proposes Committee of Correspondence—Dabney Carr lays corner-stone of the Republic—His death—Tea duties and tea ships—Charleston, Boston—Tea parties at both places—Virginia burgesses—Jefferson an extremist—Boston—General Congress—Burning of the Peggy Stewart—Dunmore's Indian War—Logan's speech 94

CHAPTER VIII

JEFFERSON AT MONTICELLO

Jefferson at Monticello—His passion for building and improving—Violin practise—Old-time music and dancing—John Randolph, the royalist—Parts with his celebrated violin and goes into exile 113

CHAPTER IX

THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS

Continental Congress—Jefferson heads Committee of Safety—Patrick Henry—"We must fight!"—George Washington heads military—Dunmore and the powder—Henry as a rebel leader—North's Conciliatory Proposition—Jefferson in Congress—Bunker Hill—Growth of independent spirit—Washington, Sam Adams, Wesley, Franklin, Richard Henry Lee—Lord Dunmore takes to the ships 123

CHAPTER X

AFFAIRS IN GEORGIA

The Colony of Georgia—Conditions there—Indian wars—Weak, but did her part—Provisional Congress—Bullock made Chief Magistrate—Royal governor driven out—Lachlan McIntosh—Joseph Habersham 133

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XI

PATRICK HENRY IN COMMAND

PAGE

Patrick Henry Commander-in-chief in Virginia—Dunmore's ravages —Fight at Great Bridge—Falmouth and Norfolk destroyed— Paine's Common Sense—North Carolina leads for independence — Virginia — Thomas Nelson, George Mason, Richard Henry Lee—American triumph at Fort Sullivan—Moultrie, the fearless—Sergeant Jasper—Sergeant McDaniel . . . 140

CHAPTER XII

GEORGE WASHINGTON

New England "histories" provincial—George Washington—Sketch of his career—Made General-in-chief 146

CHAPTER XIII

THE DECLARATION

Congress feels popular impulse—Independence declared—Cornelius Harnet—Mecklenburg Resolutions—Jefferson writes the Declaration—How it was received 157

CHAPTER XIV

JEFFERSON IN VIRGINIA

France stealthily offers friendship—Money given on the sly—Silas Deane—Beaumarchais—Jefferson as a reformer in Virginia— Divorces Church from State—Entails and primogeniture abolished—The old English home—The true spirit of democracy . 165

CHAPTER XV

RELIGION AND SLAVERY

Religious persecution—Tithes—Barbarous law—Jefferson for toleration—for emancipation—for state education—Family matters —Saratoga prisoners—Fiddling and amusing themselves at Monticello 177

CHAPTER XVI

GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA

Jefferson elected Governor of Virginia—John Page—Panoramic view of Revolutionary War—Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill —March to Canada—Long Island—Nathan Hale—White Plains —Lafayette—Trenton—Arnold—Paine—Washington . . 185

CHAPTER XVII

PAUL JONES

PAGE

Paul Jones—His daring cruise—His marvelous victory over the Serapis 193

CHAPTER XVIII

WAR IN THE SOUTH

Benedict Arnold's raid to Richmond—War in Southern States—Heroic leaders—Unrecorded battles and victories 203

CHAPTER XIX

KING'S MOUNTAIN

The ride of the Southern Volunteers to King's Mountain—Decisive victory 207

CHAPTER XX

YORKTOWN

Electrical influence of King's Mountain—The Cowpens—John Eager Howard, Williams, Washington, Daniel Morgan—Lord Cornwallis and General Greene—The great chase—The tables turned—Battle at Guilford Court House—Cornwallis in Virginia—Takes position at Yorktown—Is hemmed in—John Laurens and French aid—"The work is done" 212

CHAPTER XXI

THE SOUTH IN THE WAR

Thomas Nelson—British debts—The Southern States during the war—Some comparisons—The famous proposition of Governor Rutledge 217

CHAPTER XXII

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

The Northwestern border—George Rogers Clark—March to Kaskaskia—Vincennes—The "Hannibal of the West"—Fort Jefferson 223

CHAPTER XXIII

IN RETIREMENT

Jefferson's troubles—Blamed for British inroads—Threat of impeachment—Death of his daughter—Death of his wife—Retires from public life—Writes Notes on Virginia 233

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XXIV

IN CONGRESS

PAGE

Congress nominates Jefferson as minister to France—Does not serve —Elected to Congress—Services on committees . . . 237

CHAPTER XXV

MINISTER TO FRANCE

Jefferson accepts foreign mission—Goes to France—Services and occupation there—Goes to London—Coldly received—Tours England 241

CHAPTER XXVI

THE BARBARY PIRATES

Negotiations with Barbary powers—Truth of that situation explained —Washington's letters to Mohammedan rulers 247

CHAPTER XXVII

HIS SERVICES ABROAD

Jefferson's official labors—Results—Unofficial work—Usefulness— Breaks wrist and quits fiddling 255

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Travels in France—Studies conditions of the people—His wrath against the tyrants who abused their power—The King, the noble, the priest, and the victims—Beginnings of French Revolution—Jefferson and the reformers 262

CHAPTER XXIX

RETURN TO MONTICELLO

Jefferson and his daughters—The convent—Jefferson and Adams at Amsterdam—Travels on the Rhine—Returns to Monticello . 270

CHAPTER XXX

DEMOCRACY IN VIRGINIA

Origins of American institutions—Puritan and Cavalier—Settlement of Virginia—John Smith and democracy General Courts in London Jamestown Assembly of 1619—Home rule demanded —Virginia's treaty with Cromwell—Nathaniel Bacon . . 277

LIFE AND TIMES OF JEFFERSON

CHAPTER XXXI

BEGINNINGS OF THE REPUBLIC

PAGE

First step toward organizing the Republic—Congress seeks help—Indians pacified—Canadian Catholics solicited—France—Covert methods—Paine—Franklin 283

CHAPTER XXXII

ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION

Articles of Confederation—Internal struggles—Shay's Rebellion—Steps toward Constitutional Convention—Washington, Madison, Hamilton, Jay—Edmund Randolph 290

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE CONSTITUTION

Hamilton's plan of Constitution—Plan of Randolph—Compromises—Patrick Henry—Jay's treaty with Spain—Debate in Virginia Convention—Fateful letters that were delayed—An agreement between sovereign States 297

CHAPTER XXXIV

IN WASHINGTON'S CABINET

Jefferson called to Washington's Cabinet—Hamilton and his policy—His class legislation and its purpose—Dupes Jefferson on assumption—Antagonism between the two 310

CHAPTER XXXV

THE GENET EPISODE

Straining for an English alliance—Genet and his mission—Two sides to that—Misrepresentations—Hamilton's hard ingratitude and his injustice to France—Newspaper warfare—Freneau—Jefferson stands to his friends in spite of Washington and Hamilton—Resigns—Criticism answered—The cotton-gin 322

CHAPTER XXXVI

AT MONTICELLO AGAIN

Jefferson at home—Dilapidation at Monticello—Martha Jefferson marries—Manner of life at Monticello—Jefferson as inventor—Mazzei letter—Tribute to Washington 340

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XXXVII

ADAMS AS PRESIDENT

PAGE

John Adams elected President—Inherited difficulties—Troubles with France—Gallant James Monroe—Thomas Paine in prison—Jay's treaty with England—Talleyrand and the X. Y. Z. matter—British outrages—War fever against France—Dr. Logan as peace-maker—Adams foils Hamilton, and there is no war . . . 350

CHAPTER XXXVIII

JEFFERSON VICE-PRESIDENT

Federalism rampant—Alien and Sedition laws—Jefferson and Madison—Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions—Edmund Randolph's opinion—Jefferson as Vice-President—Was he timid, weak, and vacillating, as Messrs. Lodge and Roosevelt have agreed that he was?—His work his vindication 362

CHAPTER XXXIX

DEFEAT FOR THE FEDERALISTS

Party feeling—Hamilton's confession—John Adams—Career of Matthew Lyon—New York goes against Federalists—Cabinet changes—Oliver Wolcott—Aaron Burr—"Midnight Appointments"—John Adams's isolation—He quits the field . . . 370

CHAPTER XL

THE JEFFERSON AND BURR CONTEST

The electoral system—Tie between Jefferson and Burr—The contest—Hamilton's part in it—Bayard—Political standards—Some comparisons—What was Burr's reputation at that time? . . 382

CHAPTER XLI

JEFFERSON PRESIDENT

Crisis pending—Talk of fighting—Who decided the contest in favor of Jefferson?—Decisive motives—Lyon, Morris, Hamilton, and Bayard—Jefferson inaugurated—Changes democratic manners—Reforms Federal judiciary—Undemocratic 394

CHAPTER XLII

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE

PAGE

Jefferson a far-seeing statesman—George McDuffie—Daniel Webster—The Western wilderness—Jefferson and the Louisiana territory—Napoleon—Livingston—Monroe—The Miranda scheme—Louisiana purchase outside the Constitution—New England threatens secession—Lewis and Clarke's expedition—Blaine—Roosevelt—The U. S. ship-of-war George Washington compelled to fly the "pirate" flag and to bear "piratical" despatches—Jefferson's vigor 408

CHAPTER XLIII

JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE

Character sketch of John Randolph, of Roanoke—His "royal" ancestry, eccentric character, and meteoric career . . . 420

CHAPTER XLIV

BURR, ADAMS, HAMILTON

John Adams as Vice-President—Thomas Jefferson as Vice-President—Aaron Burr as Vice-President—His farewell address to the Senate—Hamilton stranded—Is killed by Burr—Morris's opinion of Hamilton 430

CHAPTER XLV

BRITISH AGGRESSIONS.—THE EMBARGO

Electoral law changed—France and England at war—Neutral commerce antagonized—Great Britain's outrageous treatment of the United States—The Embargo—Force Bill—New England prospers—Washington's mistake in policy—Results—Roosevelt's denunciation of Jefferson—Andrew Jackson—Battle of New Orleans 439

CHAPTER XLVI

BURR'S TRIAL.—JEFFERSON'S RECORD

Burr adrift—Turns conspirator—What was his scheme?—Wilkinson betrays Burr—Collapse of the plot—Burr tried for treason—Treated as a martyr; and is saved by John Marshall—Jefferson declines third term—Announces a principle—Jefferson and his detractors—Results of his Administration 447

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XLVII

DEBTS AND GUESTS AT MONTICELLO

PAGE

Jefferson's devotion to his daughters—Martha alone remains as he goes into retirement—Jefferson's finances—Heavily cumbered with debt—Lavish hospitality—Everybody goes to Monticello—"Company" eats Jefferson out of house and home—He runs away to escape the nuisance—Has spent a lifetime and a fortune building a house for miscellaneous visitors to live in . . 459

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE WAR OF 1812

Federalist historians and their misrepresentations—Treason in New England—General Hull at Detroit—Bladensburg—Washington sacked—Baltimore saved—Croghan at Fort Stephenson—Colonel William Cone, of Georgia—Roosevelt and the Rough Riders—Mr. Madison's troubles—Jefferson founds the Navy which wins glory in the War of 1812 470

CHAPTER XLIX

RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS

Jefferson's religious convictions—A Deist—Perhaps a Unitarian—Rejects dogma of Trinity—Regards Christ as a reformer, a good man, who was put to death because he threatened the *status quo* of his own day—Jefferson's interest in the young—His counsels—Champion of education—Founds University of Virginia 481

CHAPTER L

POLITICAL OPINIONS

Europe after the downfall of Napoleon—The Holy Alliance—How the Monroe Doctrine came to be proclaimed—Views on finance—State rights and the tariff—Other political opinions . . 490

CHAPTER LI

LAST DAYS AND DEATH

Later Years—Reconciliation with Adams—Debts—Visit of Lafayette—Death 504

APPENDIX

Inaugural Address of Thomas Jefferson as President of the United States, March 4, 1801 519

INDEX 525

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

THOMAS JEFFERSON . . . . . *Frontispiece*

MONTICELLO, JEFFERSON'S HOME NEAR CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA. 70

THE DRAWING-ROOM AT MONTICELLO 120

THE HOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA IN WHICH JEFFERSON WROTE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE . . 160

FRANCIS MARION 204

JOHN LAURENS 214

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK 230

THOMAS SUMTER 286

ISAAC SHELBY 342

JEFFERSON'S ARRIVAL AT THE WHITE HOUSE . . . 398

ANDREW JACKSON 448

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA 486

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

CHAPTER I

YOUTH AND EDUCATION

In the year 1691, buying and selling in Virginia had to be done in markets established by law. A further act of the Legislature created ports of entry and clearing; and all goods and products brought into the colony, or sent out, were liable to forfeiture if they did not pass through these ports.

Under this Act for Ports of 1691, a fifty-acre field, belonging to Benjamin Read, was laid off into eighty-five lots; and this was the beginning of historic Yorktown.

A list of the original lot buyers shows the names of Governor Francis Nicholson, Nathaniel Bacon, Sr., Duddley Digges, and Thomas Jefferson.

The father of this part-founder of Yorktown had emigrated from near Mount Snowdon, in Wales, and had represented Flower de Hundred in the first legislative assembly of white men which ever convened on the American continent—the Jamestown Assembly of 1619.

Captain Thomas Jefferson of Osborne's, on the James, was the grandson of John Jefferson, the burgess of 1619; and a younger son of this Captain Thomas Jefferson was Peter, the father of Thomas Jefferson, of Monticello.

In those days, lands and slaves were entailed upon the oldest son; and nothing less than an act of the Legislature could bring the property upon the market.

Peter Jefferson being a younger son, the family home descended to the older brother, who remained at Osborne's, while Peter himself went forth into the world to win his own way to fortune.

To this fact alone seems to be due the impression that Peter Jefferson was a man of inferior social position. Biographers, having no eyes for the head of the family at Osborne's, follow Peter as he surveys land, locates state grants, fights Indians, and makes a new home on the western border; and they get the idea that the Jeffersons were not people of the first class.

There is no evidence whatever to support the assertion.

Peter Jefferson had practically the same education as George Washington, adopted the business of land surveying as Washington did, and married, like Washington, a lady of the highest social rank.

While he got no immense fortune by her, as Washington won with the Widow Custis, he proved

himself not the less a nobleman in that he married where he could expect nothing save the beautiful young girl he loved.

And, after all, Jane Randolph brought to her spouse the richer dowry, for she bore him children.

The suggestion so often made that Washington and Jefferson gained social recognition by marriage is an idle one. They were cadets of their houses, but in respectability their position was as good as that held by anybody.

Wealth was not the trade-mark of a gentleman in Colonial Virginia; and much of what has been written about the social gulf which separated the smaller landowners from the "Tobacco Lords" is sheer nonsense. Sturdy yeomen of the neighborhood entered the stately homes of the Nelsons, Pages, Byrds, or Carters on easy terms of equality; and they were not in the slightest degree abashed by the marble mantelpieces, the grand stairways, or the brave display of plate on the sideboards.

There is an instance on record which represents a Frenchman of the nobility coming to a Virginia inn and asking to have his meals served in his room. The landlord, who was as much of a gentleman as any Bolling, Blair, or Cary, told the foreign aristocrat that he must eat at the common table where everybody else ate, or drive on. The haughty duke drove on.

Such roaring blades as Patrick Henry, whose

father was one of the small landowners, was just as welcome at the mansion of a Colonel Nathan Dandridge, to frolic away the Christmas—fiddling, dancing, telling funny stories—as the son of the proudest nabob.

The line of admitted equality was drawn at manual labor, where, of course, it never ought to be drawn. But this false standard was not so entirely due to negro slavery as many writers claim. There was no slave system in Europe; and yet in England, France, and Germany, the citizen whose condition compelled him to earn his daily bread in the sweat of his face was held to be the social inferior of the man who ate the bread earned in the sweat of somebody else's face.

A degrading standard? Of course it was; but it did not originate in the southern colonies, and its origin had no connection with negro slavery.

In our mother-country of Great Britain, whose boast it was that no slave could breathe her air and remain a slave, a cadet of the highest house in the land—Pembroke, Percy, Douglas, or Howard—would have lost caste had he earned his living as God had said he should. This false principle upon which European society was organized came over here with our ancestors; was, in fact, one strong motive for the introduction of negro slavery, and to a very considerable extent is the unwritten social law at this day.

Rail-splitters, tenants of log-cabins, shoemakers, canal-boat drivers, map pedlers, wood-cutters, fur traders, and plowboys are strong on the hustings; but if society ever forgives them at all, it is because the Statute of Limitations has made their crime of manual labor stale, and there is a certainty that the offense will not be repeated.

Peter Jefferson lived on the very borders of civilization. He had gone West and patented a thousand acres of land in the wilderness on the Rivanna, at a time when the Indian trails were still warm in the woods, and when the adjoining county was thronged with savages. In addition to his one thousand acres of land he secured four hundred acres from the adjoining tract of his friend, William Randolph—a gift which was jovially disguised as a sale whose consideration was "Henry Weathersbourne's biggest bowl of arrack punch." Upon this smaller tract he built a strong, comfortable dwelling, which had four rooms on the first floor and several more in the attic.

Having cleared away parts of the forest, and turned wilderness into plowed fields, he went back to the old settlements for his bride.

This was Jane Randolph, the daughter of Isham Randolph, of Dungeness, Adjutant-General of Virginia.

There were no prouder people than these Randolphs; and they were educated, refined, and hospi-

table. They owned innumerable acres of land, fine houses, hordes of slaves, and traced their lineage back to the Earls of Murray in Scotland.

Dungeness was one of the stateliest homes on the James; and it is said that a hundred slaves served in and about the mansion.

From this grand home Peter Jefferson married Jane Randolph in 1738, and took her to his wilderness cottage, which he named Shadwell, in honor of the London parish in which she was born.

Peter Jefferson, a man of powerful physique and strong mind, seems to speedily have become the representative man of his part of the State. He was a justice at the time when the jurisdiction of the office enabled the court to practically control many of the civil affairs of the county; he was a colonel at a time when the position made him the military chief of his county.

The colonial authorities appointed him one of the commissioners to run the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina; and he assisted in the making of the second map of the colony—the first having been that made by John Smith. He also represented his county in the House of Burgesses.

A rugged, masterful figure, a character whose strength and integrity no one doubted, Peter Jefferson was trusted by the whites, and followed when war was to be waged against the Indians; and the

red men sought his advice and protection when they needed leniency or justice from the whites.

To administer a dead man's large estate honestly and well is a test of virtue and skill whose severity numbers many a victim; Peter Jefferson was tried by even the fire of this ordeal and came forth pure gold. He broke up his own home, moved his family to Tuckahoe, and for seven years managed the estate of Colonel William Randolph, his early friend and benefactor, who had named him executor of his property and guardian of his son. For these laborious services Mr. Jefferson made no charge beyond the support of himself and family while executing the trust.

Not much given to books was this hardy pioneer, for his education had been slight, and his life of toil and struggle had left him few opportunities for study; but he carried several standard works with him into the wilderness, and of his Shakespeare, Addison, Pope, and Swift he was an appreciative reader. Doddridge's Sermons was a book which he rated as "more precious than gold; the best legacy I can leave my children," for Mr. Jefferson was a stanch Church of England man, served in the vestry, and had his children baptized in the faith.

This earnest, honest, active, progressive man was cut off in his prime—dying of sudden illness August 17, 1757, in his fiftieth year.

Thomas Jefferson, of whose life and times we

write, was the third child at Shadwell and was born April 2, 1743, O. S.

He was the first son, and his proud father began to train him from infancy for a career of usefulness. The boy was taught at home as well as at school, and was made to take regular physical exercise in the open air; he learned to manage a horse under the saddle, and a boat on the river. He was encouraged to hunt with dog and gun, to dance at country balls, and to enter into the plays and games of the young.

Peter Jefferson not only had implicit faith in Doddridge's Sermons, but he had a profound appreciation of the value of a thorough education. He wanted his boy taught Latin, Greek, and French, as well as English; and he showed him how to keep accounts, instructing him in the clear, legible, careful penmanship which became famous, and selected the books which he should read.

Had he been specially set apart and consecrated to a great life-work, the lad could not have been more systematically developed. He heard his father read from the poems of Pope, the Spectator of Addison, and the dramas of Shakespeare. He had the benefit of parental guidance in getting his lessons by the fireside at night. He listened to his father's sound advice; the wise, strong man, deeply experienced in actual life, gave form and direction to the ideas of the boy. The lad was

eleven years old when George Washington, away off in the woods of the Ohio, fired the shot which convulsed the world and began wars which cost the lives of a million men. He was twelve years old when the French and Indians annihilated Braddock and came down upon the Virginia frontier with torch and tomahawk; at which time his father, as colonel of the militia, led it against the red men in Augusta, the adjoining county.

The Indians exercised a fascination over young Thomas Jefferson, and he ever remained a friend to that hardly used race. He heard their chiefs at his father's hearth and realized the profound pathos of their fate. He heard the Cherokee chief, Ontassité, as he stood in the glory of the full moon, make his farewell speech to his tribesmen on the night before he sailed for England. This dramatic scene—the brilliant moonlight, the silent audience of savages, the tall form of the chief, the heart-moving tones of his voice—always remained in Mr. Jefferson's memory as perfect as a picture.

The savage whom Mr. Jefferson called Ontassité is, in other books, named Oconostata, and it may interest the reader to know more about him.

When he reached London he received marked attentions from King George II and Queen Caroline.

The king shook hands with him, and drank Hollands with him at the royal table in the palace of

St. James. The ships, the troops, the arsenals, the great London crowds, were all shown to him in order that his mind might be deeply impressed with the power of the English people. Queen Caroline introduced the chief to the ladies of her court, drove him about the parks, and completely captivated the handsome, manly Oconostata. He returned home a warm friend of the English, and so remained throughout his life.

It was he who leased to the whites, under Sevier and Robertson, the lands of the Watauga, the settlement which was the beginning of Tennessee. But when he realized that this was only a beginning, and that the demands of the settlers had no limits, he opposed further cessions with all his eloquence—vainly.

True to his British friends, the Cherokee king opposed the Americans in the Revolutionary War, and one disaster after another befell him. He was no match for such men as Sevier, Robertson, Shelby, Campbell, and Lewis. Finally, the Cherokees, weary of continual losses and defeats, made a scapegoat of their chief. Oconostata was deposed, and another king put in his place.

Had Thomas Jefferson during his later years wandered into the Cherokee country, he might have seen again the tall Indian whose oratory had charmed him that moonlight evening in Virginia so many years before. But it was no longer Ocono-

and queen, had become a broken, besotted, despised, and homeless vagabond.

Great Britain had used him while he could be of use, and had then thrown him aside. Had he fought for the colonists, his fate and that of his people would have been practically the same.

No matter who conquered in American wars, the Indian invariably lost ground.

At the time of his father's death, Thomas Jefferson was fourteen years old, and had been attending school since the age of five. His father left dying instructions for the thorough education of the boy, cautioning Mrs. Jefferson especially not to permit him to neglect bodily exercise.

"A thorough classical education" on the one hand, and "the exercise requisite for the body's development" on the other; such was the good old way and simple plan, in pursuance of which the lad already knew Latin, Greek, and French; already knew how to row a boat, master a horse, use a gun, and hold his own in athletic games and sports.

Peter Jefferson cherished the belief that those

day or so; and he must have his jog-trot on foot every afternoon.

A D'Israeli will live by the opposite rule, will take no thirty-two chews on *his* meat, will chop no tree, will endure no daily jog-trot, and yet in contests of the mind, in skill of mental wrestle, will nearly always surpass Gladstone, keeping the heels of that good formalist in the air to an extent that shakes one's faith in formula.

President Roosevelt would probably think that the world was coming to an end if he were compelled to forego his strenuous physical exercise, his walks, rides, hunts, and fencing bouts. Yet there is Mr. Chamberlain on the other side of the water, who never walks for exercise, never mounts a horse, never hunts, never touches a foil; and yet he appears to turn off quite as much work, appears to swing the universe his way just about as often as Mr. Roosevelt. All of which merely illustrates the truth that no one formula will fit in every case.

We shall see stalwart Thomas Jefferson taking his exercise and profiting by it; we shall see small

James Madison neglecting *his* horse, gun, rowboat, and jog-trot; yet in the long, long run of life we shall see prim little James putting out his one talent to just as good interest as stalwart Thomas gets on his five; and we shall see Mr. Madison conversing at Montpelier ever so cheerily with Harriet Martineau, showing the brightest, broadest comprehension of all current events and issues, at the age of eighty-four, when Mr. Jefferson is already dead at the age of eighty-three, utterly worn out. Nevertheless, the strong mind in the strong body must be better than the strong mind in the weak body; and Peter Jefferson's dying admonitions were on the right line.

In Virginia the clergy of the established Church were paid in tobacco, and the net proceeds in cash were not too burdensome to the purse. To eke out their incomes, many of these ministers of the Gospel opened schools at their parsonages, the pupils often being taken into their homes as boarders during the terms.

It was on this plan that Thomas Jefferson was given nearly six years of his schooling, about four years at the parsonage of the Rev. William Douglass, and two years at that of Rev. James Maury.

At the former place he was charged not quite eighty dollars per year for board and tuition; at the latter, not quite one hundred dollars.

On January 14, 1760, young Jefferson wrote to

his guardian, Mr. John Harvey, expressing the wish to leave the Maury school and to enter college. Permission was given, and mounting his fine saddle-horse, the sanguine, ambitious boy rode away from Shadwell to Williamsburg to enter William and Mary, the oldest college in America, after Harvard.

From many different books we gather many different impressions of the Virginia of this period; and its capital, Williamsburg, appears now as a center of fashion blazing with splendor, and then as a meager assortment of cheap houses dropped at irregular intervals along streets of mud which had no sewers and no sidewalks.

Virginia, like the other colonies, was in its formative state, and the truth no doubt is that it presented every social contrast. There were certainly some grand homes in the tide-water section, and there were many refined, cultured people.

The Virginian of the best type had no superior anywhere. He belonged to that order of natural nobility which depends on no touch of royal sword, owes nothing to ribbons, stars, and garters. In this highest order of knighthood it was accounted a disgrace to be cowardly, mean, or false; honor outweighed gold; duty was a higher word than success; life less dear than country. It cultivated a chivalrous regard for pure womanhood; a pride which preferred death to a stain. To estimate man or woman by the standard of wealth, or the mere

standard of official position, was something of which the Virginians never dreamed.

He loved his king—it was his education; loved the church—it was his inherited creed; loved the aristocratic organization of the province—it was his environment, he had known no other; but, above all things, he held his self-respect, his independence, his individuality; and upon his reserved rights as a man, neither king, nor lord, nor priest, nor fellow aristocrat might trench, for it was sacred. To protect himself there, he would fight anybody, any time, and to the death.

But to those who met him on his own terms of high breeding, there never was a man who was kinder, truer, or knightlier in the best sense of the word than was the Virginian of the old school.

Nor was education in Virginia so much neglected as most authors contend. There were no free schools, it is true. Parental responsibilities were not then unloaded on teachers. Little boys and girls, scarcely knee high, did not then stagger through the streets under a burden of school-books; babes did not lisp physiology, and education did not consist in mere cramming of the youthful mind with undigested book-learning.

But if the purpose of any system of society and education be to produce *men*, there was virtue in the colonial system somewhere. Stronger, better men no system has ever produced. The private tutor,

the parsonage teacher, the private school, William and Mary College, fireside instructions, home training, association with high-minded people, the reading of a few standard books—accompanied with the manly sport of fox-hunting, boat-rowing, horseback riding, hunting with gun and dog, dancing at country parties—this was the system which formed the men who, in the day of trial, were able to do all that was necessary for their country, both in the council-room and on the field of battle.

Not greater or truer men were those who trod the floor at my Lady Richmond's ball on the eve of Waterloo than those Virginians who danced in the Apollo room of the Williamsburg tavern; men who were to sound the tocsin of revolution, challenge Great Britain to the stern issues of the sword, and lead thirteen little colonies up the arduous road to nationality and empire.

Out of the college halls of old William and Mary went forth into the many fields of human endeavor men as loftily worthy as ever made good presidents, good governors, good Supreme Court judges, good senators, good leaders of armies, good workers of benign reforms for the welfare of the race. Not Oxford, not Harvard, can show a prouder roll of honor.

It is true that there was a class of whites in Virginia, as in all other colonies, who were poor, shiftless, ignorant, and more or less vicious.

These were the men whose recrea
fight and carouse, to bite off ears a
gouge out eyes.

The human brute thrived in colonial V
just as he thrives in twentieth century New
and Boston.

How to eliminate him is a problem which may be solved when all of our foreign missionaries come home to stay.

It was fortunate for Thomas Jefferson that the plastic period of his young manhood was spent in a favorable environment. From his text-books and his college professors he learned a great deal, but what influenced his opinions chiefly was the contact with the men of the outer world whom he met in social intercourse. He studied—studied hard and with system—but he was no recluse, no bookworm. The boy was fresh from the country, the backwoods, where he had seen almost nobody. His mother, his sisters, his little brother, his reverend teachers, his raw schoolmates, a few illiterate farmers of the neighborhood—these were the people he had come in contact with at Shadwell.

Now all was different. He was introduced into polite circles, met cultivated and experienced men, met lovely and refined ladies, felt the pleasure and temptation of social entertainments. More than that, he attracted the eye and won the heart of the
rnor, Fauquier, and was made to feel quite at

governor's palace, where he often
familiar guest in company with the emi-
ger, Mr. Wythe, and Dr. Small, the college
or whom he most loved.

Music appears to have been one of the mystic
ies which bound the college boy and the king's
governor together in friendship, for they were
both music-makers and musical enthusiasts.

Once a week, Jefferson would take his fiddle under his arm and go over to the palace where the amateur band, of which the genial Fauquier was a member, held its regular performance.

It was Dr. Small who introduced Jefferson to the governor; and it was Dr. Small who had much to do with forming the mind, shaping the principles of his favorite student. A man of varied learning, Dr. Small was also a thinker, bold and independent, who had reached conclusions which were altogether different from the narrow, intolerant, unprogressive views of the average professor of his day. These broad, liberal ideas he was fond of discussing with so intelligent a listener as Jefferson; and upon the student's mind Dr. Small exerted an influence "which probably fixed his destiny."

Having entered an advanced class, Mr. Jefferson completed his collegiate course in two years. What had he learned thus far?

Latin and Greek he had mastered; and he

forgot them, as so many scholars do. In his old age, when fortune had taken wings and political honors were things of the past, he could turn again to the classics and forget his cares in the charms of ancient literature. French he was not able to speak with any fluency or success, but he could read it with ease.

In mathematics he was at his best, and he could read off the most abstruse processes "with the facility of common discourse." This study also he kept up as long as he lived; and he delighted in applying its principles to anything and everything, large and small, useful and speculative, important and trivial, sublime and ridiculous. And yet this master of the craft, like Napoleon, rarely added up a column of figures, or cast a balance, without making a mistake.

In the belles-lettres department he was proficient. He read widely, became familiar with the masterpieces, ancient and modern, but his taste was not correct, nor his judgment sound.

All the poets he had enjoyed; and after having examined the treasures of each he was not ashamed to own that he thought Ossian "the greatest poet that had ever existed."

He had no liking for novels, though he paid Cervantes the tribute of reading Don Quixote twice.

But it must be borne in mind that novel-writing

in Jefferson's youth was an infant industry in comparison with what it soon became. He believed that the writings of Sterne formed the best course of morality ever written; and he expressed unmitigated contempt for Plato as a mere visionary.

Far in advance of the youth of his day in academic knowledge, Mr. Jefferson had no sooner left college than he took up the study of law. Therein his guide, philosopher, and friend was George Wythe, a most excellent man and able lawyer. As Mr. Wythe lived in Williamsburg, young Jefferson was there much of his time during the five years that he spent in preparing for the bar.

Possessed of a competence, and devoted to his books, the young man was in no hurry to throw himself into active practise. Just as he had studied systematically at college, he continued to do at home. He rose as soon as he could see the hands of the clock, and passed the day with his books, varied with exercise on foot or horseback. The evening he filled with music—he and his favorite sister, Jane, singing the ballads and the psalms of that olden time to the accompaniment of his violin.

Thomas Jefferson became of age in 1764, while he was still studying law, and he celebrated that event by setting out an avenue of trees. He was now fully developed physically, and was a fine specimen of manhood. He was six feet two and a

half inches in height; was active and strong; was healthy and good to look upon, but not handsome. His figure was spare, if not slender, and was not well built, not compact, like his father's, but more on the angular, shackling order, with large wrists, large hands and feet—a raw-boned man; but, nevertheless, he was so straight and vigorous, so able to bear himself with credit in ballroom or hunting field, was so fine a horseman, so much an adept in all manly sports and games, that his lack of perfect symmetry was rarely noticed. His hair, abundant and silken, was light auburn, or sandy; his eyes were gray, flecked with hazel, and were clear, mild, expressive, full, and deep set; his teeth were perfect; his chin and mouth were good features without being particularly fine; his nose was somewhat too small for the angular breadth of face, and his neck was so long as to give his head the appearance of being habitually thrust forward; his complexion was ruddy, of the peculiar redness caused by the showing of minute veins beneath a thin skin which peeled off under the slightest exposure to sun or wind.

His manners were simple and cordial, his voice pleasing to the ear, and his temper gentle, conciliatory, forgiving. No rancor or vindictiveness marred his youth, and there is no recorded instance of his having been subjected to a personal insult, or drawn into a personal brawl. He was a temper-

ate, truthful, honest, warm-hearted boy; one whom the young people liked because of his genial, social, sport-loving nature; one whom the elders liked because he gave rein to no vices, was a pattern of good behavior, and was deferential to his seniors. He did not use tobacco, did not gamble, was not profane, and did not look upon white wine or red.

In after life he drank but one glass of water per day, and indulged in several glasses of wine. So also his faithful account-books show that when he had grown older he won nearly as much as two dollars at one sitting at a game of cards, and fourteen cents at backgammon. At lotto he met with disaster, for he records that he lost nearly five dollars at one time. In other words, Jefferson played games of chance for trifling stakes just as Washington and others, including the state clergy, did in those days. It was social pastime with them, and, with them, went no further.

It may have been after his Waterloo at lotto that Mr. Jefferson penned this truism: "Gambling corrupts all dispositions, and creates a habit of hostility against all mankind."

Later in life his manner to strangers seemed cold and reserved; and he developed a capacity for hatred which would have satisfied Dr. Sam Johnson. This was, however, after he had been through the fiery ordeal of politics, had been beat upon by as fierce a storm of abuse and slander as ever

assailed a statesman so essentially pure, so absolutely patriotic, so consistently unselfish and benevolent.

One of the most beautiful traits in Mr. Jefferson's character was his capacity for friendship—deep, lasting, tender, splendidly loyal friendship. Few were the individuals he ever hated; and he loved a great many, some of them being persons whom others found it hard to love—John Adams, for example. We will find these friendships multiplying around him at every stage of his career, we will see them embrace all sorts and conditions of men. We will see his sympathetic affection reaching out to warriors like Paul Jones and George Rogers Clarke, to savants like Buffon and Cabanis. His circle of good-fellowship embraced such opposite characters as the Abbé Corea and Dr. Rush, the Marquis of Chastelleux and Samuel Adams, Benjamin Franklin and Tobias Lear. He was endeared to English Priestley and to French La Fayette, to Mazzie the Italian and Kosciusko the Pole, to James Madison, the scholarly statesman, and to Thomas Paine, the unpolished patriot. And few men have even shown more stanchness, more downright pluck in standing by his friends, even when he incurred abuse and losses by doing so.

But the most thoroughly congenial tie he ever formed in the way of manly friendship was with Dabney Carr, who loved books as Jefferson loved

them, whose soul was filled with the same enthusiasm for things beautiful and true and great; whose every pulse-beat was that of a man warmly loving, aspiring loftily, eager for thorough equipment, that he might bear himself gallantly in the great battle of life.

This young man had all the tastes which Jefferson had, many of the gifts which made Jefferson great, and had the other great gifts which Jefferson lacked. Notably Dabney Carr was bold in action, fearless in debate, an orator and lawyer whose name was mentioned with praise by those who coupled it with that of Patrick Henry. Very beautiful was the love and trust which bound these two ambitious young men together. In their walks and exercises, their talks and their meditations, they went in company, the one with the other.

On the wooded mountainside they had made a rough seat under a noble tree; and to this retired spot they would bring their books for study and for thought. Here they would give loose rein to imagination as they discussed their plans for the present and their hopes for the future; and here they promised each other that when life's hurly-burly was done, and there was no longer daylight in which any man could hope and plan and work, they should sleep the long sleep under the shadow of the great tree.

A day dream of politically minded young men.

The mountain was Monticello—a part of the Peter Jefferson estate; and as the young men stood upon its summit and gazed upon one of the fairest landscapes nature's many-colored brush ever painted, Jefferson's fancy kindled; and he dreamed of a lovely home that he should make for himself up there in the pure air, amid the clouds and the majestic trees.

Some day he would build it; some day he would lead to its portals the fairest of brides; some day he would stand upon its classic portico, surrounded by those who loved him best, and look forth tranquilly upon the beauties of the world—a world in which he should have done his own part before he came back here for rest in the evening of life.

And when all was done, he would sleep beneath the giant oak, he and Dabney Carr, where they had communed together in the cloudless days when they were boys.

To dream is one thing—a comparatively easy thing; to hold firmly the ideal is quite another; and to work it out, is yet another. Jefferson dreamed, held firmly to his dream, and worked it out.

On the summit of the hill was built the home, planned in his brain, made almost by his hands—a classic, lovely, imposing home. To be its queen he *did* bring as his bride one of the fairest, sweetest, truest of women; children blessed the union; and amid those he loved best he *did* look down on

the world from the mountain home tranquilly, as the soldier might gaze again upon a battle-field in which he had been a standard-bearer. And when all was done, and the feeble hands had dropped the greater tasks, his faltering feet brought him back here for the quiet of the afternoon. And when it came to be nightfall, and the lights were out, he was laid to his rest under the big tree by the side of Dabney Carr.

CHAPTER II

BEGINNINGS OF THE REVOLUTION

It serves no useful purpose now, perhaps, to enter into elaborate discussion of the rights and wrongs of the Revolutionary War. Yet we can not appreciate the conduct of any of the great actors on that stage unless we know something about the play.

In the recent years a tendency has been shown by some historians to justify Great Britain and to blame the colonies. The mother country, it would seem, was governing her offspring in a parentally considerate manner, when certain wicked men, for sinister purposes, sowed seeds of discord, cultivated rebellion, and garnered independence. The Americans were the aggressors. They started a quarrel without just cause, and they kept it up in spite of all efforts at reconciliation. Historians of this school almost convince us that our forefathers wantonly dragged British soldiers over here from the pure love of combat, coerced the infamous little despots of Germany to hire Hessians to King George, and bearded that well-intentioned monarch for no reason on earth save that they did not want to pay their British debts.

Reading the pages of Mr. Sydney George Fisher

and some others, we can almost fancy that the war was fought on the other side of the ocean, and that England was the land that was invaded, and swept by fire and sword. We almost begin to fear that our forefathers were the ruthless Anglo-Saxons who whetted the red man's tomahawk, lit his torch, fired his soul with the passions of hell, and sent him on his mission of murder.

A very great deal of forgetting must be done before the true-hearted American of to-day can be brought to pin his faith to histories of this sort, and to assume an attitude of apology for the Revolutionary War. It will not do to say that Great Britain so loved her little American colonies that she made war upon France to protect them; that she incurred heavy expense thereby, and that she taxed the colonies to defray the cost of colonial defense. Nor will it do to say that the odious navigation acts of which the colonies complained were such as other parent countries imposed upon their colonies, and that the American Smugglers, John Hancock & Co., were at the bottom of the trouble.

Broadly stated, the historical truth is that Great Britain had long been at death-grips with France for leadership among the nations, for world empire. The quarrel and the contest had originated ever so long before. Race hatred, dynastic feuds, clashing ambitions, religious antagonisms, had all played their parts; and the struggle had

gone on, with interval of peace, for centuries. Louis XIV inherited the quarrel, and spent a vast deal of his time, strength, and resources fighting it out, losing heavily before he quit. Louis XV was born into the rivalry, and before he died England had won the race. France had been practically driven out of India, out of America, and out of competition with Great Britain.

The battle-royal between these two nations had been waged from one generation to another, on land and sea, secretly and openly, honorably and dishonorably, by warriors and by statesmen, by diplomats and by priests, by stratagem and by force, by money and by arms. When British troops fought the French in America their motive was precisely what it was when they fought the French in Hindustan. Love for the poor American had no more to do with it in the one case than love for the poor Hindu had to do with it in the other. When Wolfe scaled the heights of Quebec in 1757, his object was exactly that which Braddock sought in 1755, and exactly that sought and won by Clive in Hindustan when, in 1757, he fought at Plassey. The French were combated and routed at Minden, in Germany, for the same reason that brought disaster upon them in the ancient East and in the wilderness of the West. So selfish was the purpose of the mother country in all this that when four thousand heroic New England militia captured

from the French the fortress of Louisburg, upon which five million dollars had been spent, and which was considered the Gibraltar of the New World, Great Britain handed it back to France in exchange for a city in Hindustan, without asking the colonies the slightest odds about it.

France should not have the colonies; to that extent Great Britain loved them, but not much further. For a hundred years at a time, the mother country had left the colonies to maintain themselves, unaided against both French and Indians. When English armies did come, it was upon the colonies that the losses and horrors of war most heavily fell. Who but the Virginians held the border after Braddock's defeat, beating back the infuriated savages, enduring hardships which so wrung the heart of Washington that he wished he might offer his own life as a sacrifice to shield his countrymen?

No; England had rolled up no debt of gratitude against her colonies. She had not brought the hardy pioneers over here. As a rule, she had driven them here. They had come as fugitives flying to the woods to escape her hard yoke. She had not maintained them here. As a rule, they had got nothing from the crown, nothing from Parliament save the privilege of battling as best they might against the terrors of the wilderness and the red man who dwelt within it. Not until the colonies

had begun to grow strong, not until American trade began to be a source of British profit, did the mother country's government begin to develop parental interest in the abandoned child.

As to the navigation laws, it is clear that they were designed to drain every surplus American dollar into the English purse. Doubtless other nations were plundering their colonies in the same manner, but it was cruel robbery nevertheless.

Tobacco raised in the South could be sold nowhere save in England, and on its way to market was victimized by a series of pilferings which closely resemble the commercial rascalities which a bale of cotton now suffers on its journey from field to factory.

In the one case, as in the other, the producer had no redress; and by the time all the vultures had had their morsels the bones carried little flesh.

The protective system had Great Britain by the throat in those days, and while it did not commit the colossal crimes against reason, common sense, and common honesty which the same monstrous system now commits daily in our Republic, it was sufficiently tyrannical and unjust to become a source of universal discontent.

In order that the manufacturer of hats in England might be "protected" from competition, the skin of the beaver which was trapped in America must be sent to England to be made into a hat.

Colonial wool must go to England before it could be made into cloth. In law, it would have been an act of piracy to print an English Bible in the colonies.

To "protect" Great Britain's infant industry of cutlery, the Pennsylvanian who dug and smelted iron ore was not allowed to turn it into scythes or knife-blades. Not only must all American produce be sent to English markets, but the return cargo must be bought of British dealers in British ports. Literally, the colonist was robbed going and coming. It was hardly considered a joke when a sarcastic member of the House of Commons proposed that the colonies should be compelled to send their horses to England to be shod.

William Pitt declared that the colonists could not legally make a horseshoe nail. Carolinians were even denied the right to run turpentine and tar.

In our day the system works just as it used to do, the main difference being that Americans rob Americans; and that the venue of the crime is here instead of there.

Finally, the reader may be reminded of the fact that, after the war of the American Revolution, Great Britain changed her entire colonial policy. She no longer asserted the right of her Parliament to tax her distant colonies; she conceded to them the principle of local self-government.

These sweeping changes were a confession that in her dispute with her American colonies she had been wrong; that her position was untenable, and that she did not dare to leave her colonial system in such shape that the same issue might be made again.

During those years when Thomas Jefferson was so quietly schooling himself at Williamsburg and Shadwell—years in which Patrick Henry was picking up his first cases and fees—occasionally attending to travelers at his father-in-law's tavern—it is curious to think of how many vital changes were taking place in the great world of which they knew nothing. They kept up with affairs around them, and had the keenest interest in local life; but of the outside world the people of that day and generation knew little and cared less.

Nowadays, the poorest workman wants to know what is going on in Europe, Asia, Africa. People who hardly know where next month's bread is coming from, get intensely excited over a crisis in China or Venezuela; follow every movement in South African wars; attend in spirit the opening of a Kiel canal, or the building of a gigantic dam on the Nile, or the cutting of a passage through the Isthmus of Panama.

It would be a cheerless day in thousands of cottage homes if the newspapers failed to chronicle the latest freak of the Kaiser, or the Sunday maga-

zine supplements failed to print one more of his million and odd photographs.

"The necessaries of life" is a phrase whose meaning we have revolutionized, and our coffee and our bread and our tobacco and our literature would leave us short on actual necessaries if we could not mingle with them the most recent doings on the Riviera, on the stock exchange, in the parliaments of the nations, and in the various fields of colonization conquest where the white man's theory of benevolent assimilation gets turned into the colored brother's burden of foreign rule, taxation, and extermination.

If the King of England catches a new cough or catarrh, we must know it; if the Pope's health or appetite varies a hair's breadth from the normal, we must know it; if Tolstoi, Ibsen, or Kipling has a new word to say, we must hear it; if the Emperor William has another grand-stand play to make, we must see it. And, by all means, we must be kept supplied with the freshest scandals in high life, enriched by piquant details, and illustrated by pictures which lighten the task of imagination.

Very different was the state of things in the old colonial times.

Buried in his books and in the petty happenings of his neighborhood, young Jefferson saw nothing of the great events that were passing on the broad stage of the world. Unfelt by him were the strug-

gle of Frederick the Great to turn the recent marquisate of Brandenburg into a veritable kingdom of the first class, as were the despairing efforts of Corsica to maintain her independence. While he fiddled with versatile Fauquier, empires changed hands, remote Romes burned, and he never knew it. He rosined the bow and patted the foot happily unconscious of the progress of the English and the French in pulling down the native empire in India.

Nor could Thomas Jefferson have known that in the same year that he became of age a popular movement had begun in the French province of Louisiana—a movement whose purpose was to establish an independent republic.

In that year (1764) a letter came to New Orleans from Louis XV of France, informing the Louisiana colonists that he had ceded them and their country to Spain. This cession aroused indignation throughout Louisiana among the French, the German settlers, and the Acadians who came to this far country after having been cruelly driven out of their Nova Scotia homes by the British.

Led by Lafreniere, who was the royal attorney and the head of the provincial council, the malcontents began to hold meetings and to prepare plans for their independent republic. In 1765 each parish in Louisiana elected delegates to a convention, which decided to send a representative to France

to protest against the cession to Spain. The mission accomplished nothing; the king's minister, Choiseul, sent word that the colonists must submit.

The return of the messenger with this reply to their protest roused the malcontents to decisive action. On the night of October 28, 1768, they took forcible possession of New Orleans.

The council expelled the Spanish officer who had come to take over the cession, and a memorial was issued to justify the conduct of the insurgents. Claiming to be loyal and devoted subjects of the King of France they protested earnestly against being handed over to Spain.

This noble sentiment was uttered by Lafreniere in his address to the council, and by the council in its memorial: "Without liberty there are few virtues. Despotism breeds cowardice, and deepens the abyss of vices." But Louisiana was not yet prepared for a republic. When Spain sent a large fleet and military force to put down the revolt, it collapsed without a struggle. Lafreniere and two of his comrades were sentenced to death and shot by Spanish soldiers. Other leaders in the popular movement were punished by heavy sentence of imprisonment. Villare, commander of the German colonists, was so cruelly bayoneted by the Spanish soldiers who took him, that he died in prison. Thus the first struggle made in America against divine right and absolutism failed utterly.

Jefferson was deep in the classics, and in love-passages with Rebecca Burwell, when Pontiac's great war-belt was flying through the northwestern woods, rousing the tribes to battle against the ever-encroaching whites. Not even in his mind's eye did he witness the dramatic scene when Pontiac and his chosen band stalked into Detroit with their sawed-off guns under their blankets expecting to surprise and capture the fort, only to find that the whites had been forewarned, that soldiers stood in line with muskets ready, and the steady beat of the drum told the wily strategist that his game was lost.

Out of this trap Pontiac escapes, and his next play is better.

There is a grand game of ball before the fort at Mackinaw; whites are invited to come and see; there is a fine spectacle of naked Indians playing a championship game which in many respects resembled football, only the ball is small and is struck with bats. The red men shout, the red men run and struggle after the ball, the white men look on, become interested, get more or less excited. The players run back and forth, far and near; the ball flies this way and that. It is a splendid game.

Look! High over the heads of all flies the ball, and it hits the ground near the gate of the fort. Red men give cry, and they chase the ball; they run toward the gate of the fort, they snatch toma-

hawks from squaws who have kept them concealed under their dress; and before the dazed sentinels know what is happening, the shout of the ball-player has changed to the war-whoop of the warrior, and the hatchet sinks into the sentinel's brain.

The game of ball is a trick of war, and the English fort is its prize.

CHAPTER III

STAMP ACT TIMES

In the year 1765 Great Britain was feeling strong and proud. In every quarter of the globe her arms had triumphed. France and Spain had been humbled, immense territory had been conquered, she was undisputed mistress of the seas, the Indian outbreak had been put down, Pontiac had smoked his great pipe of peace and gone to his hut in the woods, never to lead war band again. Now was the time to have certain issues settled with the colonies. They had not pleased the mother country, had not come up with quotas of money assessed against them, had not shown the most dutiful spirit, had, in fact, given offense to many insolent English officials, from whose point of view a colonial was an inferior who had few rights they were bound to respect. In this spirit was conceived the Stamp Act—a measure which had no precedent, and which was in plain violation of what the colonies understood to be the law. As will be shown hereafter, it was an open breach of a written compact which had long been in existence between Virginia and the mother country.

But so universal was the feeling in America that the Stamp Act was tyrannical, that the movement against it was almost simultaneous, as well as voluntary and spontaneous.

According to the historian Wheeler, North Carolina, eleven days before the adoption of the famous resolution in the Virginia burgesses, grew so boisterous in opposition to the Stamp Act that Governor Tryon had to dissolve the Legislature. Speaker John Ashe put the king's lieutenant on notice that any attempt to enforce the odious law would be "resisted to blood and death."

It was not long before the British sloop-of-war, the Diligence, arrived in Cape Fear River, bringing a lot of the stamped paper to be sold in the colony. The people flew to arms, and led by Colonels Ashe and Waddell, menaced the governor's palace, compelled him to surrender the distributor of stamps, Houston, and this royal officer, being led to the public square, was forced to swear that he would make no effort to use the stamps. Having thus nullified an illegal attempt at legislation, the insurgents gave three cheers and dispersed.

Mr. Jefferson was still pursuing his law studies at Williamsburg when the Virginia House of Burgesses assembled for the spring session of 1765.

Day after day the members came and went, but while the Stamp Act was in the thoughts of all, nobody spoke out against it. Washington was there,

but he made no sign. The Randolphs, Pendleton, Wythe, Bland, they were there, but they sounded no bugle-note of revolt.

Three days more and the session would end—and Virginia would not have been heard on the issue which made hearts palpitate and pulses leap from Georgia to the remotest North.

A gaunt, coarsely dressed countryman handed up a series of resolutions challenging the right of the British Parliament to tax the colonies at all.

Here was revolution!

It was one thing for James Otis and Samuel Adams to remonstrate against a measure which Great Britain had merely threatened; one thing for the Virginia burgesses in 1764 to remonstrate against anticipated legislation; it was altogether a different thing to rebel against the measure after it had been passed, to defy the law after it had received the royal sanction.

What American could ever forget that historic scene?

There are the resolutions written on the blank leaf of an old law-book. They create a sensation which grows into a storm of excitement as the resolutions travel to committee and back again.

The clownish looking demagogue from the interior is scowled at, abused, threatened. He does not swerve an inch. When debate is in order, he is ready; and out of the murk of obscurity into the

full light of history, into the lasting remembrance of patriotism and heroism for all time to come, Patrick Henry steps. Awkward at first, as he always was, faltering in the beginning as he ever did, he feels his way to the road, and finds it. Then he no longer falters, then his manner is embarrassed no more. He has struck the road, his eye sees down it far ahead, and all the way is clear; the orator feels his power, glories in it as the war-horse does in the battle. None but the born orator knows what the feeling is, can realize the ecstasy of it, the self-forgetfulness of it. Lifted by his own growing enthusiasm, inspired by the same mysterious force which inspires others, he rises, rises, as in a chariot of fire.

The deep-set gray eyes under the shaggy eyebrows gleam and flash; the stooped, ungainly figure towers straight, imperial in strength and grace; the voice full, rounded, powerful, perfect in every note, high or low; the words simple, pure, massive, English—the best language on earth for human thought or passion—the golden key of all true orators who would unlock the Holy of Holies of the Anglo-Saxon heart. He was not the first man to give speech to the growing independence of thought in the American colonies. Nor did he ever claim to be; though it would be difficult to find any utterance, made North or South, in the court-room or out of it, which went further in its assertion of

colonial right to make its own laws than did his argument in the Parsons cause in 1763.

But while there had been much unofficial talk about colonial rights and against British encroachments, no responsible person acting officially had set up the standard of revolt. It was in this sense that Patrick Henry was the first of all American rebels and patriots. It was in this sense that Virginia's legislative action was the first gun of the Revolutionary War.

And with Henry there was no drawing back. His was not the nature to flare up into a hot speech, which he would proceed to qualify and refrigerate the moment his passion had passed—as James Otis did. Whatever Patrick Henry said in the tempest of his oratory, he meant, and he maintained. Neither in public nor in private would he take it back.

"Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell, and George III——"

"Treason!" shouts Mr. Speaker Robinson, starting up from his chair, official vengeance in his eye.

"Treason! Treason!" shout the loyal Randolphs and all the Tory squires, outraged and indignant at the war-cry of the backwoods demagogue.

It *was* treason, for it practically threatened the king's life, and a rebellion against a law! And to

be guilty of treason was to incur swift penalty of death—death in most horrible form. How cravenly an ordinary man would have cowered under Mr. Speaker's eye, would have trembled at the furious onslaught of the all-powerful Tory landlords!

Losing neither his head nor his heart, neither his courage of conviction nor his prudence of conduct, this "forest-born Demosthenes" held every friend of freedom to his place, and every Tory squire at bay, by the dauntless firmness with which he answered the challenge: "And George III may profit by their example!"

Challenged by royalists in a similar manner, while declaiming to the House of Representatives in Boston, James Otis struck his flag. The cry of "Treason! Treason!" unnerved him. He consented to erase the words of defiant patriotism, and they *were* erased.

From Henry we shall never hear a word of doubt or retraction. Every time we hear his voice it will ring out clear and loud, a trumpet-call to battle -the "Forward, march!" of the Revolution.

When that epoch-making speech is done, Virginia has spoken, and the ball of revolution has begun to roll. Vain is the expunging of one of these resolutions when the debate is over and the champion gone. The winged words are flying to

the uttermost parts of the land, "and God himself can not destroy the spoken word."

In New York a written copy of the resolutions will be handed around on the sly; they are treasonable, and treason is death.

An Irish gentleman of Connecticut will have much difficulty in getting a copy; but he gets it, and carries it to New England, where it is published far and wide.

On the 8th of July the Boston Gazette will declare:

"The people of Virginia have spoken very sensibly, and the frozen politicians of a more Northern government say they have spoken treason."

Royal Governor Bernard wrote home to England, the date of his letter being August 15, 1765: "Two or three months ago I thought that this people would submit to the Stamp Act.

"Murmurs were indeed continually heard; but they seemed to be such as would die away. But the publishing of the Virginia resolves proved an alarm-bell to the disaffected."

And General Gage, writing from New York in September, 1765, notifies Secretary Conway, of the British Cabinet, that the Virginia resolutions had given "the signal for a general outcry over the continent."

Edmund Burke, speaking in Parliament, voiced precisely the same opinion.

The author of The True Thomas Jefferson states that these resolutions were all expunged. There were seven of the resolutions, five were passed and only one was repealed. This fifth resolution, having been passed by a majority of one or two votes, was easily rescinded when the unsuspecting Henry had gone home.

One of those who listened entranced to the thrilling eloquence of Henry was Thomas Jefferson, who stood in the door of the lobby while the debate was going on. His kinsman, Peyton Randolph, royal Attorney-General, came through the door exclaiming: "By God, I would have given five hundred guineas for a single vote!" Another kinsman, Colonel Peter Randolph, came to the house next morning and succeeded in having the boldest resolution of the five expunged from the record.

Jefferson had first met Henry during the Christmas holidays of 1759 '60, when they were both visiting at the house of Colonel Dandridge, of Hanover.[1] They became friends at once. Each loved to mingle with the young people, to join in the games and sports of the season, and each played the fiddle.[2] According to Mr. William Eleroy Cur-

[1] In his True Thomas Jefferson Mr. Curtis states that Henry was already a lawyer at the time of this first meeting, which is not correct; and that Henry's neighbors regarded him "as an incorrigible scamp," which is likewise untrue.

[2] Mr. Curtis in the True Thomas Jefferson states that Jefferson was on his way to college that Christmas. Why did not Mr. Curtis read the letter of Jefferson to his guardian, written sixteen days after Christmas, asking permission to go to college?

tis, the tradition in Virginia is that these two were the very worst fiddlers in the colony, and that Jefferson was even more intolerable than Henry.

After these Christmas frolics, Jefferson went on his way to college, and about three months afterward received a visit from his friend who had come up to Williamsburg to apply for admission to the bar.

Patrick had wrestled for six weeks with a science which was to claim five years from Jefferson. After a fashion, Patrick gained his license; and some three years later had astounded the locality in which he lived by his sudden exhibition of supreme oratorical powers in the celebrated Parsons case. With neither law nor equity on his side, he won a famous victory—as so often happens in the vale of tears where special Providence does not appear to conduct lawsuits.[1]

His business increasing as his fame widened, Mr. Henry began to have cases in the General Court, whose sessions were held in Williamsburg; and whenever he came up to the capitol he would visit and sometimes room with his friend Jefferson.[2]

[1] Mr. Curtis, in that True Thomas Jefferson, which literally swarms with errors, states that this Parsons case was Henry's first case, whereas his account-books show that he had been doing a steady business, getting many cases for two or three years before that.

[2] Mr. Curtis in his True Thomas Jefferson states that Henry frequently shared Jefferson's bed for lack of money to pay a hotel bill. How does Mr. Curtis come to know that? What is his authority? Patrick was in full practise at the bar and his books show that his income was greater than Jefferson's.

Then came Henry's election to the House of Burgesses; and it is said that it was from Jefferson's room he went forth to make his speech against the Stamp Act.

Mr. William Eleroy Curtis, in his True Thomas Jefferson (which might be truer), makes the statement that Henry's famous resolutions were written on the fly-leaf of Jefferson's law-book, Coke upon Lyttleton.

This is important enough to be interesting, if true. But is it true? How does Mr. William Eleroy Curtis know?

Dr. Henry S. Randall's voluminous Life of Jefferson was prepared after the fullest consultation with the statesman's relatives and friends. Dr. Randall had access to all the papers, yet Dr. Randall makes no such statement. Jefferson's own memoir fails to mention it, and Henry's own written statement, filed away with his will, does not mention it. Henry declared in that document that he wrote the resolutions alone and unaided.

Neither does Professor Tucker, Mr. Schouler, Mr. Forman, or any other biographer of Jefferson or of Henry, mention the alleged fact. Mr. Parton, in his Life, says that Henry wrote the resolutions "on the blank leaf of an old Coke upon Lyttleton—perhaps Jefferson's own copy."

Can it be possible that the author of the True

Thomas Jefferson took as a fact what Parton ventured as a surmise?

. . . . . .

We have seen that George Wythe thought that Henry was going too fast and too far; we have seen that Jefferson's uncles were leaders on the king's side. Yet, with rare independence of mind and courage of conviction, the young man threw off the influence of his mentor, Wythe, and braved the displeasure of his aristocratic kinsmen, the Randolphs. From the very first, he stood shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Henry.

In after life these two Virginians became enemies, personal and political; and they said many hard things of each other.

Fortunately for Mr. Jefferson, the tongue, and not the pen, was Mr. Henry's favorite weapon; consequently the criticisms of his former friend have perished. Unfortunately for Mr. Henry, the favorite weapon of Mr. Jefferson was the pen, and, outliving his foe, he had the conclusion on him. Partly to Jefferson is due the almost universal impression that Patrick Henry was illiterate, a lawyer who knew no law, a sloven who would not keep accounts or read writing if he could avoid it, a patriot whose rise to fame was due solely to his wonderful gift of oratory. Compared with a finished scholar, such as Jefferson or Madison, Patrick Henry was

illiterate; compared with George Washington he was not. His latest biographers make it clear that he had been well grounded in the elements of an English education, that he had made considerable progress in Latin and Greek, and was fairly familiar with the prominent facts of ancient and modern history. He *did* keep books of account, and these books prove that he enjoyed a good general practise for two or three years prior to the Parsons case.

As the years passed on, he numbered among his clients some of the most intelligent and wealthy people in Virginia, appeared regularly in the highest court, made a snug fortune at the bar and kept it—convincing proof that he was something more than an empty declaimer.

It is true that he usually wore very plain clothes, and abused his mother-tongue in common conversation as most of us abuse it; true also that in his younger days he was idle, loved better to hunt and fish than to study his books or mind his store; true, likewise, that he failed as a farmer and as a merchant before he tried his hand at law; but when success of the higher sort came to him, as it did in the Parsons case, it gradually changed his habits.[1] He was compelled to read, compelled to study, compelled to labor in the preparation for

[1] One of the parsons against whom Patrick Henry thundered was the Rev. James Maury—probably the same Maury who taught Jefferson.

great trials of strength in the court-house, on the hustings, and in the legislative halls.

His debates with Edmund Randolph, James Madison, and Richard Henry Lee, absolutely convince the impartial mind that Patrick Henry was as conversant with the great principles of law and government as any man of his time.

It was in 1767 that Thomas Jefferson was admitted to the bar.[1] During the five years engaged in these studies, he suffered a domestic loss which grieved him deeply; his favorite sister, Jane, died in the autumn of 1765. Previous to this another sister, Mary, had married Thomas Bolling; in July, 1765, his sister Martha married his friend Dabney Carr; and these members of the family had gone away to their new homes.

In May, 1766, he set out in a one-horse chaise to travel northward. Bad weather, an unruly horse, and swollen watercourses, filled the journey with adventure and hairbreadth escapes, but he finally reached Annapolis, where he found the people jubilating over England's repeal of the Stamp Act; went on to Philadelphia, where he was vaccinated for the smallpox; and from thence he proceeded to New York.

On his route he had visited friends and college-

[1] He had already been put in commission as one of the Justices of Albemarle County; and had illustrated his love of work of public usefulness by raising funds, by subscription, to clear the Rivanna of obstructions so that produce could make its way to market by water.

FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY
TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA

mates at their homes, had made many new acquaintances, had got a better idea of American city life than he possessed before, and went home benefited by the journey.

It was somewhere about this time that Mr. Jefferson conceived the idea of keeping those wonderful records, those memoranda of his thoughts and deeds, which excite so much amusement in some people, so much contempt in others. Farm books, garden books, pocket account-books, law-case books, weather books, special expenses books —kept scrupulously day after day, year after year, in the neatest methodical manner, and in writing beautifully readable. No matter how smoothly or turbulently the current of life might run; no matter whether politics were hot or cool, elections favorable or unfavorable, war-clouds black or the heavens calm, Thomas Jefferson found time and inclination to post these books until they fairly teem with facts—facts important, trivial, interesting, tedious, comical, tragical, public and private—as queer and miscellaneous a mass as diarist ever recorded.

In reading the Diary of Samuel Pepys we come across entries which preserve the date on which he first began to use buckles on his shoes, also the date on which he first wore his long-tailed coat. We know what day it was that he dined with his friend

Sandwich on a turkey-pie; as well as what morning he breakfasted at Mrs. Harper's upon a goose. The reader can likewise identify the day when Mrs. Pepys burned her hand "dressing the remains of a turkey" which she and Samuel ate in the garret. We also know what evening it was that the family went "to bed without prayers—it being washing day to-morrow." We locate the fact, even though we miss the connection.

In Samuel Pepys the entry of such details in a diary excites no wonder; the reader smiles, passes on from the shoe-buckles, the goose, and the long-tailed coat to something really and historically important—the reassembling of the Rump Parliament, the coming of General Monk to London, the going to Holland to get King Charles, the Restoration, and the digging up of Cromwell's body in order that it may be hung in chains to gratify the spite of mean creatures, who had not dared to face him in his lifetime.

But in the voluminous diaries of Mr. Jefferson we come upon an immense deal of triviality, and little else.

If we think that it was hardly necessary for Pepys to make an entry of the fact that he went home to change his shoes and stockings, so we think Jefferson need not have made a note of the fact that the myrtle candles were out.

Pepys records: "I this day left off my great-skirt suit, and put on my white suit with silver lace coat."

With equal gravity Jefferson jots down the fact that the first shad appeared in the market on the 16th of March.

Why should a lawyer in full practise, a scholar who loves books, a statesman who has the interest and destinies of the human race ever in his mind, waste ink and time to record the opinion of "Mr. Remsen that six cords of hickory would last a fire-place the winter"? Why make a formal entry of the fact that "T. N. Randolph has had nine gallons of whisky for his harvest"? Of what possible service could such entries be? His books are full of such items as these: "March the 28th, the weeping willow shows the green leaf. April 9th, asparagus came to table. April 10th, apricots blossom." And so on, page after page, year after year. When he dropped a penny in the box at church on a Sunday, he entered the donation in his book; when he bought a pair of shoe-strings, or a paper of pins; or posted a letter; or got a shave at a barber shop; or crossed a ferry; or tipped a waiter, it all had to go down in the book. He elaborately worked out the cost of a cup of tea and of the sugar which sweetened it; and then wrote it down in his book—carefully. Two cents was the cost price which he figured on his cup of tea—a

fact which might possibly be worth knowing if one could always get the same variety of tea, of the same quality, at the same price, have it measured in the pot for the same quantity of water, and sweetened with the same amount of the same sugar sold at the same rate.

It is not easy to prove that all this writing in these books benefited the writer or posterity. They simply prove the bent of his mind, the peculiar turns taken by his love of detail, the prankish tricks his love of mathematics played off on him. They expose that odd characteristic, that lack of humor, that prosaic angularity which was a part of his complex nature, and which caused his best friends to indulge in good-humored jokes at his expense. To his enemies these eccentricities were a joy forever, a source of endless caricature, exaggeration, and ridicule.

During his young manhood, when his lands were fresh, and his negroes had not forgotten the teachings of his father, he no doubt cleared two thousand dollars per annum on his farm, as he said he did. But after he had been severely bitten by that most expensive mania, house-building, and after he had let the virgin soil wash away from his mountain farm, and after he had hired an overseer, and opened his free hotel on the top of that mountain, the account-books did him no good, neither warning him of the breakers ahead nor

teaching him how to avoid them, nor, indeed, disclosing the real perils of the situation.

Mr. Jefferson actively practised law from the time of his admission (1767) to August, 1774, at which time the pressure of his public work caused him to turn his unfinished business over to Edmund Randolph; and he never took it up again. During his first year he earned about fifteen hundred dollars at the bar. For the next four years his income from this source moderately and gradually increased, it being about two thousand dollars in the fourth year. His executor states that the average earnings for the entire period of his professional career was three thousand dollars per annum. This is the period in which it is claimed that he cleared two thousand dollars yearly on his farm. It is certain that he increased his nineteen hundred acres to five thousand—a fact which does not necessarily mean that he ever cleared two thousand a year farming.

A vocal defect hindered Mr. Jefferson from becoming a successful advocate or public speaker; for if he spoke much above a conversational tone his voice grew husky and failed him. Yet it is said that he could argue a cause effectively in the courthouse—especially to the bench. In the higher courts there is no doubt that he could handle his cases ably, for he was profoundly versed in the law, was thorough in preparation, and clear in the

presentation of the strong points on his side. In the making of a brief, or a written argument, he must have been superb. The large number of cases in which he was employed in the general court proves that his professional position was high; and that as a practical lawyer he was a success—though a moderate one. He could never have rivaled such men as Edmund Randolph, William Wirt, or that greatest of American courthouse lawyers, William Pinckney. Nor in Patrick Henry's province could he have rivaled Henry at the bar; but had he continued to labor in his profession, there can be no doubt that as an office-lawyer, a consulting counsel, an associate who could be relied upon to exhaust the law of the case, and to get everything on paper, Mr. Jefferson would have been always in demand.

Mr. Curtis, in his True Thomas Jefferson, feels constrained to account for the large amount of money made by this mature young lawyer of twenty-eight. His income from legal practise being, upon an average, three thousand dollars per annum, Mr. Curtis assumes that an explanation is due to the reader. And the explanation which he gives (following the lead of Parton) is that the country was in a bankrupt condition, and that Jefferson fattened upon the carcass of a dead prosperity. The theory that lawyers thrive most when financial distress is greatest is an old one, and, like several

other theories, is respected solely because of its age.

The most casual attention to facts will convince any sensible man that no such theory can be sound. Lawyers do the largest amount of business, and get the fattest fees, where business is best. There never was a time when larger fortunes were more rapidly accumulated than now, and there never was a time when the lawyer was so indispensible and so lavishly paid. Thomas Jefferson worked for three thousand dollars per year, Edmund Randolph may have earned five, William Pinckney, perhaps, ten, Daniel Webster an average of ten, in his best years.

We know how proud he was to get the rubber case which yielded a fee of fifteen thousand dollars—the largest he ever earned. William Wirt certainly did not earn ten thousand a year. The country was poor, and fees were small. The life of the lawyer was summed up correctly when Webster declared that he "worked hard, lived well, and died poor."

The country is now rich, and fees are big; and the lawyers whose annual incomes reach a hundred thousand dollars are no longer rare. Retainers of ten thousand dollars, fees of fifty thousand are paid every day in New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco. Now and then some attorney who pilots a syndicate, organizes a trust, acts as pall-bearer to

a dead railroad, manipulates a merger, or makes the Supreme Court stultify itself on the question of the Income Tax, will be paid a fee of one hundred thousand dollars, half a million dollars, or even a million dollars.

The poorer the community the richer the lawyer —says Mr. Curtis in effect. He should know better. The *truth* is just the reverse.

CHAPTER IV

IN THE LEGISLATURE

Governor Fauquier died in 1767, and with the coming of his successor, Lord Botetourt, a new legislature was chosen.

Thomas Jefferson offered himself to the people of his home county of Albemarle as a candidate, and was duly elected a burgess. He had conformed to the custom in such cases, had personally canvassed for votes, had kept lunch and punch ready at Shadwell for hungry and thirsty electors, had attended at the polls, and bowed his thanks to those who voted for him.

The Virginia resolutions of 1765 had created such a threatening demonstration on this side of the water that Great Britain repealed her Stamp Act.

A change of ministry, however, had brought about a change of policy, and the Parliament had imposed the unpopular tax again—this time in the stealthier guise of duties upon imported articles, such as tea, glass, paper, and paint. It was simply a small attempt at a tariff, a very, very moderate charge upon goods entered at the Custom-House. Those who bought the goods would pay the tariff; those who did not like the tariff need not buy the

goods. The tax was not laid upon three or four thousand articles as it is now, but only upon half a dozen or so. Unless the citizen will now consent to wear the wardrobe of Adam and live on air, earth, and water, he must pay the tax. Our forefathers had only to deny themselves paper, tea, glass, and paint to be out of the reach of England's law.

When the burgesses of Virginia met Lord Botetourt at Williamsburg, June 11, 1769, the leaven of 1765 was permeating the whole loaf; but before there could be a clash between crown officers and popular representatives certain preliminaries had to be politely arranged. Lord Botetourt made his royal progress in his state coach from the palace to the capitol, where he entered the council-chamber, and summoned the burgesses to his presence. They had already been sworn in by two members of the council, and now they promenaded to the council-chamber, where Lord Botetourt, seated upon his vice-regal throne, received them informally, and instructed them to return to their hall and elect a speaker. This they did; and then they notified the governor of the fact, who in turn sent his messenger to summon them once more to his presence. Led by their speaker, the burgesses once more promenaded all to the vice-regal room, where the speaker was formally presented to the governor. After some further nonsense of the ver-

bal sort, Lord Botetourt delivered his address to the council and burgesses, endeavoring to talk as much without saying anything as—well, as an American President talking against the trusts. This precious address having been finished, the speaker begged a copy, which was furnished, and then the burgesses promenaded back to their room. Mr. Speaker ascended his throne, informed the House that he had met the governor, and heard an address of which he had obtained a copy, and that he would now read said address to the House. And he did it. Then the House appointed a committee to draft a reply to the "speech from the throne." To assist the committee, the House passed some resolutions which were, in a general way, to serve as a guide to the committee. At this crisis Thomas Jefferson met disaster. Being named as one of the three to draw up the preliminary resolutions, he acquitted himself so well that he was asked to prepare the answer to the address. He did so, and to his mortification his draft was rejected.

In the True Thomas Jefferson William Eleroy Curtis says that "his fine phrases" were "rejected by the practical burgesses, who were not accustomed to express their thought in such elegant diction." In other words, Mr. Jefferson's paper was cast aside because it was too flowery, verbose, ornamental. As a matter of sober fact, just the re-

verse was the truth. The paper was rejected because it was too short, too plain, too devoid of courtly flourish. These "practical burgesses" thought that Jefferson had stuck too closely to the bare text of his resolutions, had not amplified enough, had not been sufficiently full of "elegant diction."

Another man was named to elaborate the paper and to put more flourish and flower in it, which, having been done, the practical burgesses voted its adoption with great gusto.

The courteous preliminaries having been adjusted according to hoary precedent, the burgesses settled down to business. They at once passed sundry resolutions, the most important of which was aimed at the attempt of Great Britain to tax the colonies which were unrepresented in her Parliament.

"No taxation without representation," declared the burgesses. Mr. William Eleroy Curtis states that, after the passage of these resolutions, Jefferson and Washington and others spent the night in speculating upon what Botetourt would do about it. Few people will believe that a steady-nerved soldier like Washington sat up all night speculating as to what Botetourt would do with these resolutions. Especially when these resolutions carried Virginia no farther than she had safely gone in 1765.

It was next day, during the usual hours of session, that the burgesses were summoned to the council-chamber, where the governor, briefly expressing his disapproval of their resolutions, dissolved them, after they had existed organized burgesses only five days. During *that* afternoon Williamsburg may have witnessed scenes of excitement. There was doubtless much caucusing among the members. For now the question was, What shall we burgesses do? The governor has scolded us as though we were naughty children. Shall we reply? He has told us to go home. Shall we go? If Jefferson and Washington, Henry and Lee lost sleep any night it was *this* night—not in fear, not in anxious speculation as to what the governor would do, but in earnest consultation as to what they themselves would do.

The upshot of the consultations was that they resolved to hold a meeting in the long room of the Raleigh hotel next day. In the long room, the famous Apollo, they met accordingly; and they passed resolutions, the sum and substance of which was that they would boycott especially those goods upon which the tariff was laid, and boycott generally all English goods which they could possibly do without. Eighty-eight of the late burgesses signed this agreement; some others refused; and others still were absent. This action of her representatives Virginia approved. At the next elec-

tion every man who had signed the pledge was re-elected; every one who had refused was defeated.[1]

In the meanwhile the British Government enforced the Tea-Duty Act of 1767, but had derived no advantage from it. Some eighty thousand dollars was the sum total of the taxes collected, and the expense of making the collection had been about the same. Governor Botetourt soon reconvened the burgesses to announce the joyful tidings that Great Britain had decided to recede from her position, and to repeal the duties upon paints, glass, and paper. Neither Botetourt nor the burgesses seemed to take notice of the fact that England proposed to retain the duty upon tea.

It was at this second session that Mr. Jefferson made his first effort to advance the cause of emancipation for the blacks. As the law then stood, a Virginian who freed his slaves was required to send them out of the colony. This proviso Mr. Jefferson sought to abolish. True to his lifelong habit, he presented his proposition through some one else—some one who could face a crowd, debate an issue, manage a parliamentary battle. Mr. Jefferson had no such gifts, and was thoroughly con-

[1] On page 124 of his remarkable book, Mr. Curtis relates the anecdote of George Washington's bashfulness when complimented in open session by Speaker Robinson; and Mr. Curtis adds, "On the following day Jefferson was assigned to his first public duty." The Washington incident had occurred in 1759; Jefferson first entered the Legislature in 1769. Mr. Curtis is wrong by ten years.

scious of his defect. On this occasion he put forward Colonel Richard Bland, an aged, able, eminently respectable member, who was willing to offer Jefferson's bill. The slave-owners roused themselves immediately and fell upon the venerable Bland and his objectionable measure with a fury which showed no reverence for either the man or the measure.

Virginia at the time had almost as many slaves as free men, and how to deal with the situation had become a question of extreme difficulty. To emancipate all the negroes, and at once, was impossible. Nothing less than a social, industrial, and political revolution would have been the result. Immense harm even to the negroes would have been certain. As Jefferson himself said, slavery was the wolf which Virginia had by the ears—to hold on was dangerous; to turn loose was equally so. How was the problem to be solved? It was easy for Vermont, for example, to abolish slavery and to get her little squad of negroes free; but how could Virginia deal with her vast black population in any such off-hand manner? The races were too nearly equal. There were too many consequences to be considered. How would the entire industrial system be affected by so great a shock? What would be the results of immediate, unconditional freedom on the negro himself? Would he become the industrious, law-abiding

laborer; or would he prove to be a curse to himself and to his old masters by sinking into idleness, vice, crime, vagabondage? Should the free negro be allowed to vote? If so, upon what terms? Should the ignorant, semi-savage from the coast of Africa, where voodooism and cannibalism were rife, be given the same political rights as George Washington? Should a jabbering barbarian who had just been laboriously taught to hoe tobacco, and who profoundly believed in the powers of the conjure bag, be permitted to go to the polls and kill the ballot of James Madison? Suppose such privileges were granted to the free negroes, how would the civilization of the white race be affected—that civilization which was the result of a thousand years of intelligent effort? How would social life be influenced?

On the other hand, suppose these privileges were *not* granted the free negroes, how long would it be ere the reign of the black incendiary and the white renegade would set in? With all that combustible material lying around—a free black population almost equal in numbers to the whites—how long would it take social and political agitators to set the house afire?

Questions like these were ever present in the minds of the Virginians of that period; and to understand the conduct of our ancestors we must

place ourselves at their point of view. To judge a slave-owner of the South, you must put yourself in his place.

He had not originated slavery. He had not embarked in the slave-trade. He had made vigorous efforts to keep the traffic out. Virginia was the first civilized country to denounce it; and in twenty-three separate acts her burgesses protested to the crown against it. But the whole world was committed to the system, and Virginia was powerless to stem such a tide. Massachusetts had been the first colony to give express legislative sanction to slavery; and New England was sincere in her attempts to make negro slaves profitable in her fields, just as she had been to make good slaves out of the Indians. It was not till her failure had become as evident as the success of her Southern neighbors had become exasperatingly complete, that the bowels of the Puritan began to compassionate the unfortunate African—who, in literal fact, was vastly better off in Virginia than he had ever been in heathen, slavery-cursed, man-eating Africa. The Virginian did not reproach himself for the sin and shame of slavery. He had no cause to do so. If he read his ancient histories, he saw the relation of master and slave reaching back to the very dawn of time. If he read his Bible, he followed the master and the slave from the Alpha

to the Omega of the sacred book; and amid its thousands of words upon its hundreds of subjects there was not one in which the inspired writers warned the misguided children of men of the sin and shame of slavery. And if the Virginian had been a prophet he would have looked forward into the twentieth century and seen slavery in some form still existing in every nation of the earth—in spite of Pharisee, Scribe, Sadducee, abolitionist, missionary, Salvation Army, Christian Church, and the universal brotherhood of man.

The clear-eyed student who looks beneath forms to find the substance and reality of things, will be happily constituted, indeed, if his investigation does not compel him to conclude that there is more actual, degrading, heartless, soul-destroying serfdom on this earth *now* than there was in the year 1860. As far as was possible, the Virginian mitigated the evils of his system. On many estates the life of the slave was far less toilsome, less racked by care and responsibility, than that of the debt-ridden master who owned him. The average negro slave was not only better off than the average free negro, but was more securely safeguarded against want in sickness and old age than was "the poor white." Benevolence was gradually doing its quiet work; and under the influence of such men as Wythe, Washington, Jefferson, Madison,

and John Randolph the numbers of the free negroes were ever on the increase. In 1781, Virginia already had upward of twelve thousand free negroes within her borders—a number which compares favorably with that set free by legislative enactments in New England.

In repealing the Stamp Act Great Britain had made a declaration of her right to pass laws binding the colonies in all cases whatsoever; in 1770 she repealed the duties on glass, paper, and paint, but left the duty on tea. So that at each turn of the contest she yielded enough to encourage opposition and not enough to satisfy it. Nevertheless, the colonies, as a whole, grew quiet. Tumults almost entirely ceased. New York repealed her non-importation act, and most of the colonies began to buy all sorts of British goods excepting tea. The great boycott was practically at an end. John Adams quit politics and gave his time to law. Sam Adams could find nobody to take an interest in his anti-British talk. Thomas Jefferson made record of the fact that "our countrymen seemed to fall into a state of insensibility to our situation." The students of Princeton put on mourning gowns, and "Lynch, of South Carolina, is said to have shed tears over what he deemed the lost cause."

In February, 1770, while Mr. Jefferson and his mother were at a neighbor's house on a visit, a negro came running to bring the news that the old

MONTICELLO, JEFFERSON'S HOME NEAR CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

home at Shadwell had been burned, the dwelling and all the contents. Nothing had been saved but a few books and the fiddle.[1]

Mrs. Jefferson and the children were put to live in the overseer's house, and Thomas Jefferson himself went to Monticello. Upon the top of the little mountain he had already begun to build; and he had completed what afterward served as one of the pavilions. It had one large room on the ground floor, and a couple of small rooms above. Fixing his residence here he pushed forward the work on the remainder of his plan as rapidly as possible. Ground was cleared and leveled, stumps dug out, terraces made, roads constructed, lumber hauled, bricks molded, nails forged, rough timber dressed, and the walls began to rise under Jefferson's own directions, in accordance with his own plans, the work being done by his own slaves. It was a huge task in those days to take raw materials and unskilled labor, and so manage both as to secure a substantially, elegantly finished house. No city was near from which he could purchase those things he could not manufacture. Williamsburg was the nearest, and the distance was one hundred and fifty miles. Much of his material, sash, for example, had to be made in London. Not in one

[1] Mr. Jefferson's only brother, Randolph, was weak-minded—almost, if not quite, an imbecile. Tradition at Charlottesville holds that it was Randolph Jefferson who came running to his brother, shouting, "Tom, we saved your fiddle!"

year was the home completed—nor in ten, nor in twenty. It was the love-labor of a lifetime, changed from time to time as his ideas changed; and there can be no doubt that it swallowed up a very considerable portion of its owner's fortune.

CHAPTER V

REVOLT IN NORTH CAROLINA

The spirit of antagonism which was growing between royal officers and the people of the colonies led to a bloody crisis in North Carolina. On the one side was the ruling class, which seemed disposed to make the most of the opportunity to plunder the taxpayers; on the other were the masses, who were disposed to resist local wrongs with the same courage which had been shown in opposition to the Stamp Act. The governor of North Carolina was Tryon, a bold, able, unscrupulous man. He was at this time squandering seventy odd thousand dollars in building for himself a splendid palace, and taxes were increased to meet the heavy drains. Like master, like man; the spirit of extortion beginning with the governor, ran along down the line to the lowest bailiff. Promises of redress of grievances had been made, but had not been kept. Things were going from bad to worse. The discontented held meetings to "inquire whether the freemen of the country labored under any abuse of power, and, if so, what measures should be taken." The Regulators sprang into existence (1767). This was the first organized resistance to British tyranny since Bacon's glorious

rebellion in Virginia. These freemen of North Carolina adopted resolutions to pay only such taxes as were agreeable to law and applied to the purposes therein named; and to pay no officer more than his legal fees.

The North Carolina patriots were led by Herman Husbands, a large landowner of Quaker ancestry, related to Benjamin Franklin. There was no blemish upon his character, and his motives at this crisis were precisely the same as those which inspired Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams. His pen wrote the resolutions already mentioned, resolutions which no just government would have condemned.

Governor Tryon put Husbands under arrest, and dragged him off to Hillsborough. The people rose to his rescue and set him free. The royal officers collected a body of troopers, rode fifty miles after Husbands, seized him, and flung him into jail. The Regulators ran to arms (May, 1768), but Husbands had been released on bond. On May 21, 1768, the Regulators held a general meeting and appointed two of their number to present an address, their appeal for justice to the governor. The paper was laid before the council, which decided that the alleged abuses did not excuse the conduct of the Regulators—which conduct, if persisted in, would amount to high treason.

In the meantime the governor was willing to

publish a proclamation admonishing all royal officers to be good. The burning hearts of patriots were soothed by the further assurance that the Attorney-General would prosecute every one of his brother officers who had done anything wrong. These soft answers failed to turn away the wrath of our ancestors. They had heard such talk before, and knew its value. The Regulators continued to assemble, to enlist their men and to train them to use of arms; and the governor raised a large body of troops. He ordered the Regulators to disperse, and demanded hostages for the appearance of Husbands to stand trial for riot. The hostages were refused, but the governor was told that if he would summon a new Assembly, pardon past disturbances, and allow the disaffected to come peaceably and lay their grievances before him and the new Assembly, they would disband and would pay their taxes.

Husbands stood his trial and was acquitted. Other Regulators were less fortunate; they were convicted, imprisoned, and made to pay fines of two hundred and fifty dollars each.

The worst offender among the royal officers, Colonel Edmund Fanning, was tried at the same term of court on six distinct indictments charging him with extortion. He was found guilty in each case. What punishment was inflicted upon this criminal who was using his position to rob the poor? He was fined one penny in each case! Is it

any wonder the people were wrought up to madness?

Smarting under wrongs which they had tried in every way to peaceably escape, they lost all confidence in the royal officers, and determined to do themselves that justice which was denied them by their rulers.

Courts were broken up; prisoners rescued; officers defied: violent hands were laid upon the persons of lawyers, and some of the king's learned attorneys were dragged from the bar and vulgarly beaten. Edmund Fanning was not only assaulted and battered, but his house demolished.

Why, why were grievances not redressed, abuses abolished?

Why should those in authority *never* pour that kind of oil on the troubled waters?

At the close of 1770, the General Assembly met at Newborn. The governor's magnificent palace had just been completed, and he received the members therein: and he immediately demanded the raising of an army to put down the Regulators.

Herman Husbands had been elected to this Assembly: they expelled him. He had written for the Gazette an article which did not please; and this pretense served as an excuse for getting rid of him.

This Legislature passed an act making it a crime for more than ten citizens to hold a public meeting "for the disturbance of the peace"; Or-

ange County, which had elected Husbands, was cut into three new counties; and a proclamation was issued prohibiting the sale of powder, shot, or lead.

Gathering a large force, Governor Tryon marched into Orange County, and the Regulators, with their families, fled in terror. Their crops were destroyed, their homes burned, and they themselves declared outlaws. Their property was confiscated, and seized.

The bolder spirits finally mustered at Great Alamance Creek to await the governor's little army. They had no artillery, not much ammunition, and many of them had no guns. It was a straggling, unorganized crowd, not an army.

Again they prayed for the redress of their grievances, the righting of their wrongs.

The governor's reply was that he had done all he intended to do; and that they must submit, pay taxes, and return to their homes.

Tryon was a man of energy of character, as his subsequent career in New York demonstrated; and he felt that with his artillery and superiority of material and equipment, his success was certain. He gave the patriots one hour to consider. There were two thousand of these Regulators, and they had passed beyond the stage of wisdom. For four or five years the people had endured wrongs, had protested, had been promised reforms, and had been deceived. Those who oppressed them could

neither be checked nor punished. If convicted, the evil-doers were let go, unwhipped of justice. Leaders of the people who rose against law-breakers had languished in prison, while the law-breakers, duly convicted in open court, escaped justice by reason of Tryon's protection. And now, after all these years of misrule, came the governor with arms in his hand and a one-hour limit on his tongue, saying to the freemen of North Carolina, "Disperse, submit, pay taxes, or he would fire upon them." No wonder the hot blood of these Anglo-Saxons boiled within them; no wonder that their rash reply was, "Fire and be damned!"

Not at once did the royal troops obey Governor Tryon's order to begin battle. They were North Carolinians also, and they shrank from this brother-killing strife. But no promptings of humanity can resist military discipline; and when Tryon, inflamed with anger, rose in his stirrups and shouted again: "Fire! Fire—on them or on me!" his troops opened fire upon the Regulators.

The result could hardly be in serious doubt. The Regulators were broken, and they fled the field, leaving twenty of their number dead, besides the wounded and those captured. The royal forces lost nine killed and sixty-one wounded.[1] Captain Few,

[1] These figures are taken from Wheeler's History of North Carolina and Tryon's official report. Upon what authority Prof. John Fiske puts the number of dead at two hundred is not apparent. Bancroft follows Wheeler.

one of the leaders of the Regulators, was strung up to the limb of a tree next day without trial, and strangled with a rope. Others were tried for high treason, convicted, and put to death.

Upon the head of Herman Husbands a price was set—five hundred dollars and a thousand acres of land! A royal proclamation authorized any citizen to shoot him on sight. But he escaped, and made his way to Pennsylvania. Tryon and his henchman, Fanning, soon went back to the North, their pockets full, leaving one of the fairest portions of North Carolina a picture of desolation, and leaving the taxpayers to groan under a heavy load of illegally made public debt.

Fugitives fleeing from the misgovernment and the merciless persecution of this royal governor, Tryon, passed over the mountains and rested their tired feet in the pleasant valleys beyond—in the future Tennessee.

Of all the colonial governors, Tryon is said to have been the most popular with the authorities in England; and yet Mr. Sydney George Fisher marvels at the lack of love shown by the colonists for their mother country.

Is it true that the royal government was corrupt, oppressive? Is it true that Fanning was haughty, cruel, exorbitant? Is it true that he and the governor were but accomplices in plundering the people over whom they had been put?

Long after the butchery at Alamance and the burnings in Orange County, this official report was made to Lord Dartmouth in London by Tryon's successor, Martin: "I can assure your lordship that these people were grievously oppressed."

Tryon and Fanning were Tories, despising the North Carolina Whigs. They had gone down there to make money, and they made it.

When the Revolutionary War broke out, they fought the Americans as they had done in North Carolina.

Fanning, the arch-oppressor, raised a Tory regiment in New York, and after the war became a general in the British army and Governor of Prince Edward Island.

Tryon was the author of the New York plot to kidnap Washington, and, if necessary, assassinate him. He was the soul of Tory resistance in the North.

To what extent were these insurgents of 1771 the forerunners of the men of Lexington and Concord? Remember that North Carolina had taken up arms to oppose the landing of the stamps; remember that this insurrection had been successful. That was in 1765. Who can doubt that the example sunk deep into the hearts of the people?

Therefore, when Tryon taxed them to build his extravagant palace, when officers of the law practised extortion and fraud, when money raised for

one purpose was used for another, is it any wonder that the people should agitate the question, should assemble for discussion, should pass resolutions, and should endeavor to bring popular pressure to bear upon the governor?

Listen to the declaration drawn up by Herman Husbands and read to the court of Orange County at its August session, 1766, the year following the Stamp Act tumults:

"While the Sons of Liberty had withstood the Lords of Parliament in behalf of true liberty, the officers under them ought not to carry on unjust oppression in the province; that in order thereto, as there were many evils complained of in the County of Orange, they ought to be redressed. If there be none, jealousy ought to be removed from the minds of the people."

The paper went on to urge that public meetings should be held at places where there should be no liquor, to take these grave matters into consideration, to inquire what evils existed, and to adopt methods of correcting them if any existed.

Surely nothing could be more temperate than this. Here was no rash incendiary, drunk merely on his unruly passions. Here was an appeal to reason, to common sense, to facts, to sane judgment. The case was not even prejudiced. It was not dogmatically stated that wrongs did exist. The wrong-doers were not arraigned by name. No.

Herman Husbands merely declared that the people were complaining of wrongs, that there ought not to be any unjust oppression, and that if there were any it should be redressed. He did not seek to dictate methods of redress. That was to be left to the people in mass-meeting.

When the meetings were held, and the existence of grievances was established, the resolution set no law at defiance. On the contrary, the Regulators pledged themselves to pay lawful fees and lawful taxes, and illegal fees they pledged themselves not to pay. Bear in mind that the great mass of the people in North Carolina were poor. Ready money was extremely scarce. The fewest number owned slaves. They had no big cities flourishing on commerce. They had no mines and manufactures. They lived on small farms, in small houses, doing their own work, digging a hard living out of the ground, and having no surplus crops to bring money to their pockets. North Carolina, like Georgia and Connecticut, was almost a pure Democracy. Therefore, illegal taxes and exorbitant fees and court costs were a real hardship. A new seventy-thousand-dollar palace for the British governor seemed a monstrous abuse—as, under all the circumstances, it was. And when Edmund Fanning, a royalist carpet-bagger, came down adventurously into their State, became the governor's pet, ran the fee for a marriage license up to fifteen dollars, and

charged one dollar for attesting a deed officially—growing rapidly rich upon a system of plunder, of which these two instances are but examples—the people of North Carolina felt the situation to be intolerable. Had there been but one extortioner, had the abuse stopped at Tryon and Fanning, the burden might have been patiently borne, so vast is the capacity of the people to endure official legalized spoliation. But when every officer set himself to imitate his chiefs, it was as though a swarm of locusts had been sent to devour the substance of these poor, pitiable people.

Their cause being just, why was their failure so complete? They were not skilfully led. The movement was not made general. It confined itself too closely to Orange County. It was not widely organized. The more violent spirits committed too many excesses. The rebellion put itself in the wrong by its riotous attacks upon individuals and private property. It alarmed too many vested interests.

Such men as John Ashe and Colonel Waddell went in arms to fight under the royal banner, just as the Randolphs, the Lees, and Washington might have done in Virginia had the extremists there taken up arms too soon. It was one thing to rise against Great Britain's stamp distributor; it was another to make war upon the home government.

Many and many a patriotic Virginian who had

gloried in Patrick Henry's speeches, disapproved his armed march upon Williamsburg in 1775 when Dunmore had removed the powder. Prudent, slow-but-sure George Washington refused to have anything to do with it, although the men of Albemarle assembled and called to him to lead them. Prudent Pendleton and cautious Randolph frowned upon the reckless audacity of Henry and his men. Only when success had crowned the rash movement did Patrick win praise from every tongue, and become the uncrowned king of Virginia.

But, although the Regulators managed badly and failed, it must be owned that they were actuated by the true spirit of liberty. Theirs was the divine indignation which drives men to resist oppression. No private grudge inflamed them, no sordid motive of any sort appears in their speeches, their resolutions, or their conduct. They stood for principle, for right, for honest government—that much, nothing more.

Their cause was not the quarrel of an hour—it was the struggle of the ages, the effort of the weak and the downtrodden to throw off the yoke and break the chain.

All remonstrance proving null, all petitions for relief going to naught, they stood at Alamance to fight, as the pioneers of liberty have aways done—as Hampden did, as Cromwell did.

"Disperse, ye rebels!" cries royal officer Pit-

cairn at Lexington; and because the brave militia of the North stood their ground history makes heroes of them—most properly.

"Disperse, or I'll fire!" shouts royal Tryon at Alamance four years prior to Lexington.

"Fire and be damned!" the rebels answer back.

Was not the spirit the same? Should not the historian immortalize these men also? Would he be much in error if he declared the patriots who were shot down there, and those who were hanged on trees and gibbets there, were the first hero-martyrs of American independence?

"Surrender, brave men, surrender!" cried the English to the Old Guard at Waterloo.

"Go to hell!" (or words more unprintable) shouts the dauntless Cambronne, while the Old Guard draws back its iron squares, muskets blazing along its every side as night falls upon them and upon France.

And history says "Sublime!" And it *was* sublime, memorable to the end of the world.

But in what essential respect were these men of Alamance less brave when they looked into the muzzle of the guns and sternly shouted back to Tryon's challenge, "Fire and be damned!"[1]

[1] A voluminous History of the American People has recently been published, consisting of a serried array of pictures, maps, plans, facsimiles, rare prints, photographs of old documents, handbills, scraps of ancient newspapers, and quite a lot of other things raked out of plunder rooms, museums, and curiosity shops. Incidentally there is consid-

erable reading matter whose author is Dr. Woodrow Wilson. There are five bulky volumes of this stuff, and on p. 164 of vol. ii the learned President of Princeton finds space for one sentence on the rebellion in North Carolina. Think of it! Nearly two thousand pages of alleged history and just one short sentence to the tragic chapter in the story of the South! And what is that one sentence?

"In North Carolina there was next year a sudden blaze of open rebellion against the extravagant exactions of William Tryon, the adventurer who was royal governor there, and only blood extinguished it."

Cold, cold is the pen which thus traces the heart-breaking struggles of a gallant people toward their liberties.

The "sudden blaze" had lasted more than three years; the "open rebellion" was resistance to armed invaders who were laying waste the crops and burning the homes of the people.

The battle of Alamance, where three thousand men fought aud artillery was used, is not so much as mentioned in Dr. Woodrow Wilson's book.

The Boston street row, where a handful rioted and three were killed, not only gets chronicled under its historic name of the "Boston Massacre," but occupies six pages with illustrative matter and half a page of Dr. Wilson's text!

CHAPTER VI

MARRIAGE AND MONTICELLO

In common with the vast majority of young men, Mr. Jefferson had known what it was to fall in love with handsome girls. At college he had tenderly nursed a passion for a sweetheart or two, and while he was studying law he had been sorely smitten. Just how many of these adventures the young man had weathered before he met the charming Widow Skelton is not clear, but there were several. How far he had gone in the direction of formal offers and pledges is likewise uncertain. Letters written to his bosom friend, John Page, indicated that he was deeply involved with a Miss Burwell, who was one of the beauties with whom he danced in the Apollo room of the Raleigh. If he proposed to her at all, it would seem that his offer was cautious—conditioned upon his making a three-year tour of Europe. If he really asked the lady's hand in such a way, he was rejected, for Miss Burwell, preferring a man who was ready, accepted Mr. Ambler and married him.

But the young, handsome, prospectively wealthy widow, Martha Skelton, caught his roving fancy in 1770 and held it. She was the childless widow

of Bathurst Skelton, and the daughter of John Wayles, a lawyer who owned an immense estate in land. For two years the courtship lasted—Jefferson's fiddle and the widow's spinet making sweet music together much of the time. They played together, they sang together, greatly to the discomfort of other suitors who had no fiddles and no voice for song. It is related that two of these suitors, each believing there was hope in the old land yet, approached the widow's door one day, upon marital propositions bent, when their ears were invaded by sounds from within the house—sounds which, upon closer attention, seemed to be those of human voices, male and female, singing in harmony to violin and spinet. These belated suitors listened and looked, looked and listened; and the more they considered the sights and the sounds within the house, the deeper became their conviction that the harmony was too sweet to be interrupted. So they silently stole away—leaving Jefferson in possession of the field and of the fair.

On New Year's day, 1772, Thomas Jefferson and Martha Skelton were married, at the residence of Mr. John Wayles, near Williamsburg. In his faithful account-book, the bridegroom itemized the expenses, including tips to servants and pay to the musicians. He set down the amount he paid the parson who officiated, and also how much of the sum he borrowed back from the parson that

same evening. The groom had been so free with his purse, feeing two clergymen, tipping quite a lot of servants, and the fiddlers who furnished the music, that he probably ran short of cash, hence his recourse to the parson. The frequent absence of ready money among wealthy people in those days would seem to have been shown in one of his entries in the faithful account-book. He notes that he loaned the Widow Skelton a small sum of money two days before the wedding.

There were joyous festivities at "The Forest," the home of Mr. Wayles, the nuptials being celebrated in the old-fashioned way, and the young couple spent some days there afterward; but they were eager to be together in their own house, and they soon set out for Monticello. Snow was on the ground, and during the journey a storm set in. The road soon became impassable and they were forced to leave their carriage at a friend's house, and to mount the horses. The last eight miles were passed in this manner and it was far into the night when they had made good the ascent of the little mountain and stood at their own door.

The negroes had long since given them up, and had gone to their cabins to sleep. No lights cheerily gleamed welcome to the bride; no voices greeted her; wintry midnight wrapped the solitary pavilion with "a horrible dreariness." But they were young, they were happy, they were sufficient

unto themselves; a light was soon struck, a half-filled bottle of wine found, and the best of the situation was soon made by even-tempered Thomas and his winsome bride. Mr. James Parton—wonderful writer in his way—suggests that they spent the remainder of the night reading Ossian.[1]

Mr. Jefferson's marriage was one of the most successful known to biographical literature. In the harmony of the relation between himself and wife there never seems to have been a discord. No shadow ever fell between them chilling their perfect, trustful devotion. She was, and she continued to be, his ideal of a woman, his pride and joy as a wife, an inspiration, a helpmeet, the good angel of the fireside. She was beautiful; with luxuriant auburn hair, brilliant complexion, lustrous hazel eyes. In person she was above the medium height, exquisitely formed, slender, graceful. On horseback, in the ballroom, in the parlor she commanded admiration; she sang sweetly and played well on spinet and harpsichord. She was fond of books, her education was good, and she conversed agreeably. She was warm-hearted, impulsive, frank, and loyal. And it is said that she was a good housekeeper.

[1] Mr. Curtis with characteristic inaccuracy, but with an eye to the comfort of the young couple, allows them to complete their journey in the carriage. But Mr. Curtis is not the merciful man who is merciful to his beast, for he compels *one* horse to pull the carriage loaded with two people up the steep mountainside through a three-foot snowdrift. Such cruelty to animals should not go unpunished even in books.

Mr. John Wayles died in 1773, and Mr. Jefferson inherited from him, as his wife's part of her father's estate, about forty thousand acres of land and one hundred and thirty-five slaves. The Natural Bridge was on one of the parcels of this Wayles land. Mr. Jefferson had got nineteen hundred acres of land from his father's estate, and about thirty slaves. At the time of his marriage (1772) he had increased his property to five thousand acres and about fifty slaves. In his Memoir he states his belief that the net share of John Wayles's estate which he received in right of his wife was about equal to his own estate. On the contrary, one who follows the story of the John Wayles land, encumbered as it was with the John Wayles debts, will reach the conclusion that had Mr. Jefferson declined to touch a foot of it, he would have been better off. The encumbrance amounted to nearly nineteen thousand dollars (not thirteen thousand dollars, as Mr. Curtis states). Had he sold off part of it then to settle the debt, he might have saved a handsome property—quite as much realty as he could profitably manage. But for one reason or another, Mr. Jefferson did not bother himself about this British debt, and the holders thereof, getting a good interest, were not pressing the claim. So it rocked along, year after year, while Mr. Jefferson was rearing that ideal home at heavy expense, and was indulging his taste

for fine horses, ornamental gardening, and landscape effects.

It was not till 1776 that he bestirred himself about these debts. He then sold land to the amount of about twenty thousand dollars, enough to wipe out the claim; but he sold on credit. When he offered to cancel the Wayles encumbrance with the notes which he had taken for the land, the agent of the creditors naturally refused them.

Mark the sequel. Mr. Jefferson had sold at gold and silver values; time passed, and the colonies, struggling for dear life with Great Britain, issued paper money, and Mr. Jefferson got two and a half cents on the dollar for his wife's good land!

One Virginia Legislature invited British debtors to pay what they owed into her treasury, promising that Virginia would protect the debtors from the British creditors. Mr. Jefferson deposited his paper money accordingly. But another Virginia Legislature thought differently on this subject; and the State issued scrip to Mr. Jefferson in lieu of his paper money. With this scrip Mr. Jefferson bought himself a new overcoat. Thus he had exchanged twenty thousand dollars' worth of his land for one coat.

In spite of all that his eulogists say for him in this behalf, it is but too glaringly apparent that he owed all his losses to his original blunder in deeding away his land before he got his money. In

1787 and in 1792 he again sold off land
British debt, to which had now accrued an
lation of interest. But land values were low,
country not having recovered from the war, and
the proceeds of these sales were insufficient to remove the encumbrance. In his last years he was still staggering under those British debts, as we shall see hereafter.

CHAPTER VII

THE NAVIGATION ACTS

THE navigation acts, by means of which Great Britain had been trying to "protect" her infant industries at the expense of the American colonies, were so intolerably unjust that they had systematically disobeyed. In one way or another, New England had outwitted her remote mother country, and had established a thriving commerce with many foreign marts. Ventures in the French West Indies, ventures with the Dutch, ventures with the far African coast, went forward briskly in spite of England's protective laws. Perhaps there had never been a time when molasses from the West Indies was made into a larger supply of New England rum, and when this Puritan rum yielded larger returns in negroes from the jungles of Africa. In God's own mysterious way, these Yankee smugglers were doing a great work. First of all, they were feathering their nests in bleak New England with soft layers of Jason's golden fleece. Secondly, they were lifting the savage black from his environment of slavery, voodooism, and cannibalism, to put him in a state of bondage tempered by humanity—putting him where he might some day step within the radiant gates of

civilization, bearing within him the new heart of a Christian. Let no passionate lover of the black race revile with reckless vehemence those smugglers, who, in a roundabout way, swapped molasses for negroes. The profits of the white trader were but small and perishable; the benefits to the uncouth, jabbering, primitively savage negro were as large as the opportunities of civilization, and as permanent as the Christian's reward in time and eternity.

Great Britain, noting the growth of the merchant marine of her colonies, and viewing with great dissatisfaction her own loss of revenues, determined to enforce the navigation laws. Hitherto she had not done so because of the fact that her hands were tied. Wars with France, wars with Spain, entanglements here and complications yonder, had diverted her attention from the American colonies.

Besides, it would have been unwise for her to embroil herself with her own kith and kin, particularly as such a hostile movement against the colonies might have thrown them into the open arms of France. Her ancient enemy would have been but too glad to give a vigorous push to that thorn in England's side—as she did at the very earliest opportunity.

But in 1772 our mother country had no war upon her hands. And now was her time to deal with those smugglers. Nothing was to be feared

from France which lay shamed, exhausted, and inert under the feet of a harlot-ruled Bourbon king. He had lost to England an empire in Hindustan, an empire in Canada. His European influence was gone, his vast Louisiana territory was gone, his courtier-led, ill-provided armies had been stupidly generaled and ingloriously beaten by everybody everywhere.

In 1772, the Gaspee, of eight guns, with Lieutenant Dudingston for commander, was policing Narragansett Bay, to enforce the British navigation laws. Dudingston was one of those conscientious officials who make themselves unpopular with law-breakers. He was likewise one of those martinets who are not loved even by the law-abiding. He stopped all sorts of vessels at all sorts of times, and with an exasperating impartiality—mixing and mingling the guilty and the innocent in a manner which nobody liked. It being his duty to search vessels for contraband goods, he searched them all; for he was not one of those gifted mortals who could tell a criminal by looking at his face. If Dudingston boarded a vessel and found contraband, the smuggler was angered; if contraband was not found, the honest trader was wroth. Dudingston, therefore, became a most unpopular man, not through any fault of his own, but because of the protective system of which he was merely the executive officer. When one of our custom-

house people opens a lady's trunk and rummages about among her undergarments, frequently holding them up to irreverent view, or scattering them around in disorder, it is the system, not the man, whom all decent folks loathe and detest.

When a French officer of the customs ever so firmly requires the Frenchwoman to raise her skirts and show her stockings, the search being for contraband which may be concealed in those stockings, it is not the officer himself who is the brute. The guilty men whom all should despise are the greedy protectionists who demand the law, and the cowardly politician who gives it to them.

Dudingston's career in the bay was brief and not glorious. He seems to have been elaborately entrapped. At any rate, he received a sort of dare from the little, swift-sailing packet which plied between Newport and Providence; and he gave chase. The packet led him twenty-three miles, ran in close on Narragansett Point where the water was shallow, and the guileless Dudingston, hot in pursuit, ran his heavier vessel aground. There he stuck, hard and fast. The packet finished the remaining seven miles to Providence safely, and at sunset was in her berth.

The captain of the packet was thoughtful enough to tell his news without delay. In ever so short a time all Providence knew that the odious Dudingston was aground seven miles off, and that

the rising tide would not release him till three o'clock next morning! Such luck was too good to be thrown away.

The captain of the packet had no sooner told the prominent merchant, Mr. Brown, than the merchant told one of the captains who was in his service; and this captain was seen to hurry off, wearing a pleasant expression of countenance. Soon a drum was heard in the streets, and then a voice proclaiming the forlorn situation of the Gaspee. Cordial invitation was called out to all citizens who would like to bear a hand in the destruction of the Gaspee to meet at Savage's tavern at first-dark. The summons was gratefully obeyed, and by nine o'clock eight boats, manned by the representative citizens of the town, were rowing toward the Gaspee.

At midnight they reached the British vessel, surprised the one sailor who was on the watch; shot the lieutenant who came hurrying to the deck in his night-shirt, boarded the ship, and easily mastered the leaderless, half-awake, and wholly unprepared British sailors.

Landing the captives on shore, where every care was taken of the wounded Dudingston, the assailants set fire to the Gaspee, and by sun-up she was a smoking hulk; while the daring men who had boarded her were rowing home to breakfast and congratulations.

The English Government was deeply stirred, for the burning of the Gaspee was an overt act, flagrant and defiant, of premeditated high treason. Who did it? That was the only question of doubt. Proclamations, offering large rewards, were issued without results. Royal commissioners were appointed to investigate, and troops were put at their service to assist them in bringing the culprits to punishment. Again there were no results; investigation failed to identify the guilty. Parliament lost its head, and passed an act to punish with the death penalty any person who should destroy any object belonging to an English war-vessel—an act so general in its terms that it could have been held to embrace the most trifling article of ship furniture, equipment, or naval uniform. Worst of all, the persons accused were to be sent to England for trial.

Mr. Sydney George Fisher says that "it is difficult to see how the government could have been more conciliatory and forbearing."

When the Virginia Assembly met in the spring of 1773, the Gaspee incident, the commission of inquiry which had been created, and the act of Parliament which threatened the entire citizenship of America with loss of trial by jury in the American courts, had rearoused the spirit of resistance to Great Britain. The younger members of the House, Patrick Henry, the two Lees, Dabney Carr,

Thomas Jefferson, and one or two others, broke away from the more conservative counsels of the older leaders, held private meetings apart, and mapped out an aggressive policy. Richard Henry Lee proposed the creation of a committee of correspondence, and Jefferson reduced the plan to writing. Dabney Carr was made their spokesman to the House, and on March 12, 1773, in a speech of eloquence and power, the young tribune moved the famous resolutions which were adopted unanimously, and which caused Governor Dunmore to dissolve the House. These resolutions, citing what had taken place in Rhode Island and in Parliament, proposed a Standing Committee of Correspondence and Inquiry to obtain information of all proceedings of Parliament in regard to the colonies, to keep up and maintain a correspondence and communication with the other colonies, and to report from time to time to the House. This committee consisted of the Speaker, Peyton Randolph, Robert C. Nicholas, Richard Henry Lee, Edmund Pendleton, Patrick Henry, Dabney Carr, Archibald Cary, and Thomas Jefferson.[1]

The dispute as to whether Massachusetts or Virginia should have the credit of organizing the

[1] The True Thomas Jefferson represents the secret meetings of the younger members as being held in 1772, and George Washington is named as one of the group. The meetings were not held in 1772 and Washington was not one of the group. Washington did not get left by the procession, but he did not lead it. Henry was the real leader.

revolutionary movement may be left where Bancroft put it:

"Virginia laid the foundation of our Union. Massachusetts organized a province. Virginia promoted a confederacy."

Brilliant Dabney Carr! We see him here at his best, at his highest. We see him unfurl the flag of union, see him on a pinnacle of patriotism from which he surveys every colony, planning for all, hoping for all, inspiring and uniting all. The warm impulse of brotherhood opens his arms to the North as well as to the South; his rapt vision takes in the future as well as the present and the past. "The cause of one, the cause of all," is the gist of his speech and the pith of his plan; and while Rhode Island has touched the chord, the music is that of union—union of hearts and of hands. His last speech and his best. His one great appearance in a national rôle; his almost unconscious placing of the corner-stone of the Republic! We see him here with the radiance of inspiration upon his handsome face, the clarion call of heroic patriotism on his lips; we shall see him no more at all. It was only yesterday, as it were, that Jefferson saw him in his "very small house, with a table, half a dozen chairs, one or two servants," yet the happiest man in the universe. For Martha Jefferson, his devoted young wife, was by his side, and on his knee his little boy. "He speaks, he thinks,

he dreams of nothing but this young son. Every incident in life he so takes as to render it a source of pleasure." Independent of riches; contented in his poverty; happy in his wife and child; studious, but no recluse; ambitious, but in no feverish haste to rise; patriotic and earnest, but not morbidly intense; here he was, in 1770, a philosopher whose healthy enjoyment of life amid comparative privations excited generous admiration in all who knew him. Thirty-five days after he laid the corner-stone of what was to be the greatest of all republics, death darkened that small house where he had been so unenviously happy, draped the poor wife in the weeds of widowhood, and to the lips of his little children brought the wail of orphanhood. He was only thirty years old—died in the very glory of young manhood, died when his readings and his studies, his hopes and his plans and his dreams seemed just to be leading forward to the harvests of steadied efforts.

A lost leader! Yet it was his to speak the word that lives, to do the work that is imperishable, to set the example which is an inspiration for all the years to come.[1]

The Virginia Committee of Correspondence met the day after the dissolution of the House and began its labors. They despatched a copy of their

[1] In his five-volume History of the American People, Dr. Woodrow Wilson finds space for Dabney Carr's name—just the bare mention of his name. The reader is told absolutely nothing about him.

resolutions and a circular letter to the other colonies, requesting the appointment of persons to communicate with the Virginia committee. When each colony should act upon this appeal and appoint its committee, and these thirteen committees should begin to consult, mutually agree, and act in concert, confederation would have taken place. It would only remain for the committee to meet in general conference for a congress to have been created.

That huge corporation, the British East India Company, being in financial distress, its directors came to Parliament begging relief—it being a peculiarity of huge corporations to consider government as having been instituted for their own special behoof. Parliament, as is usual in such cases, gave the corporation what it wanted, relieving it of tea duties, in order that it might sell tea in America cheaper than even the smugglers would care to sell it. Behold, then, the ships of Great Britain bringing over the celebrated tea!

On December 2, 1773, the London appeared at Charleston, with two hundred and fifty-seven chests of tea. Charleston became excited. A mass meeting was held; resolutions were adopted; the consignees of the tea were asked to resign. They did so amid great applause. A committee was formed to manage the opposition of the people to the landing of the tea.

No consignees calling for the London's tea, customs officers seized and stored it in the cellar under the Exchange, where it lay until 1776, when it was sold under legislative direction and the proceeds applied to public purposes.

The statement so often made, by Bancroft and others, that the tea was stored in damp cellars, where it rotted, is not correct Even Mr. Sydney George Fisher, writing The True History of the American Revolution, heedlessly follows the legend of the damp cellar.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, scenting danger, stops at the word "stored"—leaving the final fate of the luckless tea to the imagination of the reader.

At Philadelphia a tea-ship hove in sight, a mass-meeting was held, a committee was appointed, and this committee managed so well that the vessel sailed back to England.

The same thing happened in New York, and also at Portsmouth, N. H.

In Boston, however, the consignees of the tea refused to resign, and the town was soon rocking with excitement. Once more Sam Adams was in his element.

On the night of the 16th of December, 1773, some forty or fifty patriots, prudently screening their patriotism behind the war-paint of Mohawk Indians, wearing blankets like Indians, carrying hatchets like Indians, war-whooping like Indians,

boarded the unresisting tea-ships, burst the helpless boxes, and emptied the contents into the submissive ocean.

The value of the cargoes destroyed in this manner was nearly eighty thousand dollars.

Great Britain's answer to the challenge was prompt; she closed the port of Boston, a step which meant ruin and almost starvation to hundreds, perhaps thousands, of innocent persons.

This measure of retaliation was to go into effect June 1, 1774.

The spring session of the Virginia Assembly convened while the country was agitated by news of what was happening in Boston. Messengers sent by the Massachusetts committee came riding into Williamsburg, bringing full details from the North; and the two great sections were now able to act in concert.

Again the younger members of the Virginia House took the lead, Henry, Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee, and Francis Lightfoot Lee.

These ardent tribunes believed that nothing would prove so effectual in arousing and uniting the people as the naming of June 1st as a day for fasting and prayer.

Usually it pleased Mr. Jefferson very much to draw up papers. He delighted in it; he was proficient in it; he never tired of it. But for once he was puzzled. The drawing up of devotional papers

was not where his strength lay. His flowing pen and creative faculty failed him sadly. Behold him, therefore, rummaging an old English book, full of Puritan forms, hunting about for a style, pious, formal, scriptural—which would suit for June 1, 1774, when Virginia was going to fast at, preach against, and pray for its king—George III.

After some difficulty Mr. Jefferson "cooked up" a resolution which he thought would answer, put it into the hands of the venerable and religious Mr. Nicholas, and that gentleman offered it to the House. It passed, of course, and June 1st was appointed as the day upon which Virginia should fast, pray, and humiliate herself in the hope that Heaven would turn the hearts of king and Parliament to moderation and justice.

Lord Dunmore knew well enough what all this parade of piety meant. He recognized it as another method of agitating and uniting the people against Great Britain.

Hence he again dissolved the House, and again the members assembled at the Raleigh to consult, and to adopt measures denouncing the aggressive methods of Great Britain; and, declaring that an attack on one colony was an attack upon all, they instructed their Committee of Correspondence to confer with the other colonies on the expediency of holding a general annual Congress. They further agreed that a convention should be held at

Williamsburg on August 1st, so that if the other colonies agreed to the proposition for a Congress, Virginia could appoint her delegates thereto.

Mr. Jefferson was chosen to the House of Burgesses, and also to the convention. On his way to attend this he was stricken down by a sudden and painful illness, but he forwarded a lengthy paper, which was afterward well known in England, as well as in America, under the name of A Summary View of the Rights of British America.

In this paper, as in the Albemarle Instructions, Mr. Jefferson boldly advanced to the proposition that the colonies were not subject to any legislative power save their own; "that the British Parliament has no right to exercise authority over us."

This was going far beyond Otis, Henry, Washington, and Lee. In fact, it was far in advance of any position Virginia was yet ready to take; and Mr. Jefferson's paper had no immediate influence upon current affairs. It is a very lengthy paper; in tone and tenor very much like the Declaration of Independence. In force, vigor, terseness, reach of thought, it surpasses the famous Declaration. It has all the wisdom of the mature scholar and all the force of the youthful tribune.

"From the very nature of things every society must, at all times, possess within itself the sovereign powers of legislation," hence royal governors

had no right to call legislatures together and to dissolve them at will.

"Kings are the servants, not the proprietors of the people." For writing lines less bold than this, Sydney lost his head.

"The great principles of right and wrong are legible to every reader."

"The whole art of government consists in being honest."

"Only aim to do your duty, and all mankind will give you credit where you fail."

"Deal out to all equal and impartial right."

"Let those flatter who fear; it is not an American art."

"A free people, claiming their rights as derived from the laws of nature, and not as the gift of their chief magistrate."

The king "has no right to land a single armed man on our shores."

For the year 1774 this was daring of high degree, and we are not surprised to learn that on the black list of the British Cabinet Thomas Jefferson's name was entered.

In the True Thomas Jefferson Mr. Curtis meekly follows the lead of the old Federalist writers, who used to try to cast odium upon the Jefferson principles by saying that he learned them in revolutionary France.

If the student cares enough about the question

to make it a matter of research, and will read Mr. Jefferson's Summary View, his various letters, and state papers, previous to the French Revolution, he will find every principle Jefferson afterward professed, every principle now classed as Jeffersonian.

. . . . . .

The day of fasting and prayer having been held, political sermons preached, and his Majesty King George III prayed for in a seditious, if not treasonable, manner—to the intense displeasure of Governor Dunmore—the cause of rebellion was greatly advanced, and the delegates to the convention carried with them to Williamsburg the conviction that Virginia was about ready to back them up in any course, no matter how radical.

This convention of August 1, 1774, was a purely voluntary and revolutionary body, yet it merely repeated the old principle that the rights and privileges of their fellow subjects in Great Britain belonged also to the colonists. The call for a general Congress having been favorably received by the other colonies, the convention proceeded to elect delegates, Peyton Randolph, Richard Henry Lee, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, and Edmund Pendleton.

During that summer of 1774 Boston suffered, and the heart of all America sympathized with her.

The port closed, commerce dead, thousands were suffering for the necessaries of life.

"The cause of Boston is the cause of us all." Boston must be fed. From every quarter aid is sent. New England gives, New York and Pennsylvania give, the South gives.

North Carolina sends food by the ship-load; Maryland sends three thousand bushels of corn, besides pork and bread and flour; Virginia sends ten thousand bushels of grain and money by the thousand; South Carolina and Georgia send cash and rice; verily there was brotherly love in those days.

So powerful was the sentiment of loyalty to the common cause that when Anthony Stewart, of Baltimore, faithless to his non-importation pledges, brought over on his brig, the Peggy Stewart, seventeen casks of tea, the public feeling against those concerned ran so high that they made humble apologies, renewed their boycott pledges, and as evidence of good faith, burned the tea. To set matters right beyond all peradventure, Stewart (on the advice, it is said, of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton) set fire to his vessel, the Peggy Stewart, and destroyed it. With his own hands he applied the torch, and tradition says that his daughter, Peggy, sat in the piazza of her father's house, looking on, while her namesake was being offered as a voluntary offering to disarm the wrath of indignant patriotism.

"Peggy Stewart's Day," the 19th day of October, was made a legal holiday in Maryland, and remains so to the present time.

The professor of history in Harvard University, Edward Channing, has published A Students' History of the United States, his aim being, one would suppose, to attain especial and critical accuracy. On page 180 of his book he classes the burning of the Peggy Stewart with that of the Gaspee, mentioning the two as "deeds of daring."

It is painful to see learned professors, who write students' histories, going astray in this artless style. Anthony Stewart burned his little ship because he was afraid of his neighbors; and to class his act as a "deed of daring" comparable to the audacity of those who burned the Gaspee, is not the especially and critically accurate manner in which a students' history should be prepared by a Harvard professor of history.

In 1774, Dunmore led a large expedition against the Indians into the Ohio country, where mutual outrages had at length brought on a state of war. A pitched battle was fought on the Great Kanawha by the Americans under General Lewis and the confederated Indians under the famous chief, Cornstalk. The red men were repulsed, and while their losses had not been heavy, they lost heart, and sued for peace.

The Americans were eager to press the advan-

tage they had gained, but Lord Dunmore, who had done no fighting, decided to put an end to the war.

To the conference which was held between the governor and the Indian chiefs, one of the leading warriors refused to come. This was Logan, a headman of the Mingoes. At the commencement of the trouble nine of the women and children of his family had been butchered in cold blood by an officer named Greathouse; and Logan, who had always been a noted friend to the whites, refused to forgive or forget the crime. He was willing that the war should end, for he had taken his revenge, but he would not make friends.

Pressed by repeated messages to attend the conference, he finally sent the reply which was preserved by Jefferson in his Notes on Virginia, and which so many thousands of American schoolboys have spoken. "Logan's speech" created a deep impression even in the rude camp where backwoodsmen, with guns in their hands, first heard it; and it excites mournful interest yet.

CHAPTER VIII

JEFFERSON AT MONTICELLO

From the time of his marriage until he became an active member of Congress, Mr. Jefferson spent most of his time at Monticello. Public business and law practise caused him to be absent frequently; but the better parts of the years were passed amid the delightful scenes of home, where children came to complete the domestic happiness.

Eagerly as an artist at work on a model, Mr. Jefferson continued to rear his mansion.

Like the old Countess of Shrewsbury, "Bess of Hardwick," who believed that she would die when she quit building, and who actually did expire during a frost which stopped her workmen, Jefferson never ceased to make alterations, improvements, in house or grounds as long as he could lay his hands on ready cash.

And next to designing houses for himself, he delighted in designing them for others. Public buildings, private buildings, in country and in town, ential, devotional, educational—no matter sort was wanted—Jefferson's heart glowed pleasure when he was asked to furnish the

e see him in the dawn of his brilliant youth

laying the foundation and rearing the walls of Monticello; in his tranquil old age, when he can no longer walk or ride, we shall see him, telescope in hand, watching from his mountain observatory the execution of his last great undertaking—his noble monument—the University of Virginia.

After all, the instinct of the architect being that of the artist who paints pictures, no dwelling is lovely without an environment which charms. There must be harmony, or the picture is a daub.

True to this principle, Mr. Jefferson molded nature to correspond with the house—the house to accord with nature. The grove, the lawn, the terrace, the gardens, the walk, the drive—he thought of all, and himself directed every touch which transformed rugged, unkempt surroundings into cultivated beauty. He loved the work too well to leave it to others.

It was his passion to impress his thought, his preference upon everything around him. Where to plant the orchard and how; what trees to set out and where; what spot to level for flowers, and which for vegetables; how many vines, shrubs, roots, bulbs, seeds, nuts, and what sorts; when the planting should be done and in what way; where the terrace wall should run and where the carriage turn; in each respect and all, the originator, the supervisor, the final arbiter was Jefferson himself. He teaches his negroes how to burn bricks,

nails, frame a house, set a window or a door, run a stair, lay a floor, raise a dome. He employs Italian gardeners, and then bosses the gardening himself. He keeps an overseer, and then directs how each field shall be managed; will not allow lazy slaves to be pushed. He names his hogs as he does his horses; and his overseer affirms that he knows the name of each of these hogs, and that when one of them is to be killed, it is the master who designates by name the unfortunate pig.

Not only does he have Italian gardeners, as he will afterward have a French cook, but he takes lessons from an Italian music-master.

Martha Wayles (who is now Mrs. Jefferson) was taught to play upon the harpsichord by Alberte; the same teacher now guides Mr. Jefferson in his struggles with the violin. When absent from home, he carries as part of his luggage a small fiddle (called a kit), and early every morning, when the others in the house are asleep, he begins to practise, keeping it up until breakfast is ready. For three hours each day, for many years, the persistent Jefferson has been laboring to express in sound the music that is in his soul. As to his success in having done so, accounts vary. His style of music, like his taste in cookery and house-building, differed radically from the standards approved in the backwoods. Country people who dearly love a "breakdown" do not understand why anybody should

play a hymn on a fiddle. Such people would sit up all night to hear the catgut ring with Arkansas Traveler, Mississippi Sawyer, Cotton-Eyed Joe, Soapsuds agin the Fence, Billy in the Low-Grounds, Devil's Dream, and Durang's Hornpipe; they would go to sleep under the strains of Cavalleria Rusticana.

When the renowned violinist, Ole Bull, gave a concert in Washington, it is said that in the midst of one of his most exquisite renditions, when the audience was listening with that intense hush which is the highest tribute, a harsh voice clanged through the hall, "None of your high-falutin' stuff! Give us the Arkansas Traveler!"

The disturber was General Felix Grundy McConnell, a congressman from a Southern State.

There was an animated struggle, for the general and congressman was stalwart as well as obstructive and belligerent; but in the end they managed to put him out of the house.

To such a man as he, the musical performances of Thomas Jefferson may have seemed quite tame. The fiddlers who pleased country people were those who played by ear; Mr. Jefferson played by note. The tunes which delighted the rural citizen were quick, short, full of life, impelling to the dance—inspiring catches which made the light leap into the eyes of the young, while the feet of age softly patted the floor, keeping time—merry music of the

people, bubbling over with frolic and fun, and bringing to the lips instinctively the old ballroom call of "Honor your partners!" Sweet, sweet are the memories which cling to these old tunes! We danced them when we were young, our fathers, our grandfathers, our great-grandfathers danced them when they were young.

Fair women, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, light-footed, go in and out, round and round in the dance, radiantly lovely, innocently joyous, as far back as eye of recollection can sweep. And as the fiddle talks—as the old, old tune rings to the rafter, as the pat of the foot sounds on the floor—it is not only the boy and the girl of to-night we see as they go dancing far toward the morning, but we see also as in a haze the shadowy forms which come trooping out of the past, the vanished lovers and the vanished maidens of the enchanted realm of "old times."

To country people whose education in music had never gone beyond the simple tastes of nature, it is quite probable that Thomas Jefferson's preference for long-drawn psalm tunes or operatic airs may have inspired the same disgust as did the French cook, whose presence in Virginia aroused Patrick Henry to accuse Jefferson of having "abjured his native victuals."

The time not having come for the feud between these two, Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson

often played violin duets together; and another brother fiddler whom Jefferson was fond of playing with was John Randolph, son of Sir John and father of Edmund.

This particular John Randolph was a man of elegant person, manners, and accomplishments. Withal he was one of the best lawyers in Virginia, holding the post of Attorney-General under Lord Dunmore.

And Jefferson coveted Randolph's fiddle, yearned eagerly therefor, and entered into a queer contract by the terms of which he was to have the fiddle for three hundred dollars if he outlived Randolph.

As a consideration, moving to Randolph, he was to have books of Jefferson's to the value of four thousand dollars, in case he outlived Jefferson.

With great formality Jefferson had this agreement put into legal shape, attested by George Wythe, Patrick Henry, and five others; proved before the clerk of the court, and spread upon the records.

And now the beginning of a new era was at hand. Old things were passing away.

The easy-going times of peace, social repose, and political quiet would be seen no more.

Ties of family and of friendship were being broken. Old Lord Fairfax, the self-exiled hermit of the stone lodge in the wilderness of Virginia,

the British peer whose favor gave Washington his first lift to fortune, will grieve over his young friend, who seems to be going astray; will soon be saying to his faithful slave, "Put me to bed; it is time for me to die."

John Randolph feels that loyalty to his king requires him to follow Dunmore in his flight. His own son is cut off from him; for Edmund is a fire-eating rebel who will seek service with Washington. But in the sadness and the haste of his going, Randolph does not forget Jefferson. Money, ready money, will do the exile more good now than the violin. Perhaps he will not feel like playing it again in the England to which he goes.

So Jefferson gets the fiddle now—gets it for less than sixty-five dollars, and his heart is made exceedingly glad.

As for Randolph, stanch friend, loyal subject, superb lawyer, splendid gentleman, he says good-by forever to his only son on the desolate seashore, and goes his way to London, penniless, ruined.

Upon a wretched pittance from the British treasury he lives in poverty at Brampton, a broken man.

His daughter, Ariana, had been about to marry the English aristocrat, Captain Parker, afterward Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, whose signal to cease firing at Copenhagen Nelson refused to see.

This match is now broken off, and Ariana weds

an old sweetheart, James Wormely, at Dunmore's place in Scotland.

Broken-hearted, wandering from Brampton to Dunmore's in Scotland, where his kinsman, the earl, gives him a welcome which makes one soften to Dunmore, eating the bread of poverty and dependence, proud John Randolph did not live long; died in 1784, begging at the last that his body might be carried back to his beloved Virginia.

On the first ship that came across after the peace, the body was brought, and the exile rested at length in the college chapel at Williamsburg, beside his brother and his father.

Generous souls will not fail to admire the devotion of *such* a royalist!

. . . . . .

Mr. Jefferson's establishment at Monticello was now very large. There were eighty-three slaves and thirty-four white people. Included in this latter number were the widow and children of Dabney Carr. Mr. Jefferson had no sooner buried his friend on the spot they had chosen, than he brought the bereaved family to Monticello, where his house became their home.

The old mother yet lived at Shadwell, and with her Jefferson's younger brother, Randolph.

Serenely happy is the master of Monticello in

THE DRAWING-ROOM AT MONTICELLO.

these quiet years before the war. He makes and he spends, labors where work is not toil, loves and is loved, is in perfect health of body and of mind, and to him the world is bathed in sunlight. Little Martha, the first-born, begins to toddle about the house.

Husband, father, master, neighbor—he is kind to everybody. He loves to see bright faces about him. He loves to give pleasure to others. He would no sooner hurt the feelings of any mortal, wilfully, than he would steal.

Never fretting, scolding, worrying; never clouding the sunniness of to-day by forebodings about to-morrow; never souring the milk of human kindness by scowls, sarcasms, reproaches, wrangles, or malicious gossip, he drew on the bank of the present for every legitimate pleasure that stood to his credit. He believed that the surest way to happiness was the making of others happy. This gospel he preached and practised. Serenely confident and contented, he hums softly as he paces about his mountain home, measuring everything with a tape line, weighing everything with steelyards, probing everything with questions, calculating everything with pen or pencil, seeing to everything with his own eyes; and then, at night, or at some odd hour during the day, jotting it down in those faithful books.

A variedly industrious, widely intelligent, emi-

nently companionable, nobly aspiring, warm-hearted, benevolent, bright-tempered man.

Just the kind of man a stranger would apply to, a beggar hunt up, a cynic shun, a bigot hate, a sharper pursue, a scholar delight in, a patriot trust, a neighbor love and impose on, a shyster outwit, visitors make a convenience of, overseers bankrupt, philosophers esteem, fellow statesmen respect, enemies ridicule as often as they hated; friends blindly follow, sincerely respect, and good-naturedly joke at; children adore; and a pure, high-minded wife worship with boundless affection.

Mixed sunlight and shadow was in this character as in all others, flaws, foibles, follies—the gold not wholly free and pure; but as nearly deserving unmixed affection and admiration as any son of Adam whose hands were ever given from youth to age to the molding of better laws, better institutions, better conditions for the human race.

CHAPTER IX

THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS

THE Stamp Act Congress of 1765, called at the instance of Massachusetts, had taken a conservative position. In the Declaration of Rights then issued, the colonies merely claimed local self-government and self-taxation, together with trial by jury in the colonial courts.

In the Congress which met at Philadelphia, September 5, 1774, the Petition to the King for Redress of Grievances was couched, as in 1765, in the language of loyal subjects; and the Declaration of Rights made no marked advance over that of 1765, so far as assertion of principles was concerned. They tightened the bands of the boycott against the mother country; organized to enforce this boycott; and resolved to ostracize all such American citizens as continued to deal with Great Britain. In fact, the attitude taken by Washington, Lee, Henry, Adams, Sherman, Jay, Dickinson, and Rutledge was substantially that of a labor union of the present day during a struggle with a capitalistic trust. Those Americans who would not join the association and boycott Great Britain were "ene-

mies to the liberties of their country," and were themselves to be boycotted. These recreants to the common cause were "scabs" for whom Washington, Adams, Lee, Jay, and Sherman had no respect, had only angry scorn and bitter animosity. Times change, but human nature simply goes round and round.

The absence of Mr. Jefferson from the Virginia Convention of 1774 was no doubt the reason why he was not chosen by that body as one of the delegates to the first Continental Congress. In January, 1775, he was elected by the citizens of Albemarle as a member of their Committee of Safety; and in March, 1775, he served as their delegate to the second Convention, which met in Richmond.

It was in this Convention that Patrick Henry made the speech so familiar to all, the burden of which was "We must fight!" It was upon his motion that a committee was named to prepare Virginia for the coming conflict.

With George Washington acting as chief of a Revolutionary Committee charged with the duty of "embodying, arming, and disciplining" rebels, Lord Dunmore thought it high time to put the king's powder where his subjects could not lay rebellious hands upon it. On the night of April 20, 1775, he caused a squad of marines from a British war-vessel in James River to come to Williamsburg, seize the powder, and cart it away to the ship.

As soon as this fact became known, the patriots assembled in arms. At Fredericksburg the rebels were persuaded by Randolph and Pendleton to disperse; at Charlottesville they did not act, because Washington failed to come at their call. But in Hanover County, Patrick Henry put himself at the head of the volunteers, and straightway began the armed march of thousands to Williamsburg. Dunmore fired off that habitual weapon of administrative warfare—a proclamation. His family fled to the shelter of a British ship. Marines were landed to protect the royal authorities.

But Patrick Henry, deaf to all timid counsels of "the conservative element," came marching on. Dunmore's nerve failed him; and when the rebels had come to Doncastle, sixteen miles off, he sent a messenger offering pay for the powder. In his haste, he sent a larger sum than the powder was worth; and Henry, not aware that British marines had been landed and threats made to fire upon the town, drew off and disbanded his men. And as he wended his way homeward, the most popular now of all Virginians, Dunmore fired at him again—with another proclamation.

In June, 1775, Lord Dunmore convened the burgesses to take into consideration Lord North's Conciliatory Proposition. Many of the members came to this session wearing their hunting-shirts and bringing their rifles.

Peyton Randolph, who was President of the Continental Congress, was now called home to preside over the burgesses; and Mr. Jefferson went to Philadelphia to succeed him—the Richmond Convention having foreseen this vacancy and having elected Mr. Jefferson to fill it. Before his departure from the Virginia Assembly, however, he had been asked to prepare a reply to Lord North's proposition, and had done so. With slight changes, his paper was adopted by the House. This "Conciliatory Proposition" was, in substance, that Parliament would exempt from imperial taxation any colony which would voluntarily make such contribution to the common defense of the empire, and establish such fixed provision for the support of its own civil government as Parliament should approve. The objections to his proposal were obvious. It sought to deal with the colonies separately; it left grievances unredressed; and it quieted nobody's fears about being transported to England for trial.

The unbiased reader is inclined to believe that Great Britain would have found it next to impossible to conciliate her colonies at this time by any proposition which did not concede the fullest measure of local self-government. The thought of being ruled by masters beyond seas had grown hateful; and while vast differences of opinion existed as to ways and means, policy and management, the

people were substantially united in their determination to make their own laws and administer their own affairs.

Professor Channing, who professes and writes history at Harvard University, states that Jefferson succeeded Washington in the Virginia delegation to Congress. This is one of the learned professor's numerous errors in that Student's History of his. At the time that the Richmond Convention elected Mr. Jefferson to Congress, Washington had not been appointed Commander-in-Chief, and the Virginians could not possibly have foreseen that there would be such a vacancy in their delegation. What they did foresee was that Peyton Randolph might be called home from Congress to preside over the Virginia Legislature; and Thomas Jefferson was elected to take Randolph's place in Congress, should *that* vacancy occur. Randolph *was* called home, and Jefferson went forward to take his place in Congress.

Mr. Jefferson's reputation at the time he entered the Congress in 1775 was already established throughout the colonies. By those who had kept posted on passing events, he was known as a ripe scholar, an advanced thinker, an aggressive patriot, and a forceful, ready writer of political papers.

On the day that Jefferson took his seat in Congress, the news of Bunker Hill came ringing

through the land, thrilling every patriot soul. Five days afterward he was placed upon the committee which had in hand the preparation of an Address setting forth the American side of the controversy with their king, the reasons why the colonies were in arms. John Rutledge, of South Carolina, had drawn up a statement, a statement which the Committee did not like.

Mr. Jefferson was now asked to try his pen. Ready as ever, the flowing sentences filled page after page, and the Address was submitted. Again the Committee was not pleased; the language of Mr. Jefferson was too strong. Mr. Dickinson, of Pennsylvania, was the chief objector; and it was now his turn to attempt to set forth the reason why his Majesty's faithful subjects were shooting his Majesty's soldiers and blockading his Majesty's forces in Boston. His mild, prudent paper was adopted.

Mr. Jefferson, however, drew up the reply which Congress made to Lord North's Conciliatory Proposition.

It was in the committee-room that Mr. Jefferson was the most effective. Here he felt no embarrassment, and was at his best. His information was so great, his thoughts so bold and clear, his readiness to take hold of the laboring-oar so frank and earnest, that he made a fine impression upon all of his colleagues.

His temper was conciliatory. He steered clear of personal feuds. His soft answers turned away wrath. His readiness to submit to correction disarmed malice. He made no parade of his learning. He did not sulk in his tent because his own papers were cast aside, and his own plans condemned. Even John Adams loved him. And between Jefferson and Samuel Adams, true democrats both, the relations were so cordial, based upon such harmony of conviction, that there never was a rupture between them.

. . . . . .

"In May, 1775, George Washington, on his way to Congress, met the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, in the middle of the Potomac. While their boats paused, the clergyman warned his friend that the path on which he was entering might lead to 'a separation from England.'"

Washington's answer to the preacher was in temper and substance, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"

John Jay is quoted as having solemnly declared that prior to that second Petition of the Congress of 1775, he had never heard of anybody mentioning such a word as Independence, contemplating such a thing as separation from Great Britain.

Yet the truth is that in 1775 there was, and had long been, a party in the colonies which was aweary

of British insolence, British greed, and British encroachments.

Southern planters were tired of being robbed by English tariffs and English factors. Northern merchants were tired of Navigation Acts which drove all their goods, ships, and profits to London and Liverpool. The manner in which Great Britain had interfered to destroy the local currency of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts was resented; the arrogant tone of superiority in which Tory leaders in Parliament had spoken of the colonists individually and collectively was resented; the plain purpose which England showed of reducing the Americans to submission and taxing them at will was resented. And when she struck at Rhode Island with High Commissions backed by Admirals and Generals; when she threatened to take away trial by jury and deport prisoners to England; when she threw the penalty of death around brass buttons, tar-buckets, rope-ends, and water-barrels belonging to her men-of-war, she aroused bitter enmity in the breast of every American Whig who could read or think or feel.

When she garrisoned Boston with red-coats, when she struck at the Massachusetts Charter, when she stretched the boundary line of Canada hundreds of miles southward, when she closed the Boston port and began to wreak vengeance upon a thousand innocent persons in order to punish one

culprit, every colony was alarmed, indignant, resentful, swept into the current of a common cause.

All this was prior to May, 1775.

No talk of Independence until after that second Petition of the second Congress? Nobody dreaming of separation then?

Had not the Boston Gazette been advocating separation for several years? Had not Samuel Adams been talking it all over the town?

On October 11, 1773, this bold democrat discussed in the Gazette the plan of "An Independent State," an "American Commonwealth," as a suggestion that had often been made. He did not even claim that he was the originator of the idea. He spoke of it as common property, something which had been often mentioned and frequently discussed.

The Rev. John Wesley declared that so far back as 1737 the leading people of the colonies were crying out for Independence; and in another English pamphlet the statement was made that the author had been personally acquainted with the colonies for forty years, and Independence had been the talk all the time. When the mother country was toasted, as patriots lifted glasses to drink, the hearty sentiment was, "Damn the old bitch!"

Yet Benjamin Franklin sat down before Lord Chatham, looked that eagle-beaked Englishman in the eye, and told him that nobody in America, drunk

or sober, had ever hinted at such a thing as Independence!

. . . . . .

On the night of the 5th of June, some young men, entering the Old Magazine to seize arms, were wounded by a spring-gun planted there. The rage which this incident excited filled the streets with a crowd which was loud in its threats and curses. Dunmore fled in the night to a British man-of-war at Yorktown. That was the last of the governor at Williamsburg. Henceforth between him and the people of Virginia there was to be war.

The Assembly adjourned, after having called a meeting of the Convention for July.

Standing on the porch of the Old Capitol, Richard Henry Lee wrote on one of the pillars:

> When shall we three meet again?
> In thunder, lightning, and in rain?
> When the hurly-burly's done,
> When the battle's lost and won.

CHAPTER X

AFFAIRS IN GEORGIA

GEORGIA was the weakest of all the colonies, and had less to complain of; for she had been the object of royal bounty to the amount of nearly a million dollars.

Her interior settlements were scattering, and there were several tribes of Indians which still continued to make strenuous objection, with rifle and tomahawk, to the manner in which the whites robbed them of their lands.

Indian wars were constant and bloody—a fact which Georgians had to consider before they rushed into trouble with Great Britain, for there were only about twenty-five thousand white people in Georgia. Besides, the king was represented in this little colony by a man of tact, force of character, and courage. Governor Wright wielded a powerful influence; and in Savannah, where he lived, the Tory element naturally had its strength.

Nevertheless, he found it to be the hardest kind of work to keep down rebellion; and in 1775 there was intercepted at Charleston a letter in which Governor Wright called upon General Gage to send troops to Georgia.

AFFAIRS IN GEORGIA

The Stamp Act agitation was felt in Georgia as in the other colonies. James Habersham took the same position here as Rutledge occupied in South Carolina and Henry in Virginia. "Sons of Liberty" organized to resist the sale of the stamps. A messenger from Georgia was present at the Congress of 1765. Formal delegates were to have been chosen by the Georgia Assembly, and it required all of Governor Wright's persuasion to prevent it.

The people rose in arms to seize the stamps, and the governor had to send them to Fort George, on the Cockspur Island, where the papers were kept under strong guard. None of the stamps could be sold in Georgia, excepting a few which were used by some ships in the port of Savannah which feared to sail without them.

The non-importation resolutions of Massachusetts and Virginia were adopted in Georgia; and Governor Wright officially reported to the home government that the Stamp Act could not be enforced.

When the port of Boston was closed, the people in all parts of the colony passed resolutions condemning the mother country and pledging Georgia to support Massachusetts. A committee was named to correspond with the committees of the other colonies and to collect contributions to aid the poor of Boston.

Five hundred and seventy-nine barrels of rice,

together with six hundred dollars in money, were shipped to Boston to relieve the suffering there.

Fleeing from religious persecution in New England, a colony of Quakers had found homes and warm welcome in Georgia, and had named their new settlement Wrightsborough. Joseph Maddox and Thomas Watson were the leaders of this band of refugees, and they built a thriving town on their 40,000-acre grant of land.

It was in this Quaker village that one of the first revolutionary conventions of the Southern people was held. Their resolution to support the Boston patriots in the position they had taken was reduced to writing and signed by men whose descendants live in, and around, the good old borough to-day—the smoke of whose chimneys the writer sees from his home any fair day of the year.

The patriots called a Provincial Congress, and war seemed imminent. A British cruiser was stationed in the Savannah River, and troops were ordered up from St. Augustine. This was December, 1774. In January, 1775, the Provincial Congress, a purely revolutionary body, met in Savannah, organized, and elected delegates to the Philadelphia Congress; but the failure of the regular assembly to cooperate with this voluntary body paralyzed to a great extent the progress of the revolutionary Congress. It was at this moment, when Georgia was finding it so difficult to overcome the Tories,

who had a most resourceful leader in Wright, that the Puritan element made itself felt. In St. John's Parish, the Midway District, lived descendants of sturdy Protestants who had fled from religious and political bigotry in Germany, and upon their altars leaped the fires of open rebellion in Georgia. They would wait no longer upon the other parishes; they chose Dr. Lyman Hall their representative, and sent him on to the Congress in Philadelphia. This was March, 1775.

In May, 1775, the patriot party, led by the best men of Savannah, broke into the magazine and seized about six hundred pounds of powder—and tradition says that some of it was burned at Bunker Hill. In June, 1775, a Committee of Safety was appointed. Under William Ewing, as president, it entered upon its duties. In July, 1775, the Provincial Congress of Georgia commissioned a schooner, which pursued and overhauled a British ship, and, aided by a force of South Carolinians, boarded her and captured thirteen thousand pounds of gunpowder—five thousand pounds of which was sent to Philadelphia for the use of the Continental Army.

On July 4, 1775, a revolutionary Congress, in which every parish in Georgia was represented, convened at Savannah. This convention squarely endorsed everything that had been done by the Philadelphia Congress, and adopted a Declaration of Principles which began with the words, "Re-

solved, That we were born free, have all the feelings of men, and are entitled to all the natural rights of mankind."

This revolutionary body then organized an Association, whose duty it was to keep step with the other colonies, to oppose the execution of oppressive Acts of Parliament, and provide a general committee which should, in effect, rule the colony.

The Committee of Safety reorganized the militia, took possession of the Custom-House, relieved another British vessel of its cargo of gunpowder, and refused a vessel from Senegal permission to land a cargo of negroes.

The arrival at Tybee, January 12, 1776, of two British men-of-war and a transport, with a detachment of troops, served but to aggravate matters.

Major Joseph Habersham took a squad of patriots, marched to the house of the governor, and, placing his hand upon his shoulder, said, "Sir James, you are my prisoner!"

The Provisional Congress adopted a provisional Constitution, and put Archibald Bulloch—the first Chief Magistrate of Independent Georgia—into the vacant place of royal appointee Wright.

Among the men of 1776 there was not one who surpassed in the sterling qualities of manhood this honest, capable, fearless, patriotic Georgian. The entire people mourned his loss when he died in the midst of his noble labors in 1777, it not being his to

see the triumph of the cause. From this great Georgian is descended, on the maternal side, President Theodore Roosevelt.

Lachlan McIntosh was put in command of the Continental Battalion, and on February 16, 1776, we find him in communication with Washington.

Colonel McIntosh informs the Commander-in-Chief that Georgia's position is weak; that there are not more than three thousand men in the colony, excepting those on the seacoast; and that these are scattered over a very wide area. The rich people are Tories, as a rule; hence, the whites are divided. There are some fifteen hundred negroes, who must be kept down; and there are three great Indian nations, who may break into hostilities at any time—Creeks, Choctaws, and Cherokees. These Indians can muster ten thousand warriors; and McIntosh gives them the credit for being "brave and intrepid."

In April, 1776, Colonel McIntosh reports to Washington the organization of the Battalion. One of his difficulties in getting the people to enlist is that they do not like to submit to the restraints of military discipline. He also sends Washington a copy of the provisional Constitution which the Georgia Congress had declared should be in force until a permanent Constitution of government could be framed. This provisional Constitution set up a complete government, executive, legislative,

and judicial, naming the various officers and fixing the salaries.

Governor Wright fled to England, and did not return until July, 1779, when he again set up a brief, rickety royal government.

CHAPTER XI

PATRICK HENRY IN COMMAND

Upon the retreat of Dunmore, the government of Virginia passed into the hands of the Committee of Safety. Patrick Henry was made Commander-in-Chief of the military forces.

Dunmore, at Norfolk, proclaimed martial law, appealed to the slaves to join him—offering them freedom—and he ravaged the shores of Chesapeake Bay. British and negroes overrun Hampton, burning, destroying, perpetrating every outrage.

The Committee of Safety sent Colonel Woodford, with a small body of Virginia troops, toward Norfolk in December, 1775. When the Americans reached Great Bridge, Captain Fordyce, at the head of about sixty British grenadiers, attacked the breastworks which the Virginians had hastily thrown up. A hot fire met the British, and their commander fell. He rose, brushing his knees as though he had merely stumbled, and he cheered his men onward until he was within twenty paces of the breastworks. There he fell dead. His grenadiers broke, and fled to the British fort. (December 9, 1775.)[1]

[1] John Marshall, afterward Chief Justice of the United States, was a lieutenant of Woodford's company in this action.

Dunmore left Norfolk, and took refuge in the English ships.

If any spur was needed to make the restless steed of revolution spring forward at mad gallop, the British now struck it home.

Falmouth was wantonly destroyed at the North; and at the South the chief city of Virginia was inhumanly bombarded and burned!

As provocations to furious wrath and desperate desire for revenge, the Boston Massacre and Bunker Hill were as nothing as compared to Falmouth and Norfolk. Bunker Hill was manly fighting, in the open, against men entrenched and ready; the other was brutal and cowardly destruction for the sake of destruction—was the murder, in reckless, insolent barbarity, of unarmed men, helpless women and children.

British ships destroyed Falmouth on October 17, 1775; British guns and torches destroyed Norfolk January 1, 1776. On January 10, 1776, the Pennsylvania Journal announced:

"This day was published, and is now selling by Robert Bell, price two shillings, 'Common Sense,' addressed to the inhabitants of North America."

Published and now selling!

A timelier pamphlet never hit the market. It came as the news of Norfolk came. The glare of burning homes was on its pages as the people read; the cries of women and children, fleeing for

their lives as British guns poured cannon-balls into the streets, were in the ears of the American patriot as he heard the ringing voice of Thomas Paine calling him to freedom!

Like torch to dry stubble, like spark to powder, the pamphlet set the American world on fire. It "burst from the press with an effect which has rarely been produced by types and paper in any age or country." "The great American cause owed as much to the pen of Paine as to the sword of Washington."

Revolutionary governments were already in control of most of the colonies. The Carolinas, Virginia, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maryland, Georgia, were practically independent, having drifted steadily in that direction ever since the formation of Committees of Correspondence.

Thomas Nelson, said to be the richest man in Virginia, moved the Virginia Convention (May 15, 1776) to instruct her delegates in Congress to propose a declaration of independence, declaring the United Colonies free and independent States. The resolutions were unanimously adopted, the next day the troops at Williamsburg received them with shouts and with boom of cannon. The American flag was run up on the Capitol, and at night Williamsburg was illuminated.

George Mason then prepared his celebrated Bill of Rights and the Virginia Constitution of 1776

—the first written Constitution, completely organizing a government, which was ever adopted by a free people.

Richard Henry Lee presented in Congress the resolutions which Virginia had instructed her delegates to present, and supported them with his customary eloquence and zeal. Great differences of opinion still existed among the delegates, all being patriots, but some being hot while others were only warm, and a few were somewhat cold.

John Adams was the tower of strength to the resolutions, "the colossus of that debate."

Pennsylvania was not ready, South Carolina was not ready, others wanted more time—fearing to burn the bridge.

. . . . . .

It was at this period that the American patriots won their first decisive victory over Great Britain. British ships, under Sir Peter Parker,[1] attacked Fort Sullivan, in South Carolina, and were thoroughly beaten by raw troops screened behind palmetto-logs.

England's strong arm was her navy; at Charleston she had some of her best ships, commanded by some of her best officers.

A plain citizen, whose chief fitness to defend a position was his courage, undertook to hold a fort

[1] Not Sir Hyde Parker, as Professor Channing, of Harvard, states in that Student's History.

which General Charles Lee and other experts said he could not hold. "Throw up ramparts to protect your rear!" urges Lee. "The enemy will never get in my rear!" answered Moultrie, in effect, and he lazily neglected Lee's counsel.

"Sir, when those ships come alongside your fort they will knock it down in half an hour!" This cheerful prediction was volunteered by another military expert.

Then said Colonel Moultrie: "We will lay behind the ruins, and prevent their men from landing!"

So he makes himself at ease in that log pen of his, and when the British ships come alongside he shoots them all to pieces. On one of these war-vessels he kills and wounds more than a hundred men. He mortally wounds Lord William Campbell, shoots arms off Captains Scott and Morris, puts two bullets into Sir Peter Parker—making it a woful day generally for the English aristocracy. His flagstaff is shot away, and the colors fall outside the log pen. Sergeant Jasper leaps out of the fort, tears the flag from the staff, and, amid a hail of shot, fixes it to a sponge staff, plants it on the works, and shouts his three cheers of defiance!

Colonel Moultrie's ammunition runs low; he can only occasionally fire his guns; but he never once thinks of giving up.

Sergeant McDaniel, cruelly mangled by a cannon-ball, shouts with his dying breath: "Fight on, boys! Don't let liberty die with me to-day!"

By and by, watchful Edward Rutledge sends more powder, and the peril passes. British ships try to slip around to that undefended rear which had worried Lee.

They can not make it. In the shallow water they stick in the mud, jamming one another—at the spot where Fort Sumter now stands.

Midnight comes, and the British go. Their ships glide away, leaving their helpless Acteon still stuck in the mud. Her captain sets her on fire, and leaves her to perish—but not before some daring Americans have boarded her and emptied three of her guns upon her retreating crew.

The first real victory of the war of American Independence!

CHAPTER XII

GEORGE WASHINGTON

It is ancient history now—the Revolutionary War; and very indifferent is the average citizen to its heroes and its triumphs. One reason for this is that American historians, endeavoring to be dignified, leaned a little too far, and became dull.

One author tried to imitate Gibbon, another Macaulay, another Grote, another Green; and a sorry business they have made of it. Besides, the average book, written by the man of New England, has got too much New England in it. The reader feels, instinctively, that the American Revolution was not so exclusively a tempest in New England's tea-pot. Entirely too much has been made of trivial New England incidents and of third-rate New England individuals. Too many New England mole-hills have been magnified into historical mountains. Even Henry Cabot Lodge, though he made a manful attempt, could not cut himself loose from the swollen body of dead tradition.

As to Woodrow Wilson's book—well, we will change the subject.

. . . . . .

The Radicals of Massachusetts were not altogether at ease in Zion when they realized how far

they had gone. Their Tea-Party was not universally approved. Samuel Adams enjoyed the situation; but such patriots as Franklin advised that the tea should be paid for. Then again, it was vehemently contended that at Lexington the patriots had fired first, and in violation of the orders of their own officers.

Her militia beaten at Bunker Hill, her chief city in British hands, her suffering people fed upon the bounty of sympathizing friends, Massachusetts occupied the perilous position. For her salvation it was necessary, absolutely and immediately necessary, that the other colonies should rally to her support.

The two Adamses, John and Sam, realized perfectly the necessity for committing the South, not to the cause generally—for she was already committed to that—but to the trial of arms which Massachusetts had precipitated. By popular demonstrations, by speeches and resolutions, the Southern people were already committed, but nothing would clinch the combination between North and South like the appointment of the strongest man in the South to the chief command of the army.

Virginia was the strong colony of the South, and Washington was the strong man of Virginia; to shrewd Samuel Adams here was a plain case. The matchless Southern cavalier, who had come to

Congress in his uniform, must mount his war-horse and ride at the head of the American army!

. . . . . .

The character of George Washington is by common consent regarded as one of the grandest known to history. In spite of Thomas Carlyle's threat to "take down George a peg or two," he remains where the eulogy of Light-Horse Harry Lee put him.

But the praise that is heaped upon him is sometimes too indiscriminate. There has been too much effort to remove him from the companionship of men, and to place him among the deities—as the ancients used to do.

That such a man as Parson Weems should begin this sort of thing, is no matter of surprise; but that such an author as John Fiske should fall into it, excites amazement.

The present writer, speaking for himself only, dares to confess that he loves Washington because he was just a man.

Show us the Washington who never makes a mistake, never commits a sin, never loses his temper, never does anything small or mean, never is at fault, is always right, always master of the situation, always sublimely above human weakness—a Washington who was supremely great from the cradle to the grave—and we frankly admit that we take no interest in him, simply because we have no faith in him.

But show us a Washington who was human, had his fits of passion, made his mistakes, committed sin, knew what the lusts of the flesh were, loved to dance all night, admired a fine figure of a woman, hated a poacher to the extent of beating the stealthy wretch and breaking his gun, cursed like a sailor when in a passion, knew how to pick out the best horse, or the best piece of land, had a slave whipped if he didn't do his task, had a private soldier flogged to the limit of the law if he broke the rules, forced the new husband of a dead plasterer's widow to refund an overcharge made by the deceased plasterer for work at Mount Vernon, compelled General Stone to take back a faulty coin paid for ferriage at the Washington ferry and to pay honest money—show us a Washington like that, and we begin to understand him. Show us a man who, in spite of such flaws and blemishes as these, develops the virtues of his nature until such blemishes shall become mere sun-spots, and we will join you in paying heartfelt adoration to the sun.

There had been no marvelous deeds connected with Washington's youth. He was not the brightest boy at school. Nothing he did caused the elders to distill wisdom into predictions. He was just a strong, manly, intelligent boy — quicker on the playground than in his books. His family was as good as the best; but not wealthy. His elder brothers, of the half blood, were intimately asso-

ciated with some Englishmen whose connections were very high; but at one time the mother of George had thought of putting him on a British ship to become a common sailor.

He became a land surveyor; and in that capacity served Lord Fairfax, who had large tracts of wild land, the boundaries of which needed to be fixed and marked. Handsomely paid for this hard and dangerous work (for the Indians still roamed the woods), he saved his money and bought choice bits of virgin soil for himself. His explorations and surveys were not more perilous than those which Peter Jefferson had been making; and so far as we know, not better. He did his work faithfully, fearlessly, competently, and got well paid for it: that is all. If ever he had to eat his pack-mule while out in the wilderness, as Peter Jefferson is said to have been obliged to do, tradition has lost the indignant mule.

Prof. John Fiske falls into a flutter of wonder and admiration because Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia selected so young a man as Washington to carry a message into the Ohio woods. Really there was no cause for the professor's excitement. The most casual inquiry into the facts clears up the mystery. The Ohio Land Company was reaching out for half a million acres which lay in the fertile valleys of the West; the two elder brothers of Washington were directors

in the company; Governor Dinwiddie was a member of the company; and Christopher Gist was the surveyor of the company. Therefore, when we see Christopher Gist and George Washington thread their way through the woods to warn the French off the land which the company claims, it looks far from mysterious. Professor Fiske's marvel ceases to startle.

The Ohio Company had its powerful London members, as well as its powerful Virginia members. Secure in the support of the imperial government, as well as in that of the colonial government, the corporation did not even wait for the issuance of the formal grant to the land.

Christopher Gist and other hardy rovers were immediately sent to spy out the country, to report on its resources, and to blaze the way for squatters. Indian traders hurried to the Ohio with the customary stock of mean whisky, red blankets, blue beads, striped calico, gaudy ribbons, and other finery dear to the heart of the children of the forest.

In the eyes of the French, who claimed these lands for themselves, the English traders were mere trespassers who must be put out, and they were put out accordingly. Thereupon the Ohio Company put its influence to work; and the governments, imperial and colonial, began to take a hand in the dispute—just as Cecil Rhodes, Barney

Barnato, and Joseph Beit managed to have it do in the matter of the South African gold-mines.

That the Washington brothers, Dinwiddie, Gist and Company were honest in believing the territory belonged to Great Britain is not to be doubted. In its wild state the soil was not doing anybody any good. It was a pity that such fine land should serve for nothing better than Indian hunting-grounds. It joined Virginia, it was in the line of Virginia expansion—what more natural than that Virginia should claim it, and should begin to throw around it the tentacles of benevolent assimilation?

Washington was as honest in his purpose as were Miles Standish, John Smith, Daniel Boone, James Robertson, or John Sevier. He wanted the land, he fought for the land, he risked his life and gave days of toil to get the land—and he got it. When the smoke of battle lifted, the hero of Mount Vernon owned seventy thousand acres of the finest forest land in the world; part of which was his own reward as a soldier, and part of which he had bought on highly satisfactory terms from his brother soldiers.

During the terms of Botetourt and Dunmore, we find Washington continually pressing the claims of the Virginia troops to the land for which they had fought; and it is highly probable that,

being encumbered as he was by this matter, he could not act as radically against the two governors as his younger, less embarrassed fellow citizens could do.

In this there was absolutely nothing to Washington's discredit. It was a matter of great importance to him and to his comrades in arms that they should receive grants to the lands which they had so manfully won. Yet in order to get justice he had to secure favorable consideration from the king's officers, the governors. It would seem that this explanation would account for the fact that Washington was not at first recognized in Virginia as a leader in the movement of armed resistance to Great Britain.

He did not for one instant give countenance to the aggressions of the mother country; but he certainly did not do more than keep in touch with the earlier progress of the revolt.

When he married the widow Custis, he not only added largely to his estate in lands and chattels, but he secured control of two hundred thousand dollars in cash.

This was an inestimable advantage. For one thing, it made it possible for him to advance sixty-five thousand dollars to the cause during the Revolutionary War, and to serve it without pay for eight arduous years.

But up to the time Washington was appointed

Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial forces he had not gained any wonderful triumphs as soldier or civilian. His journey into the Ohio wilderness was full of peril and hardships, but not more so than hundreds of similar journeys made by white men and red men in the frontier life of that day. It bore no comparison to what Christopher Gist had done in his memorable solitary trip all through the Ohio country, into the dark and bloody ground which became Kentucky. It was no more than was frequently done by such men as Lewis, Clarke, Boone, Kenyon, and hundreds of others.

The ambushing of Jumonville was not a particularly glorious exploit; and the surrender at Fort Necessity carried with it the signing of a paper which afterward caused hot talk in Virginia. The capitulation was in the French language, and contained a confession that Jumonville had been "assassinated." Washington explained that this French sentence had been translated to him differently. One of the Virginia officers had, however, refused to sign because of this confession to assassination.

Washington had afterward served with great distinction under Braddock;[1] and in beating back the Indians from the Virginia frontier. He had won no signal battle against them; but he had

[1] One of the soldiers who fought on this famous field was the grandfather of Alexander H. Stevens, Vice-president of the Confederacy.

given proof of possessing all the qualities of the soldier. When the British came again to renew the Braddock campaign, they had been about to fail the second time, when he pushed forward and took Fort Duquesne.

Washington had presented George Mason's resolutions to boycott English goods; but it does not appear that he voted for Patrick Henry's resolutions against the Stamp Act. He was not taken into the meetings of the younger, bolder leaders of the burgesses; and was not a member of their Revolutionary Committee.

When Dunmore removed the powder, Washington had declined to put himself at the head of the militia of Albemarle.

He continued, till a late day, to dine with the governor; and to dance with the Countess of Dunmore.

In Virginia, it was left to Henry, who had been first with the word, to be also first with the blow.

But Washington's was a figure of towering prominence.

In mere physical endowments he commanded attention, respect, admiration. He was a gentleman — athlete, tall, strong, well-made, active, handsome, dignified, majestic. No one excelled him in strength and endurance. He could throw a silver dollar across the Rappahannock below Fredericksburg; make his way up the wall rock

under the Natural Bridge; ride after the fox till horses, dogs, and fox were tired out. A finer horseman never put foot to stirrup.

His eye was steady and his face grave; nobody could clap him on the back and cry, "Hello, George!" And he could look as wise as he really was; and hold his tongue—a precious gift, even to the really wise. Another material advantage was his vast estates and ready money.

Nobody considered him, at that time, the best soldier in America; he was certainly not thought to be the wisest civilian; but everybody looked upon George Washington as a solid man, a safe man, a true man, a competent, fearless, patriotic, resolute, broad-minded, indispensable man.

Therefore, when the motion was made to place him at the head of the army, the great majority of the leaders, as well as the people, considered the choice of a good one.

CHAPTER XIII

THE DECLARATION

CONGRESS is at last ready to act. It is high time that it should. The lower it had stooped, the harder King George had kicked it.

In the midsummer of 1775 it had sent to the king another humble petition, drawn by the humble Dickinson, and carried to London by the Tory, Richard Penn. King George had refused to look either at the loyal Richard or his humble petition.

Furthermore, King George had issued his proclamation declaring the colonies in rebellion and no longer under his protection.

Then again his agents ransacked Europe to find rulers who were willing to hire soldiers to go to America to put down this rebellion for him. In this search the Hessians were found; and their hereditary rulers sent the poor fellows over here by the ship-load to kill and be killed in a cause they did not even understand. Likewise, emissaries from Canada were set to work to rouse the Indians; and mean whisky, bright-colored fabrics, powder and lead, guns and hatchets became un-

usually plentiful and accessible to the Red Man of the North, the South, and the West.

Already Cornelius Harnet had led the way to Independence in North Carolina. The Mecklenburg Resolutions were in effect the first of American declarations of Independence. Rhode Island soon followed. Then came the town meetings of Massachusetts. Then Virginia, May 6th, closely followed, having no idea that any other colony had already shaken off the burden of allegiance to Great Britain.[1]

Kicked by the king, and pushed by the colonies, Congress took the bit in its teeth, and made the jump. Rutledge, of South Carolina, agreed to vote for the Declaration; New York agreed not to vote either way; and the cautious Dickinson and Morris, of Pennsylvania, were prevailed upon to dodge.

In this way the Declaration was passed without a dissenting voice.

[1] The fact that North Carolina had given the first tap to the drum in the grand march of Independence was, indeed, long disputed; and the name of Cornelius Harnet was unknown to historians. He was serving as President of a Revolutionary government in October, 1775.

If Cornelius Harnet, or the Mecklenburg Resolutions, are so much as mentioned in Woodrow Wilson's five-volume History, the index fails to indicate the fact. In Henry Cabot Lodge's sumptuous two-volume Story of the American Revolution, there is not a word about this first of all the public acts of independence.

And of course the Harvard scribe, Professor Channing, has nothing to say about so trivial an incident.

To the credit of the fair-minded Bancroft be it said that he renders to the old North State the honor of being "the first colony to expressly sanction independence."

The resolution of Richard Henry Lee was passed on July 2d; the Declaration, as drawn by Jefferson and amended by Congress, on July 4th.

Mr. Jefferson writhed a good deal under the surgical treatment Congress gave his flowing paragraphs; but at last the agony ended—the final vote being hastened by the flies which swarmed in from a livery-stable near by, and which, during the sultry afternoon, became intolerable to legs encased in silk stockings.

Of the Pennsylvania delegation only Dr. Franklin, John Morton, and James Wilson voted for the Declaration at the time it was adopted. On the 20th of July the State named other delegates in place of those who had refused to vote; and these new members were allowed to sign when they arrived, just as though they had voted with the others. The New York delegates gave in their adhesion on the 15th of July. As late as November 4th a delegate from New Hampshire, Dr. Thornton, was permitted to sign.

Most of the actual signing was done on the 2d of August, after the resolution had been enrolled on parchment. When first issued it was signed only by John Hancock, President, and Charles Thompson, Secretary.

Mr. Jefferson was asked by his colleagues of the committee to write out the Declaration, and he did so. It was an easy, grateful task. He had been

over all the ground many a time before; was familiar with every point in the argument, every fact in the record, every count in the indictment against the king. It was only necessary that he should now briefly summarize, tersely present, the strong point in the case. He was not expected to originate facts or principles; he made no attempt of the kind; and his paper contained nothing of fact or principle which was not common property to the well-informed men of 1776.

There was a good deal of rhetoric in the first draft of the Declaration, and Congress cut most of it out.

Mr. Jefferson had likewise written a strong paragraph against the king, charging him with the responsibility of the slave-trade. Congress was mindful of the fact that Northern colonies were deep in the slave-trade, and the South crowded with slaves; and it was thought best to strike out Jefferson's denunciation of the king on that subject.[1]

But after all the changes, the Declaration of Independence, as finally adopted, was Jefferson's paper. Much had been stricken out; almost nothing had been put in; therefore, it was natural for him to claim it as his own, and to demand the credit for

[1] Hildreth, the historian, remarks that it was too much to expect Georgia to agree to that clause. Inasmuch as Rhode Island, "tight little, right little Rhody," had one hundred and eighty-seven slave-ships on the sea at that time, it may have been "expecting too much" to ask *her* to sign it.

THE HOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA IN WHICH JEFFERSON WROTE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

it be given him on his monument. That his honored name is linked forever with the Magna Charta of American liberty is just, for no man has been earlier in getting upon the field where the struggle was to be made, no man had advanced more rapidly with the movement, and to no man were its principles more sacred, or its call to service a more imperative obligation.

And tc his tact, his conciliatory disposition, his even-tempered patience and persistence, it was largely due that no factious divisions among the patriots robbed the cause of its strength.

In The Story of the American Revolution the learned and elegant author, Henry Cabot Lodge, states that the Declaration of Independence was received by the soldiers with "content, and by the people cordially and heartily, but without excitement."

Is not this summary a little cold?

The Declaration marks one of the great stages of our advancement as a people; it is a mile-stone on the great national highway. It is worth knowing how it was received. If it was taken as a mere matter of course, as some Thane of Cawdor, a prosperous gentleman, takes his dinner—a thing which is good, but not unusual—then, let it go at that.

But if it sounded through the land like Roderick's bugle-note in the Highlands; if it rallied the wavering and cheered the firm; if it removed doubts

and fixed a purpose; if it was the guide which, leaving by-paths and cross-cuts, got into the plain straight road and said to the wandering hosts "Come on!"—we ought to know it.

Previous to that time how did the troops or the people know officially what they were fighting for? Who had said that the time for compromise had passed, and that under no circumstances would the colonies remain subject to Great Britain?

Private individuals might clamor for the Independent State, but how could the soldier, or the average citizen, know what Congress would do? Suppose England should back down, should withdraw her troops, and grant every demand, redress every grievance—would peace be made, leaving the subject colonies still subject?

These were the issues, and from these sources had arisen divided counsels, confused purposes, and plans.

And it was just here that the Declaration of Independence was supremely important. It settled the debate, removed the doubt, fixed the resolution. It burned the bridge, it crossed the dead-line, it took the route toward that bourne from which no rebel returns, save with a rope around his neck.

The Declaration of Independence was not a mere matter of course giving satisfaction and that alone; it was a call to nationality, a watch-word, a

rallying-point, its official statement of ultimate aim and object becoming the pillar of fire which led the people through the darkest nights of their dread journey toward the Republic.

In South Carolina the Declaration was received with the "greatest joy"; "the President (John Rutledge), accompanied by all the officers, civil and military, making a grand procession in honor of the event."[1]

Yet South Carolina's delegation in the Congress had only yielded approval to the Declaration at the last moment.

In Georgia, whose delegation had stood with Virginia's from the first, the Declaration was hailed with delight in every parish.

No sooner did the messenger of Congress reach President Bulloch with a copy than the Provincial Council was called together, the document read, and "rapturously applauded."

The President and Council went in procession to the public square, where a great concourse of citizens had gathered and the military was under arms. The Declaration of Independence was again read, amid acclamations; and a military salute was fired. Then a formal procession of all the public bodies and of the military was formed, and there was a grand march to the liberty-pole, and the Declaration was read a third time. The artillery

[1] Edward McCrady, LL. D., in History of South Carolina.

fired thirteen volleys, and the small arms were again heard.

Then President Bulloch marched the entire multitude to the battery, at the Trustees' Garden, where the Declaration was again read, and another salute fired from the siege-guns planted at that point.

This begins to look like enthusiasm.

Then there was a banquet, a military feast under the cedar-trees, and much hilarious drinking of toasts.

That night Savannah blazed with the light of universal illumination.

There was a monster funeral procession, with military in line, and muffled drums; George III was buried in effigy, and a mock service read over his grave.[1]

In all the Southern States, in New England, in the North, and as much of the West as then existed, the fervid outbursts of feeling were just the same.

Emphatically, Mr. Lodge's summary is too cold.

[1] History of Georgia, C. C. Jones, Jr.

CHAPTER XIV

JEFFERSON IN VIRGINIA

FRENCH statesmen eagerly watched what was going on across the Atlantic. In the revolt of England's colonies they saw an opportunity to strike a blow at the ancient enemy.

Still, caution was necessary. Consequently, the first advances which were made to the colonies by France were made through an envoy, who bore no credentials, had no official status, and moved about Philadelphia with an air of mystery and reserve. Attracting attention to himself by vague hints and non-committal messages, this envoy, De Bonvouloir by name, "an elderly lame man" having the "appearance of an old wounded French officer," at length got himself before a congressional committee, where, refusing to show any credentials, he assured the members that the King of France was their friend, and that money, arms, and ammunition should be furnished the colonies.

Congress appointed a secret committee to correspond with friends of America in foreign lands. Not many months rolled by before the money of the French people was passing, by way of Beaumarchais, into the hands of the needy Americans.

Silas Deane was sent over, as secret agent, to procure military supplies; but, after independence was declared, Congress decided to appoint a formal commission to negotiate treaties with France. As one of these ministers Mr. Jefferson was chosen, the other two being Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane.

But in the meantime Mr. Jefferson had resigned his seat in Congress, had gone home, and had been elected to the Virginia Legislature.

The temptation to accept the appointment as Minister to France was great, and he hesitated. After keeping the messenger of Congress waiting several days, he declined the position. He preferred to serve in the Virginia Legislature, where the opportunity was golden to accomplish a vast work of democratic reform.

Under the Old Order in Virginia, the main props of British aristocracy had been deeply planted. The union of Church and State; the right of the oldest son to inherit the whole estate of the father; the law of entails, which kept the lands in the family, in spite of debts of the heir, or the heir's own wish to sell—each of these antidemocratic principles was in full force in Virginia.

In law, it was a crime not to baptize children into the Episcopal Church; a crime to bring a Quaker into the colony; a crime for Quakers to assemble.

In law, the heretic was burnt; and he who denied God, or claimed that there were three Gods, or pretended not to understand and believe in so simple a proposition as the Trinity, was a felonious culprit, who could not hold office, could not be anybody's guardian, executor, or administrator, was liable to lose the custody of his own children, and would have to continue his theological meditations in the penitentiary.

Payment of tithes to the Church was compulsory; attendance upon divine services was compulsory, it being legally necessary that the good citizens should not only build and repair the church but occupy it; not only pay the preacher but listen to him. Otherwise, the penal laws looked to it sharply—in theory.

As a matter of fact, the only part of the code which seems to have been enforced with any regularity or vigor was that which related to tithes. The citizen really did have to pay.

There was some persecution of Baptists and Quakers, and other dissenters, from time to time, but the instances were comparatively few. Religious persecution in the South was found in sporadic cases, and never became epidemic.

In Great Britain an owl, like Lord Mansfield, might tear his offspring from an eagle, like Shelley; no father was deprived of his children in Virginia.

When the common danger of the Revolutionary movement drew all kinds of people together, the Baptists in Virginia shouldered their muskets and volunteered to fight for the cause. It was then (1775) that the Baptist preachers came forward, and asked permission to preach to these Baptist soldiers. How could such a petition be spurned at such a time? Legal permission was given, and that was the beginning of legal religious toleration in Virginia.

. . . . . .

As to primogeniture and entails, Virginia had them in all their vigor.

Those huge estates which were handed down from sire to son, and the grand old mansions whose hospitality became a byword, required large revenues to keep them going. Hence, to maintain the feudal establishment, there had to be in Virginia, as there were in England, legislative props to the system. The land must not be divided; the slaves must be kept together to till the land; the oldest son should be sole heir; his debts could not waste the inheritance; and the law of entails would hand it down, unimpaired, to the first-born sons, forever.

Thus would the "first families of Virginia" perpetuate themselves.

The same love of home, pride of family, and spirit of class which created aristocracy in Great

Britain, came across the waters with the Cavaliers, who marked out manorial domains along the Potomac and the James.

The ambition to found a family, to perpetuate an honored name, and to send on down to remote ages the home house and home grounds, was as strong in Virginia as in old England itself.

The colonist did not refer to his estate as "my plantation" or "my farm," or designate it vaguely as the "place where I live."

No! The colonist loved his home too well for that. To him, his estate was a part of himself; and he would no more think of letting it exist anonymously than he would think of letting his children run wild without names.

To him and to all the world his estate was "Gunston Hall," or "Rosewell," or "Tuckahoe," or "Mount Vernon"; and you were laying up disagreeable consequences for yourself if you failed to remember, and to use, these names. Jones does not love the man who calls him Smith, and Smith bears no gratitude to the careless acquaintance who hails him as Brown; and this punctilio about names of persons once clung with almost equal strength to home as well as to person.

In the very life-blood of the race ran this warm love for the ancestral seat. Chatsworth was not dearer to Cavendish, Penshurst to the Sydneys, Hatfield to the Cecils, nor Alnwick Castle to the

Percys than Westover to the Byrds, Shirley to the Carters, Brandon to the Harrisons, and Stratford to the Lees.

A democrat, are you?

Of course you are; and yet, in your heart of hearts, you warm to the old-time Cavalier who chose for his home the loveliest spot he could find, reared a costlier house than he could afford, made it as attractive as he knew how, christened it with some pet name of fond association—and then threw open its wide doors, and said to all the world: "Come sit by my hearth, come eat at my table; my house was not built for myself alone!"

There is a certain nobility in the Englishman's love of the ancestral home.

He does not ever willingly sell it. Money has no value beside it. For ages, perhaps, it has been identified with his name; the memories, the glories of his race, cling to it as does the ivy that climbs its walls.

The boundary lines of the broad acres upon which it stands may have been marked off with the sword in the days of

> The good old way and simple plan
> That he shall take who has the power,
> And he shall keep who can.

The chain of title may run back to some magnificent robber who followed William the Norman; some mail-clad baron who bearded King John at

Runnymede. The founder of the house may have been some soldier who served valiantly when the great Armada's shadow fell upon the coast; or some adventurous seaman who flew the Union Jack in remotest waters with Hawkins or with Drake.

The older part of the mansion itself may have been founded hundreds of years ago. The ancient towers stood, perhaps, when the Black Prince brought home a captive King of France.

From these old courtyards Crusaders may have ridden with Richard or with Edward to the Holy Land. Through this massive gateway, knights with plumed crests may have followed the banner of Henry V to Agincourt, or Edward to Poictiers. In this noble hall the Cavaliers of Rupert may have caroused before the bugles blew for Edgehill or Marston Moor.

On these walls hangs armor dented with the blows of sword and battle-ax at Cressy or Ascalon; banners which tossed in the forefront of battle when the war-cry was "a Chandos," "a Talbot," "a Warwick," "a Sydney," "a Lancaster."

Upon the Rhine, the Seine, the Garonne, the Scheldt, the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, the Mississippi, the Ganges, the Nile, the Modder, sons of these historic houses have fought, and rarely failed. Under Marlborough, Wolfe, Clive, Nelson, Rodney, Wellington, on land and sea, in every quarter of

the globe, they have answered the call of king and country, of duty and danger.

Nor have its glories been confined to arms, to war and bloodshed. Heroes of yet higher type have made the old house illustrious. Sages whose words of wisdom guided nations; statesmen who set bounds to empires; mariners who dragged new worlds into touch with the old; philanthropists who laid firm hands upon the reins of national thought, and gently turned crowding millions into better ways of life; masters of melody whose lofty rhyme charmed the world; masters of speech whose inspired tongues electrified the world; masters of practical achievement whose impulse to progress bettered the world; masters of the pen whose lines of light became the creed and the hope of the world.

Does such a house speak no word of inspiration to the son? Does it awaken in him no sense of consecration? Does it lift no high standard of conduct before his eyes? Does it impose no solemn obligations, no lofty responsibilities, to which he must respond? Has such a house no meaning which thrills the very soul?

To keep the ancestral home in the family, with all of its sacred heirlooms, and all of its splendid memories, and all of its tender associations—these are the high motives which explain England's law of primogeniture and entailed estates.

And this system the Virginians brought with them and established.

It may not be true that John Randolph, of Roanoke, set his dogs on the man who came to the house and asked if he would sell his land; but it is reasonably certain that nine out of ten of the land barons of Virginia would have resented the offer to buy their ancestral homes.

But Mr. Jefferson knew that there was another side to this picture, and that it was ugly to look upon. Land monopoly could only be good to those who held the land. Even to these favored few it is not an unmixed good. Hereditary wealth may breed luxury and vice; the heir who can not be disinherited may become rebellious, a thankless, unnatural child.

The least worthy of all the children may get all the property, leaving the others dependent, their careers a subject of anxiety to parents.

If land monopoly is not wholly beneficial to the favored few, it is almost entirely injurious to the unfavored multitude.

It places the soil out of reach, removes it from the competition of the industrious, tends to place it where it will be least useful to the race. In creating a land monopoly, a landed aristocracy, the law establishes a caste. Inevitably the system evolves the abuses seen in the older countries.

"Once rich, always rich; once poor, always

poor"; whenever such a statement can be made of any people, progress has ceased and decay set in.

An aristocracy of intelligence, virtue, meritorious achievement, Mr. Jefferson recognized as all men recognize it; but this natural aristocracy owes no homage to mere wealth. Its glorious ranks draw, from hovels, recruits who come uniformed in sober gray, as well as from mansions, where purple and fine linen are worn.

To found aristocracy on birth and hereditary wealth is to make accident the test, depriving nature of its right to select. To make character, intelligence, noble work, high purpose, the standard is to put it where the golden spur will be worn by him who wins it.

In the order of nature, no Chatterton would starve in his garret, having stretched out his hand in vain supplication to Walpole, the grandee.

Only in a system where diabolical art, contrivance, selfish convention, had thwarted nature would Burns break his heart in squalid poverty—lacking the cost of the daily feed of the Duke of Devonshire's dogs.

It was not nature, but a system carved out with pens, barriers thrown up by statute, which kept Oliver Goldsmith under the wheels, while Marquises of Queensbury and Dukes of Grafton rode in the gilded coach.

Thomas Paine writes Common Sense to re-

deem a people and make them happy; his reward is a debit account of about one hundred dollars, which he must pay to his publisher.

Edmund Burke writes *his* pamphlet against democracy, and his reward is the smile of a King, applause of the aristocracy, and a pension of ten thousand dollars per annum, which democratic taxpayers must pay.

Nature is not so unjust. Every beast of the field had its chance to graze; every bird of the air its chance to fly and feed; every fish of the sea its chance to swim and live. The strongest, the fittest, survived the competition; but the chance to compete was always there.

Democracy aims to give all a chance. It refuses to entrench any class in the secure possession of the blessings of nature, to the exclusion of all other classes. It refuses to admit that all the merit is to be found in any one class. It refuses to believe that the family which is noblest to-day will be the noblest a thousand years from to-day. It refuses to despair of the poor and ignorant; refuses to stop the wheels of evolution; declines to close the avenues of promotion; refuses to put up social, political, educational barriers which none but the wealthy may pass; refuses to lend its law-making power to the strong who would exact eternal tribute from the weak. That the strong are strong, democracy can not help; but it can avoid the deep

damnation of helping the strong to oppress the weak.

In nature the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; in class legislation, in class government, it invariably is, the law being made for the purpose.

. . . . . .

Democratic in the highest, best sense of the word, Mr. Jefferson now buckled on his armor to wage war with the aristocracy of Virginia. The contest was stubborn, bitter, and protracted; but his triumph was complete in the end. He unfettered the land, changed the tenure from fee tail to fee simple, made the soil democratic, and made the law to correspond. Henceforth the family estate was to be divided equally among all the children.

CHAPTER XV

RELIGION AND SLAVERY

THERE was a union of Church and State in Virginia, as there was in other colonies, and as there was in the various countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa. From Dahomey to London the law was the same. The priest taught the people to obey the king, the king commanded the people to support the priest. Frightful laws against treason safeguarded the power of the king, and were upheld by the priest; laws equally terrible screened the priest from criticism, and were enforced by the king. The people obeyed both, paid both, and were cruelly maltreated by both.

Written in London and sent over to the colony, the Virginia laws against heresy were as savage a set as ever disgraced the books. Had the early Virginians been as much given to pious practises

as the Puritan brethren of New England, there might have been a reign of religious terror South as there was North. Fortunately for humanity, the early Virginian was an easy-going, generous-tempered mortal, who never could have found luxury in whipping bare-shouldered women, pressing old men to death under piles of stone, torturing little children to extort evidence against their parents, and fattening the gallows upon the rottening bodies of witches and Quakers.

The Virginia code, written under the supervision of London ecclesiastics, was bloody enough to have pleased Loyola or Torquemada, but it was treated as all Christian nations now treat the sublime moral code of Christ—all believe and none practise.

Open, defiant rebellion against the Church would have been put down in Virginia; and when Baptists and Quakers came noisily along disturbing everybody in the effort to teach them something and make them think, the conservatives, who already knew all they wanted and who did not wish to think, rose up and asserted the rights of the orthodox.

The fussy, clamorous Baptist having been put into the well-ventilated pen which they called prison, he was left to preach through the cracks to whoever would listen; while the parson, the magistrate, the squire, the vestryman, and the faithful

members of the Church all took a drink, mounted their horses, blowed horns for the dogs, and galloped off on a fox-hunt. In other words, there was orthodoxy established by law in Virginia, but there was no Inquisition to enforce it. Pharisees did not torture their neighbors to death on the pretense of saving souls.

What the Virginians really objected to was the compulsory payment of tithes. The pocket nerve was the seat of the pain. After the coming of such Governors as Fauquier, with their liberal views, skeptical books, irreverent conversation, and non-pious lives, free thought made long jumps in Virginia. Such professors as Dr. Small made a different atmosphere at William and Mary; and from the college halls it spread throughout the State.

The father of James Madison sent him North, hoping to preserve the lad's orthodoxy from the contamination of the home school.

As liberal principles advanced, the number of people who could believe in the creed which Henry VIII had made for himself grew steadily less; yet under the law they had to keep on paying the parson.

The state Church, this Henry VIII Church of England, was neither Catholic nor Protestant, but a mixture of both, without the strong points of either, and to freethinkers it was peculiarly offen-

sive. To be compelled to give it glebe and temple, house and home, blind reverence and liberal support, was intolerable.

Thomas Jefferson led the assault.

"Vested interests" made the usual outcry. Its voice is ever the same. The contest was long and stubborn, the inertia of conservatism, prejudice, custom, family pride, fixed habit, and timid conscience hard to overcome; but the line of the reformers continued to advance. It took years to finish the work, but it was finished. The bloody old laws of superstition and bigotry were repealed. Mind and tongue were unfettered. Religious liberty came to all. The Church of England was put on an equal footing with all other denominations. Voluntary offerings of the faithful must support it. Its glebe, its temple, its lands and houses, were confiscated—the people had given, the people took away.

It was the fortune of James Madison to finish the work which Mr. Jefferson had begun; but when the task was at last done, it was no more than Mr. Jefferson had proposed at the beginning.

Justly proud of this glorious victory for human progress, he ranked it as equal to the Declaration of Independence, and asked that his monument be inscribed with it.

Working with Edmund Pendleton and George Wythe, Mr. Jefferson went over the entire judicial

system of the colony, remodeling the law and the courts. The labor was enormous. These gentlemen not only reported bills creating a thorough system —high courts and low—but they framed one hundred and twenty-six separate bills embodying changes in the old code.[1]

All these measures did not go into effect at once. The work extended over a series of years. Much of it was finally done when Mr. Jefferson had gone to other fields; but the scheme of reform was completed along the lines which he had begun, and little if any departure was made from his plan.

The subject of negro slavery was one which had occupied Mr. Jefferson's thoughts for many years. He was an original abolitionist. In the first House of Burgesses to which he was elected, he had caused to be introduced a bill in behalf of the slaves. It met prompt defeat.

In the Declaration of Independence he had written a clause denouncing the inhuman traffic. Congress struck it out. He now prepared a carefully considered, but perhaps impracticable, plan for gradual emancipation. The outlook for the measure was so unfavorable that he did not even have it introduced. His bill to prohibit the further importation of slaves passed without opposition.

[1] Mr. Curtis says that sheriffs in Virginia, since that reform, have not been required to gouge out eyes and to bite off the noses of criminals. Since that time! The reader of The True Thomas Jefferson derives some queer ideas of old Virginia from Mr. Curtis's remarkable book.

Realizing that democracy must rest upon the education of the masses, Mr. Jefferson formulated a complete system of public schools, from the primary grade on up to the State university and a public library. He was too far in advance of his time, and his plans could not be put into operation. The rich man declined to tax himself to educate the poor man's child. In the South of to-day we not only educate the poor white, but we tax ourselves heavily to educate the negroes—another advantage not enjoyed by them in Africa.

A liberal naturalization act was the work of Mr. Jefferson; and he was instrumental in effecting the removal of the State capital from Williamsburg to Richmond.

Much of Mr. Jefferson's work during this period of reformation was done at Monticello. The state of Mrs. Jefferson's health was the cause of great anxiety. A daughter, Jane, who was fragile from her birth, died in September, 1775, aged about a year and a half. A son, born in May, 1777, died in June of the same year.[1]

In 1779 the four thousand captives of Saratoga were sent to Virginia, and stationed near Charlottesville. Among them were many Germans, whose "divine-right" rulers of the

[1] Mr. William Elcroy Curtis, in his True Jefferson, says that all of the six children of Mr. Jefferson were girls. Mr. Curtis is in error, as he so often is.

"I-and-God" sort had sold them to the foreign service.

The manner in which Mr. Jefferson set the example of treating these unfortunates kindly speaks loudly for the native generosity of his character. From lieutenants up to generals, he made them welcome to his home, his books, his grounds, his gardens, his musical instruments, his philosophical apparatus, and his hospitable board. Evenings at Monticello must have been pleasant to the captives, who talked with Jefferson, played duets with him, and enjoyed his wines, fruits, and vegetables in the free-and-easy style which he so much enjoyed. It made the major-general and the baron stare when the young subaltern got the same treatment given to themselves, just as it made the diplomats first stare, and then howl, when Jefferson, the President, practised the same rule at the Executive Mansion in 1801.

Madame de Reidesel, wife of General de Reidesel, who was one of the prisoners, says that she was cruelly insulted by the ladies of Boston; and that the wife and daughter of another royalist (Captain Fenton) were stripped naked, tarred and feathered, and paraded through the streets of that city.

Be this as it may, she was not insulted in Virginia, although she rode horseback like a man—a trying sight, in spite of all that can be said in its favor.

Among the captives were musicians, including fiddlers, and they always spoke with enthusiasm of the evening concerts at Monticello. Captain Bibby and Mr. Jefferson played duets together; and Bibby used to declare, long afterward, that Jefferson was the finest amateur performer he ever heard.

CHAPTER XVI

GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA

WHEN Virginia got rid of Lord Dunmore, she placed Patrick Henry in the vacant place; and for three successive terms of a year each he had been Chief Magistrate.

The candidates before the Legislature to succeed Henry were Thomas Jefferson and his old friend, schoolmate, and confidential correspondent John Page, in whose cupola at Rosewell tradition mistakenly says that the first draft of the Declaration of Independence was written.

The contest was purely political; neither candidate took any part in it; Mr. Jefferson was elected by a few votes majority; and manly John Page wrote him a handsome letter of congratulation.

A big-hearted patriot was this rich master of Rosewell, the largest mansion in Virginia. The time was soon to come when the American soldiers would need lead; and then the Hon. John Page was to prove the quality of his patriotism by stripping the leaden roof from his grand house in order that Washington's muskets should not lack bullets.

It was on June 1, 1779, that Mr. Jefferson en-

tered upon his duties as Governor of Virginia; and his biographer gets the idea that this was one office that he afterward regretted having accepted.

Away from the halls where statesmen debate and vote; away from the quiet rooms where laws are changed and peaceful reforms planned; away from hearth and home, from sunny field, and rumbling mill, and busy mart of trade, let us look to the camp where the soldier sleeps, the road along which he marches, the battle wherein he fights. The brain may conceive, and the tongue proclaim, and the pen record; but it is the sword which must transform dreams into facts, declarations into deeds.

We look back through the gathering mists of the years, and we see, as in a dim and distant vision, the hurrying events of the great struggle for independence.

We see the dead and dying heroes of Lexington and Concord borne off the field to clean New England homes; we hear the wails of wives and children as the blood of the martyrs drips upon the floor.

We hear the shouts of fury as the minutemen run to their guns. We see the British scurry along the road back to Boston, dropping, dropping—by the dozens, by the scores, by the hundreds—between two lines of fire.

We see England's army shut up in the city, and held there by militia whose leaders are lawyers, doctors, farmers, mechanics.

We witness the charges of the British regulars against the Yankee militia at Bunker Hill—the two which fail, the third which wins—and we see the unbroken Yankees, out of ammunition, slowly leave a field where the glory of the substantial triumph is theirs.

We see the eager faces at doors and windows as Washington rides by to Cambridge; we see the gleam of his sword, under the great elm, as he takes command of the army.

We see the line of steel drawn about the British in Boston; we watch the fleet as it sails away to Halifax.

The gallant Irishman Richard Montgomery comes down Lake Champlain and takes Montreal. Benedict Arnold rushes to join him with twelve hundred men, through the frozen woods of Maine —an awful, awful march.

They unite, Montgomery and Arnold, and assail Quebec. By the veriest, narrowest chance they fail. A sailor, who had run from his post, as the other British sentries had done, turns back in the driving snow-storm of this last December night of 1775 and touches off a grape-charged cannon. The discharge sweeps away the head of the American column, killing or wounding every man who

marches at the front save Aaron Burr. Montgomery is among the slain.

Day is just dawning, January 1, 1776. Panic sets in; there is no competent man to take the dead leader's place. Burr shouts "Go on! Go on!" but the officers refuse to budge—talk while they should be acting. The British recover from their surprise, return in force, and all is over. The small American force is put to flight.

We see the British fleet come back, and hover about New York. The battle of Long Island is fought; Washington is defeated, and loses a thousand prisoners. He is hemmed in by overwhelming numbers. Can he escape?

Brave Nathan Hale takes his life in his hands and goes into the British lines to gather information for the desperately situated Americans. A Tory relative knows him through his disguise, and denounces him as a spy. "I regret only that I have but one life to give to my country," says the hero as he goes to his death.

The British general is the slowest of mortals, and, withal, a good Whig. Sydney George Fisher and others suspect that Howe did not really wish to be too hard on Washington.

Not conscious of this premeditated lenity, Washington is most anxious for his army, and on the first foggy night he slips away.

The negro whom the Tory woman sent, during

the night, to tell Howe that Washington was moving off fell into the hands of Hessians, who could no more understand the negro than the negro could understand them; so the messenger was kept under Hessian guard until the morning, at which time the message was stale—for Washington had gone by boat to New York.

Howe gets in motion, at last, captures New York, beats Washington at White Plains, takes Fort Washington and its garrison of twenty-five hundred men—a stunning blow.

Washington reels through the Jerseys, and black despair hovers over Valley Forge.

Will no friends be raised to us in other parts of the world? Have human hearts in foreign lands no generous sympathy, no heroic enthusiasm?

We turn to Canada—perhaps the helping hand will be stretched to us from there. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, glorious patriot of Maryland, will brave the hardships of a pilgrimage through the wilderness—Benjamin Franklin going, too, in spite of his seventy years. All to no purpose. Canadian Catholics have been affronted by certain congressional publications, and England makes them timely concession; Canadians will stay at home, and mind their own business.

But from other lands aid comes.

The Dutch will lend us money and give us countenance, being the first of all the world to do so.

General Lafayette will come from France—come in spite of all attempts of King and relatives to prevent him. Poland will send her immortals—Kosciusko and Pulaski, hearts of gold. De Kalb will come, Steuben will come.

Ireland will send men who know how to die; and France will, at a later day, range her lilies beside our stars.

Generous enthusiasm for liberty, for democracy—it burned brightly in those old days! Those were days in which soldiers believed they fought to establish a new system of government on this caste-cursed earth.

The great war moves on. Washington dashes through a snow-storm and captures the one thousand Hessians at Trenton. Encouraging, but not decisive.

Burgoyne surrenders at Saratoga. Again encouraging, but not by any means decisive; Professor Creasy to the contrary, notwithstanding.

With varying fortunes, battles are fought. Now and then Washington wins; the rule is that he does not win. Factions divide congressional councils. There is a plot to throw Washington out. Savannah falls, Charleston falls; Boston is the only considerable port in our hands. Mad Anthony Wayne makes a brilliant dash at Stony Point; but the place is not held a week. Gates is annihilated at Camden. The heavens are black, the patriotic

pulse beats low; the faint-hearted are ready to give up.

Benedict Arnold believes that Congress has been unjust to him, and the splendid soldier becomes a traitor. Almost the American cause is ruined; almost, but not quite. Great Britain can buy Arnold, the officer; it has not gold enough to buy the humble farmers who nab André. His fine watch, his gold, his frantic offers of wealth, avail nothing against these stern patriots of the North. He has taken his risk, he has lost, he must pay. High on the gibbet he swings, like any other spy; and Arnold flees to his traitor's reward, glad to escape with his life. West Point is safe.

Thomas Paine can be heard through the gloom, the burden of his song being, "Never say die!" As far as inspired pen can go in sustaining a cause, his goes. Indeed, it is "a time that tries men's souls."

Looming above all, we see the grand figure of Washington, steady as a stone mountain. No danger daunts him; no disaster shakes him. The times call for patience; he has it. For resources, he finds them. For courage and fortitude; his never fail. For splendid self-sacrifice; he makes it. Beaten to-day, he will fight again to-morrow. Undermined by treason, discouraged by apathy, fretted by Congress and by State governors, he locks it all in his own breast, and to the enemy presents the unruf-

fled front. He will not hear of compromise. He will stoop to no concessions. When his nephew writes him that some British officers have been entertained at Mount Vernon as a matter of policy, he writes a rebuke. Let them burn the house if they will; Mount Vernon shall not give shelter to the British!

Heroic? Yes, sublimely heroic. The world has presented no finer spectacle.

And that which is the most inspiring in the glorious example is the fact that Washington's greatness was not due so much to intellect as to character. He was great because he was brave, resolute, pure, devoted, right-minded, and right-hearted. From the straight line of duty he was not to be tempted, frightened, discouraged, or misled. And from the oracle of fate he would not take No for answer. He would fight till he won, or till he died. Thus he rose above all rivals—not thinking of rivalry. He became not our greatest intellect, not our greatest statesman, not our greatest soldier, but out greatest man.

CHAPTER XVII

PAUL JONES

We look out toward the sea, and we wonder whether any light of hope can be there, where the English have so long domineered, and the colonies have neither ships of war nor sailors trained in fight.

Who is this that starts out from his Virginia home to hold "the ocean lists" "against a world in mail"? Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, wrote a two-volume history of the American Revolution, gave a page of text to Paul Revere, besides the pages of pictures, and to John Paul Jones he gave—how much? Just one sentence!

Woodrow Wilson wrote a five-volume book; he gaves six pages of pictures and text to "the Boston Massacre"; and to John Paul Jones he gave—two pages, one for the picture and one for the text.

And yet it would seem that the first naval hero who ever baptized the Stars and Stripes in the fire of ocean battle and ocean triumph — doing it against the greatest sea power on earth—deserved more space in national history than the easy ride of a courier, or the doings of a street mob.

We see the small black-haired, black-eyed youngster start out from old Fredericksburg and begin his work as lieutenant. (December, 1775.)

We see him haul up to the masthead of the Providence "the first flag that ever flew from a regularly commissioned war-ship of the United Colonies of America."

We see him rise to the command of the ship; and with her cruise for prizes in Newfoundland waters, where he takes sixteen, and wins his earliest laurels. With the Alfred, he again roams the sea for prizes, and gains them. His service to the cause is valuable, even brilliant, but he yearns for larger fields and deeds of greater daring. We see this bold Scotchman beg Congress for a sea-fighter's task; we see him get on board a little wooden tub carrying eighteen guns; and the Ranger steers for the British Isles.

In the Irish Channel she cruises fearlessly; at Whitehaven the glare of burning shipping tells the startled English that the colonies propose to carry the torch across the sea. At Carrickfergus the twenty-gun sloop of war Drake is fought and captured; and the dauntless Jones sails away to France, dragging after him in triumph the British war-vessel and a string of captured merchantmen.

In 1779 we see the colonies retaliate on Great Britain the coast ravages from which America had suffered. It is John Paul Jones who lets England

see from her own homes what war is. With an old patched-up Indianman, hastily converted into a fighting ship, and three other merchantmen turned into war-vessels—all these being furnished us by France—the coasts of Great Britain are thrown into such an excitement as they had not known since the days when Van Tromp swept the Channel with his broom.

Read the introduction to Scott's Waverley, and note how great is the terror of the natives when Jones's little fleet comes sailing into the Frith of Forth. Great, great is the relief when God seems to answer frantic prayers by sending the gale which sweeps Jones out to sea.

Only a few days later he is back again, this time in the river Humber, where again he destroys English vessels. Then comes the immortal fight with the Serapis.

In the annals of war, on land or sea, there is nothing like it—nothing that rivals it in bulldog pluck and intelligent desperation.

The Serapis is a heavier craft than the Bon Homme Richard—carries more guns, better guns, more men, and better men. The hope of the Richard is John Paul Jones. At the very first fire, two of the old guns on the Richard burst, killing a dozen men. All that part of the ship and armament is abandoned. Only the guns on the upper deck can now be used—her 12-pounders throw-

ing but 204 pounds on a broadside when the Serapis hurls 300 pounds. So the fight goes on, nearly an hour. Maneuvering for position, both ships cease firing; and the British captain, Pearson, calls out, "Have you struck your colors?"

Through the darkness, for it is night, comes back the voice of Jones, "I have not yet begun to fight!"

Together come the two ships, and Jones lashes them with a rope. The head of the one lies opposite the stern of the other. Grappling-hooks reenforce the hold of the ropes. In deadly embrace the two ships are locked; and now it is such a battle as old ocean has never seen.

Yard-arms interlocked, some of the guns useless for lack of space to handle the rammers, broadsides thunder, and balls rake the decks at point-blank range. Timbers are shivered, cannon torn from carriages, the boards covered with the dying and the dead.

The September moon floods land and sea. On the coast clusters of people watch the battle. The beacon light of Flamborough Head glares across the waters; and those who are on the ships can see the fortress of Scarborough Castle and the English vessels which nestle under its guns.

The Richard seems a beaten ship. One side is blown out where the guns had burst; the decks above had been shattered; one by one the cannon are silenced; from the mainmast aft the whole

side is beaten in; shot from the Serapis pass clean through; transoms are knocked out, stern frames cut to pieces; only a few stanchions hold up the decks.

To add to the terror of the night, fire breaks out time and again.

And, strangest of all, the commander of one of the smaller vessels of Jones's fleet, a crazy French captain, Landais, sails up to the combatants and pours three broadsides into—the English? No—into the astounded Americans! Then he sails away, leaving killed and wounded as the fruit of his visit.

The guns in the main battery have fired their last shots. The Richard begins to leak. The carpenter loses his head, and begins to shriek: "We sink! We sink!"

The master-at-arms thinks all is over. He releases the prisoners, and cries out: "To the decks, everybody! The ship is sinking!"

The English prisoners scramble up the hatchways, fighting desperately with each other to reach the deck. The carpenter runs, screaming: "Quarter! Quarter!" Panic is about to seize the whole crew. Frantically the carpenter tries to haul down the flag. Officers and men call out to Jones that he must surrender. The British hear the uproar, and again Pearson calls, "Have you struck?"

"No!" shouts Jones, as he dashes out the brains of the carpenter with the butt of a pistol.

The British try to board the Richard. Jones rallies his men, meets the boarders pike in hand, and drives them back.

The fight grows more desperate than ever. Officers and men go back to their posts. British prisoners are made to work the pumps. Others fight fire. The surgeon advises Jones to give it up; water has overflowed the cockpit; the ship can not be fought longer; her battery is silenced.

Jones makes a jest of it—calls for the doctor to lend a hand in placing a gun. He himself helps to drag it in position. Only three 9-pounders, on the upper deck, are left in action. These he trains upon the mainmast of the Serapis.

What is this huge black shadow which comes gliding in between the two fighters and the harvest moon?

It is the crazy Landais again. In spite of cries of warning, in spite of the private night signals that the Richard displays, the addled Frenchman pours three broadsides into the almost dismantled Richard!

And again Landais sails away, leaving killed and wounded on the American deck as the fruit of his visit.

By sheer force of will and indomitable pluck, Jones drives the men back to their places, and the fight goes on.

Sharpshooters are in the rigging picking off

every Englishman who shows his head. Hand-grenades are pitched into the port-holes to destroy the gunners at their guns. Away out on the yard-arm of the Bon Homme Richard crawls a daring sailor who drops a bomb through the hatchway of the Serapis, where it explodes a row of cartridges lying on the main deck. Twenty-eight of the English are killed or desperately wounded.

This is the turning-point in the battle. The British can not recover from the blow. Their fire slackens. The American ship is really in the worse plight of the two; but they fight on with ferocious persistence, and the British do not know that the Americans are about to sink.

An English prisoner makes his way from Jones's ship to the Serapis to tell them there to fight on—that the Richard is beaten.

He is too late by the merest fraction of time.

Pearson has lost heart. He tears down his flag, and calls out that he has struck.

Richard Dale, of the American ship, knows the value of hurry, of decision, and he gives Pearson no chance to reconsider.

Even while the British lieutenant is trying to wedge in a word of remonstrance, and doing his best to tell his superior officer the true state of affairs on the Richard, the importunate Dale hastens Pearson on board the American ship, a prisoner.

For fear the lieutenant may run below and start the Serapis to firing again, Dale forces him to follow Pearson.

After all the heroism, the skill, and the carnage, the final result turns on the nerve of Jones and the presence of mind of Dale.

It is a death-strewn deck where the short, slender Jones, hatless, bleeding from a wound in the face, and begrimed with powder stains, stands proudly with his drawn sword in his hand to receive the formal surrender of the British captain.

The light of the autumn moon is above him; the light of his burning ship is behind him. His poor old Richard is a wreck, torn almost into splinters; it is filling with water; it is literally choked with the dead; the deck upon which he stands is slippery with blood.

But it is the Englishman who gives up his sword, and it is the Stars and Stripes that still flies at the masthead.

After the Serapis surrenders to the Richard, it is the Richard which sinks. Jones and his crew and his English prisoners all pass over to the captured Serapis.

The two vessels have hardly been loosened from their long death-grapple before the Richard slowly settles to her long home in the deep.

This victory, won in sight of the English coast, resounds throughout the civilized world.

The Empress of Russia and the Kings of Denmark and of France honor him with ribbons and orders of merit which amount to nothing, and pensions which were never paid; but so far as fame is a reward, Paul Jones reaps it. He is spoken of with admiration in every gazette, *café*, *salon*, and street group in the Old World and the New.

In generous England he is denounced as a pirate; and Holland is asked to give him up that he may be hung. The Dutch refuse; but, to save that people from the effects of British wrath, Jones seeks safety in France.

NOTE.—It is well known that Admiral Paul Jones served for a short time Catherine of Russia, in her naval warfare against the Turks. Official jealousy embittered his career and denied to him his just recognition. Disgusted with the Russian service, the great sea-captain returned to Paris, where he spent his last days. He lived modestly, and much alone, but not in want as has been stated. He received many marks of friendship from Americans who were in Paris, and was not neglected in his last illness. Gouverneur Morris drew up his last will, and was one of the regular visitors during the final days. But Jones was alone when he died; and the American Minister, Gouverneur Morris, did not attend the funeral. Paul Jones was no friend to the French Revolution, but the Revolutionary government did what the American Minister did not do—honored the dead hero by attending his funeral.

It certainly was a queer spectacle—Gouverneur Morris issuing orders for the cheapest, most private burial, and then hastening away to preside at a dinner-party; while the French Assembly takes official notice of the death, selects a deputation of twelve members to attend the burial, and provides a military escort to follow the body of the immortal warrior to his grave.

In his diary, Morris tries to defend himself. He intimates that Jones left such a small estate that the heirs would have had the right to grumble had there been a public funeral. Yet the estimated value of Jones's estate was $30,000; and this included more than $6,000 in the Bank of North America. Morris knew this, for he had scheduled the property. There is no evidence that Morris was justified in his extreme

anxiety lest the heirs should grumble; and the fact that Jones was so cheaply and obscurely buried that his grave can not now be found, and *could not* be marked with a monument even if Congress wanted to mark it, is due to Gouverneur Morris, the American Minister who ordered the cheapest and most private funeral—to Morris the cold-hearted snob who preferred to guzzle wine with brother snobs at a dinner-table, rather than represent his country in paying the last sad token of respect to the bravest seaman that ever fought under our flag.

CHAPTER XVIII

WAR IN THE SOUTH

THE war grows more savage. The French alliance enrages Great Britain, and the English begin to ravage, burn, slay in cold blood, committing every outrage known to war.

Prisoners are barbarously maltreated, women suffer nameless wrongs, men who have surrendered are mercilessly butchered.

This frightful change in the methods of the war is felt most in the South.

British marauders break into Virginia, and go out unhurt, Patrick Henry being Governor. They break in again and sack Richmond, the traitor Arnold in command, and go forth unpunished, Mr. Jefferson being Governor.

Virginia has been stripped, exhausted, to supply Washington at the North and Gates at the South; yet many accuse Mr. Jefferson of negligence and incompetence for not rallying a home-guard and giving battle to save Richmond.

Had Mr. Jefferson been a John Sevier, James Robertson, or Andrew Jackson, he might have done

better; but it is reasonably certain that no governor who was not a military genius could have prepared the scattered militia and led it successfully against this sudden invasion.

It is true that Washington had sent warning that a British fleet was making toward Virginia; but the water-front of Virginia is so vast, a fleet can strike at so many different places, that it was impossible to know when and where to have the militia assemble.

In the lower Southern States the situation has a peculiarity all its own. There is no large American army under the general command of some overshadowing figure; but there are a dozen small armies, flying columns, under chiefs whose names are almost unknown to history, but whose services are of priceless value to the cause.

As a rule, these partizan bands have nothing to do with Washington's movements, nor he with theirs. As a rule, he knows nothing of what they intend to do until it is done. As a rule, they call on him for no help of any kind, nor does Congress bear the burden of their necessities. Generally they draw their supplies from the territory in which they operate. Horses, guns, ammunition, food, recruits—all come from the Southern colonies.

Chief of these partizan leaders is General Francis Marion, "the Swamp Fox"; next is General Thomas Sumpter, "the Game-Cock"—heroes

FRANCIS MARION.

of South Carolina. Second to these come such men as Pickens, Horry, Lacey, Hampton, and Henderson.

In North Carolina there are such dashing leaders as Sevier, Shelby, Ashe, Williams, and McDowell.

In Georgia the bands are led and fought by Generals Elijah Clarke, John Twiggs, James Jackson, Lachlan McIntosh, James Screven, Samuel Elbert, and John White.

These partizan leaders are ever in the saddle. Savannah may fall, Augusta and Charleston may surrender, but the British conquest stops at the limit of the British camp. In the interior, resistance holds its head up all the time. The flag never ceases to fly.

In vain Cornwallis comes with huge regiments; in vain Tarleton and Ferguson raid and ravage the land; they can not stamp out the rebellion. Heavy battalions may win this battle and that battle; but on the morrow will come Marion and Sumpter, and Twiggs and Clarke to fight again.

Chase these partizans from Georgia, and they give battle in the Carolinas. Chase them from the Carolinas, and they are back in Georgia, as ready for the fray as before.

A score of Southern leaders fight as many pitched battles which are not so much as mentioned in the books of general history; and some of these

fights were brilliant little victories for the American cause.

The triumph of Elijah Clarke and Samuel Hammond over a portion of Ferguson's command at Cedar Springs in July, 1780; the success of these officers, aided by Williams and Shelby, at Musgroves' Mill in August, 1780, were the important preludes to that crowning achievement which was soon to follow.

CHAPTER XIX

KING'S MOUNTAIN

But what avails all this partizan warfare? What good does it accomplish?

The flying columns gallop from field to field, dodge from swamp to swamp. What is the net result?

Let us look over the Southern territory in the year 1780, when all is so dark at the North—so dark that even Washington almost despairs.

British emissaries have sent the Creeks on the war-path, and the soldiers of Georgia have to go and rout them in pitched battles. The Cherokees are also aroused; and they have to be put down by the men of the Carolinas.

This danger to the Southern flank had come, just as McIntosh had written Washington he feared. But the Indians had been whipped, and the partizan bands turn once more to the British.

We see Ferguson sent out from Cornwallis's main army; we trace him by the smoke of burning homes, the shrieks of those who fly, the groans of those who die. His path is one of desolation. We see the men of the mountains muster; they have

been threatened by Ferguson, and they take up his glove. From valley to valley runs the call to arms —the fiery cross of the Highlands never sped more swiftly to summons the clans.

And they came, these mountaineers of the South. Congress has not ordered them; Washington has not ordered them; it is a rally of volunteers. Under Sevier and Shelby and McDowell and Cleveland and Campbell they mount and they ride. Through mountain pass and over plain, through swamp and forest, over swollen streams which have not bridge or ferry, on they ride—to find Ferguson. Day after day, in fair weather and foul, with bloody spur and tightened rein, they ride—seeking Ferguson. The weak man gives out and is left behind; the weak horse gives out and is left behind. The strong man on the strong horse spurs onward, with never a thought but to find Ferguson, to fight Ferguson, and to conquer him or die.

And he knows they are on his track, and he feels his peril. Back, back to Cornwallis! Hurry, couriers, to Ninety-six for help! See him falter, see him double and turn, see his efforts to get back to the main army!

Almost, almost the men of the mountains had taken the wrong road. A watchful patriot sees the danger—averts it. Away gallops Edward Lacey, thirty miles through the night, to put the mountain men right.

"Not that road! Not that! This road, *this* road! And, oh, men of the mountains, *ride*, RIDE!"

Well done, Edward Lacey!

Not more fateful was the act of the shepherd lad who showed Blücher's tired troops the short cut across the muddy fields to Waterloo!

South Carolinians gallop to join the mountaineers; a band of Georgians join the hunt.

He can not escape, he must stand and fight—with Ferguson it has come to that. On King's Mountain he stops—brought to bay.

Here he will entrench himself, here he will await the reenforcements that are pressing the roads to reach him. Only a day's delay, and all will be well.

But with one final push onward, through the night and through the rain, the mountain men are upon him—volunteers of Virginia, Georgia, the Carolinas!

They neither hesitate nor parley; they hitch their horses to the trees; like a girdle of steel they clasp the mountain; and up they go, at the enemy—rifles blazing as they advance, and the Southern yell ringing through the woods.

They are less than a thousand; the British nearly twelve hundred; but they have come to win, believe they can win, and the order is to fight till every man is dead, and the watchword is "Buford!"

"Shoot like hell, and fight like devils!" cries

Campbell. And the watchword is "Buford," where Tarleton cut down the patriot who bore the flag of truce, and butchered men who had ceased to fight.

"Remember Buford!" And let every man fight till he dies!

No braver soldier than Ferguson stood there that day. Taken by surprise, attacked when his scout had just reported that no enemy was in sight, he sprang upon his horse, had the drums beat to arms, made ready to defend the hill to the last. Like Stonewall Jackson, at a later day, he believed in the bayonet, and he had more than once gained a day with it. Now as the Southern men came against him he would try it again. The mountain thundered with musketry; and then bayonets were leveled, and the lines advanced "to give them the cold steel." The Americans had no bayonets, and before this advancing line they gave way. The silver whistle of Ferguson sounds, the British and Tories return to their hill, and the mountaineers—rallied to a man—pour in rifle volleys hotter than ever.

Dead Tories litter the ground; men and horses fall about their leader; again the silver whistle sounds; again the word is, "Give them the bayonet!" It is done; and the patriot ranks give back as before. But the instant the Tory line stops, rifle play begins, and men drop under its deadly aim. Some Tory runs up a white flag. Ferguson cuts it

down. The fight goes on, he rides back and forth encouraging his men, two horses are shot under him, he mounts a third, and he gallops to another part of the line and cuts down another white flag. But the day goes against him, and he knows it. Reenforcements do not come; Cornwallis sends none; Cruger, from Ninety-six, sends none; Tories of the neighborhood send none. Desperate, perhaps despairing, he dashes against the American line where it seems to be weakest—and meets a soldier's death.

That ends it. The white flag—a dozen—rise on the British side, for white handkerchiefs are waved from bayonets in every direction.

Ferguson dead, his army captured or dead, no man escaped, saving the few who may have slipped away in Whig disguise—the white badge on the hat.

So it was in October, 1780, that one of the decisive battles of the Revolution was won by Southern volunteers.

CHAPTER XX

YORKTOWN

KING'S MOUNTAIN electrified every patriot, disheartened every royalist. After that, all was increasingly bright, till the final scene at Yorktown. At the Cowpens we see the Southern men again, led by the same stanch Morgan who had led the Virginians to the Continental army. On that day Washington met them as he rode down the lines; Morgan saluted and reported, and his words were, "From the right bank of the Potomac, general." On each breast was the badge "*Liberty or Death!*"

Washington got off his horse, walked down the line, and shook hands with every man!

It is Tarleton now at the Cowpens, not Ferguson; Tarleton the dashing and fearless; Tarleton who refused quarter to Buford's men, cutting them down in sheer brutality when they had ceased to fight—slaying even the bearer of the flag of truce. It is Tarleton, fearless as ever; and he almost wins the day at the Cowpens—but not quite. In the very moment of his triumph, when his seemingly victorious troops are flushed with confidence

and are in disorder, John Eager Howard wheels the Maryland line, and William Washington hurls the Virginia horse on the flank and rear. Caught between the two, the British are ground to powder—Tarleton flies the field. Another wing of Cornwallis's army has been destroyed!

Now for the supreme test! Main army to main army; Cornwallis against Greene!

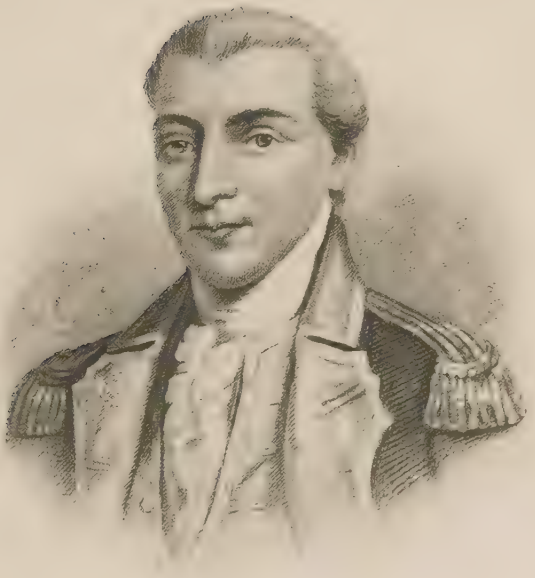
The British had been reenforced, were too strong for us, and the Americans had to retreat—fast and hard. It was a life-and-death race, in the depth of winter, amid terrible hardships. The men were barefooted, almost naked, almost starved, pitiable to look upon as they marched. But they marched! The stomach was empty, the body was in rags, the feet dripped blood—but they marched! Had it not been for the sudden rains which flooded the rivers, just in time to delay the British after the Americans had crossed, there might have been another Camden. And the country was not prepared to stand another Camden.

Finally, Cornwallis grew weary of the chase and stopped at the Dan; then he began to retire, and Greene followed, "to convince the Carolinians that they were not conquered."

Light-Horse Harry Lee cut to pieces a body of Tories on the Haw; and finally (March 15, 1781), the army which had been chased were eager to combat the chasers. Guilford Court-House, in result,

was an American victory, for it was necessary to the British plan of campaign that they should triumph, and they did not triumph. Greene turned south to free the land from the English, while Cornwallis went north—toward Yorktown. We see Virginia ravaged by the enemy, its Legislature scattered to the woods, its Governor riding for his life. We see Cornwallis's raiders destroy Jefferson's property, cut the throats of his blooded colts, drive off his slaves to die of smallpox on British ships. We observe that at first Cornwallis does the advancing and chasing, while Lafayette and the Americans give way—at a high rate of speed. Then we see the tables turned. The British stop, then retire, and the Americans entrench at Malvern Hill. How could Cornwallis know that Yorktown was a trap? Washington was busy with Clinton at New York, and no French fleet was in sight. How could Cornwallis know that Congress and Washington had grown impatient at Franklin's inactivity in Paris, and had speeded John Laurens, of South Carolina, across the ocean for more help? How could he know that Laurens had boldly pressed his mission, had secured half a million dollars in hard cash, and that the money and the ships were moving as Washington had planned?

So Cornwallis retires into Yorktown and entrenches. The Americans close in, to hold him there. But why can not British ships from New



JOHN LAURENS.

York come down and take Cornwallis out by sea? They can, if they will realize the value of time.

Washington slips away from Clinton? Yes; but what hinders Clinton from boarding ships, spreading canvas, and hastening to the Chesapeake?

Days pass, weeks pass, eager eyes scan the waters. Washington's fate depends upon France and her ships. Cornwallis's fate depends upon Clinton and his ships. Which will come first? Out of the depths of the sea who will come, British or French? Local tradition says that when at length the masts of the war fleet were seen from the shore, no one could distinguish the flags, no one knew for certain what ships they were. Cornwallis hoped that they were English; Washington that they were French. It is life or death. Whose are the ships?

Tradition tells you that transports put out from the shore, and made toward the distant fleet, closer and closer, to distinguish the colors.

Few chapters in American history are more dramatic than this—the waiting and watching of the two armies, the anxious eyes which day by day swept the bay, looking for the expected ships; the appearance of the fleet on the far horizon, the dreadful doubt as to what ships they were, the going out of the transports, the waiting for their return, and then the sinking of hearts in the one camp and the bursting forth of joy in the other when the transports returned and the word was shouted from

lip to lip: "The French! The French! Thank God, the French!"

We all know the rest of the story. British ships afterward come, but are beaten off. The lines tighten about the doomed army. There is bombarding and musketry, attack and counter-attack; but the American lines never go backward. Finally, the storming parties draw out, and the clinch, the tug of the war, comes. We see the French doing their level best to outstrip the Americans in the dash at the British works. We see the first man mount the parapet. It is Alexander Hamilton. We see the first man enter the works, and receive the sword of the first British officer who surrenders. It is John Laurens. Others do as well—Rochambeau, Lafayette, Lauzun—and at length the Commander-in-Chief can say, "The work is done, and well done!"

CHAPTER XXI

THE SOUTH IN THE WAR

DURING the siege of Yorktown, Washington had wished to spare the fine old family mansion of Governor Thomas Nelson, but that fiery patriot would not accept such discrimination. The British officers had taken up their quarters in the house, it being the best in Yorktown; and Governor Page himself had the guns of the American battery trained on the family home, offering a reward of five guineas to the first gunner who should strike it. The Nelsons had been among the original settlers of Yorktown, and so far as its upbuilding is concerned may be called its founders. The Marquis of Chastellux, who was entertained there during his travels, describes the elegance and luxury of the Nelson home, and paints an attractive picture of the Southern high life of that period.

It was Thomas Nelson who succeeded Mr. Jefferson as Governor of Virginia; and the place proved as burdensome to the one as it had done to the other. Nelson's patriotism was like that of John Page and so many others—it counted no cost. Like Page, he was one of the wealthiest of men at

the beginning of the struggle; like Page, the end of the war found him bankrupt. When Virginia had no money and no credit, he went down into his own pocket, and he strained his own credit, to get funds to pay the soldiers, food to feed them, and ammunition for their guns.

After the peace, when the Virginia Convention was debating whether British debts should be confiscated, it was Nelson who settled the question with the manly speech: "Others may do as they please; but as for me, I am an honest man, and so help me God! I will pay my debts." His property was enormous, but so were his liabilities; and, in the end, the whole estate was swept away, leaving his blind widow destitute in her old age.[1]

. . . . . .

How deplorable it is to see Professor Channing, of Harvard, in his Student's History, lending the influence of his name and position to perpetrate sectional prejudice and injustice! What possible good can come of such statements as he makes on page 217 of his book?

The South easier to conquer than the North? The "Southerners able to make but slight resistance"? Was it so much worse for the South to lose Charleston and Savannah than it was for the North to lose New York and Philadelphia? Cam-

[1] The Old South, by Thomas Nelson Page.

den was bad, but was Long Island good? Was Germantown good? Was the capture of Fort Washington good? In 1780 did not Washington write that he was almost at the end of his tether, and that unless a change came it would be impossible to hold the army together? From whence came the change? First, Musgroves' Mill, a victory of Carolinians and Georgians, led by Elijah Clark, of Georgia, and Shelby, Williams, and Branham, of the Carolinas (August, 1780). Second, King's Mountain, wholly the triumph of Southern men, October, 1780. Third, the Cowpens, January, 1781.

This list leaves out Blackstock, where Carolinians, under Sumpter, and Georgians, under Twiggs, whipped Tarleton; Kettle Creek, where Pickens and Clark routed Boyd; Fishdam, where the British were repulsed by Sumpter and Twiggs; and scores of other skirmishes, which, had they happened in New England, would have lived in song and story as conflicts never to be forgotten.

"The Southerners able to make but slight opposition?" If that statement be true, discredit rests upon the South: if it be untrue, the discredit rests upon the author of so grave a charge. "The Southerners" were able to win the battles that turned the tide of the war, and they were able to supply to the cause a very handsome *pro rata* of good soldiers. The white male population of Virginia and Pennsylvania over sixteen years of age was about

the same, yet fifty-six thousand "Southerners" went to the front where but thirty-four thousand Pennsylvanians appeared.

New York had double the military population of South Carolina, while New Hampshire's was slightly greater, yet from this small State "the Southerners" who shouldered muskets outnumbered the New Hampshire men more than two to one, and they exceeded New York's quota by twenty-nine thousand.

Out of every forty-two of her military population, Massachusetts enlisted thirty-two—a splendid showing. But in South Carolina thirty-seven "Southerners" out of every forty-two "were able" to enlist and fight, and they did so.[1]

It is not pleasant to make such comparisons as this, yet the provocation is wanton, and the temptation not to be resisted. Really, if the story of our republic deserves to be told at all, the aim should be to tell the truth; and it can not be to the permanent benefit of "students," or general readers, to have themselves saturated with prejudice and error.

Equally misleading is Professor Channing's reference to the proposition Governor Rutledge is said to have made to the British. The professor's statement leaves the impression on the mind of the

[1] The South, by Dr. J. L. M. Curry—referring to General Knox's official estimate.

reader that the general situation in the Southern States was so hopeless that South Carolina proposed to lay down arms and remain neutral in the struggle. Collegiate bulls in historical china-shops do, indeed, make sad havoc, and the learned Harvard professor is no exception. The Rutledge letter was not an expression of general despondence. It was the tentative proposition of an official who had been caught unready for defense by a large British army; and who, in the excited counsels of the moment, sought to save the chief city of the South by a concession which would have rendered the British conquest of no practical service to them. The proposition ought not to have been made, was protested against by some of the Governor's strongest advisers, was disapproved by General Moultrie, and was spurned by John Laurens, who refused to be the bearer of it. It required the exertion of General Moultrie's authority to get an officer who would carry it. The British rejected it; General Moultrie declared that he would fight rather than surrender; and his decision was heard with a burst of satisfaction.

"Now, we are on our feet again!" cried John Laurens, and nothing could prove more conclusively the general feeling among those whose duty it was to do the fighting.

The facts are that a British army appeared before Charleston, catching the city unprepared.

Governor Rutledge and a majority of his council favored a capitulation. General Moultrie, John Laurens, Colonel McIntosh, and most of the other officers opposed it. Rutledge and the British commander, Prevost, began to exchange notes. The exact terms Rutledge proposed are in dispute. According to the written statement of Laurens himself, the Governor's conditions, if accepted, would have rendered Charleston useless to the enemy. It certainly is significant that Prevost refused to consider them.

Moultrie had determined to fight; his lieutenants hailed his decision with joy, the flag was waved to put the enemy on notice that negotiations were off, and his main body began to retire.

So far were "the Southerners" from any intention of quitting the contest that Prevost only escaped capture by reason of the fact that General Lincoln, of Massachusetts (who finally lost Charleston), did not know how to bring up his reenforcements, which were in striking distance. It was Lincoln's extreme tardiness that caused Rutledge's predicament and his proposition—a proposition which there is no reason to believe that his people would have ratified.

CHAPTER XXII

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

While the Revolutionary War was raging in the East and South, the Western frontier was the scene of many a bloody skirmish between British-led Indians and the white settlers who had pushed across the Alleghany Mountains. From headquarters at Detroit, agents of the English Government penetrated southward and westward, rousing the Indians, bribing them with rewards for scalps, until the whole of the vast wilderness along the Illinois and the Ohio was a dark and bloody ground. American hunters and trappers were ambushed and scalped; defenseless women and children in the lonely cabins were tomahawked and scalped. Sometimes the white man would be carried away alive, to be burnt later at the stake. Sometimes the women and children would be led off to the woods, the children to grow up as savages, the women to become squaws of the savages. The British Governor at Detroit encouraged every Indian that roamed the woods, for the scalps were delivered and the rewards paid at Detroit.

The English policy was opposed to the westward expansion of the American people. But just as the Carolinians had crossed over into what is now Tennessee, and had made good their footing against hostile, hard-fighting Indians, so had men of the same fiber passed on into Kentucky and into the Illinois country. Men like Boone and Kenton and Clark loved the wilderness, its hunting-grounds, its freedom from restraint, almost as well as the Indians loved it. Restless, fond of adventure, impatient of system or confinement, these half-wild pioneers formed the skirmish-line of advancing civilization. What deeds of reckless courage they did, what shocking barbarities they committed, what privations they endured, what tragic fates so many of them met—is a story most eloquently told in the simplest language of bare fact. They carried their lives in their hands always; the rifle and the knife never left their sight. Sleepless vigilance was the very law of existence—vigilance, fearlessness, and infinite resource.

In the winter of 1776–'77 the struggle along the skirmish-line was one of extermination. The British were bent upon driving it back to the old borders of Pennsylvania and Virginia. Hamilton's orders were to "kill and burn." British Canadians, French Canadians, renegade Tories from the colonies, Huron Indians, and Shawnees swooped

down upon the frontier settlements before the snow was off the ground. From the Monongahela to the Kentucky River there was guerrilla war, the burning of houses, the massacre of settlers, the wasting of thrifty farms. Excepting the forts and blockhouses, to which the panic-stricken people fled for shelter, the land was left desolate.

It was during this time of terror that George Rogers Clark went to Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, and outlined his plan of conquest beyond the Ohio. He believed that he could not only hold the frontier which Hamilton had assailed, but that he could win the Illinois country beyond. The Revolutionary War was draining Virginia of all her resources, and it was not a favorable time for distant expeditions of conquest, but Clark found sympathy and support. He had been living for some time in Kentucky, where Daniel Boone, Kenton, and other almost nameless heroes were defending the soil. Born in Albemarle, Clark was known to Thomas Jefferson, and the bold plan of the young soldier captivated the statesman. Not only did Jefferson favor the enterprise, but George Mason and George Wythe did also. The Governor advanced six thousand dollars, furnished boats, supplies, and ammunition, and authorized the enlistment of three hundred and fifty militiamen. A slighter equipment never yielded larger returns. In May, 1778, after all sorts of difficulties and dis-

couragements, Clark set out from the Redstone settlements, stopped at Pittsburg for his supplies, drifted on down the Ohio, and on May 27th reached the falls where Louisville now stands. Here Kenton joined him with some Kentuckians. Rowing farther down, in June he landed near the mouth of the Tennessee and struck into the wilderness toward Kaskaskia. After a march of toil and difficulty he reached the fort, took it by surprise, gaining a bloodless victory.

There is a dramatic story to the effect that when Clark's men drew near that night they found the fort lit up, fiddles going merrily, and the defenders tripping the light fantastic toe. Clark made his way to the ballroom and leaned back against the door, with crossed arms, looking on. An Indian, lying on the floor, gazed intently on Clark's face, then sprang up and gave the war-whoop, the unearthly war-whoop. A war-whoop, by the way, which is not unearthly is not up to standard and is not allowed in the books.

When the Indian whooped it was evidently time for the women to scream; and when the women were all screaming, it was impossible to fiddle and dance.

The story goes that Clark, standing unmoved, arms still crossed, countenance unchanged, bade them "On with the dance!"—warning them, however, that they must now dance under Virginia and

not under Great Britain. At the same time his men burst into the fort, etc.

Mr. Roosevelt likes this story so well that he puts it into his Winning of the West, saying that he sees no good reason for rejecting it entirely.

For the same reason the present writer likes it, and has not rejected it—entirely.

If the story had not been ended so abruptly, if we had been told what the fiddlers and dancers did after Clark gave them permission to proceed, one's ideas might be clearer and more satisfactory.

But if the episode of the ballroom draws rather heavily upon credulity, the wonderful events which followed are involved in no doubts.

A mere handful of Virginians and Kentuckians had ventured hundreds of miles into hostile regions, far from any supports, where enemies in overwhelming numbers swarmed on every side. The French inhabitants and garrisons of these remote towns were under British rule; British troops themselves might be expected at any moment; and powerful Indian tribes, who had no love for the "Long Knives"—intruders upon their hunting-grounds—needed but prompting and leadership to fall upon this little band of two hundred and destroy it. The situation was appalling. Yet Clark met it with superb skill and nerve. By a policy of mingled firmness and kindness he won the hearts of the French. Their priest, Pierre Gibault, became

his partizan, quieted every murmur at Kaskaskia, volunteered to go to Vincennes, and won over the French inhabitants there, prevailing upon them to declare for America and to run up the American flag.

This was much; but more remained to be done. The Indians had to be held in check. From the Mississippi to the Lakes the red men were disturbed; for, while they had been hostile to the Americans, they had been friendly to these French. Thus they paused at the very instant that the arrow was on the string—hesitated when the tomahawk was already in the uplifted hand.

Had Clark not conciliated the French, had not Pierre Gibault succeeded in getting the American flag hoisted at Vincennes as well as at Kaskaskia, there would probably have been no grand council of Indian chiefs to confer with one another and listen to Clark.

But the attitude of the French confused the Indians and caused them to come from all directions and from long distances to talk—to talk with Clark.

It was a grand gathering; and the temper of the Indians was ugly. But Clark had a genius for managing borderers, white or red; and he so gained upon the untutored children of the forest, with mingled suavity and sternness, a seeming carelessness and a vigilance which could not be caught nap-

ping, that they began to admire him greatly. When he painfully surprised a band which came secretly to slay him, by springing an ambuscade upon *them*; when he put these unskilful assassins in irons, and, reckless of mutterings among the children of the forest, went to a ball where "gentlemen and ladies" danced the night away, the savages were sorely perplexed. How to deal with such a man was a puzzle which was earnestly debated at many a council-fire that night. So that next morning, when he spoke to the council—two belts in his hands, one for peace and one for war—telling the chiefs that it was for them to choose, they eagerly snatched the emblem of peace.

They consented that two of the baffled assassins should be put to death; and the young bucks came forward, squatted on the ground, covered their heads with their blankets, expecting the tomahawk.

Whereupon Clark dealt his master-stroke; he forgave the guilty men.

Then there *was* rejoicing, a great feast, and solemn vows of friendship.

For the present the Illinois country was at peace.

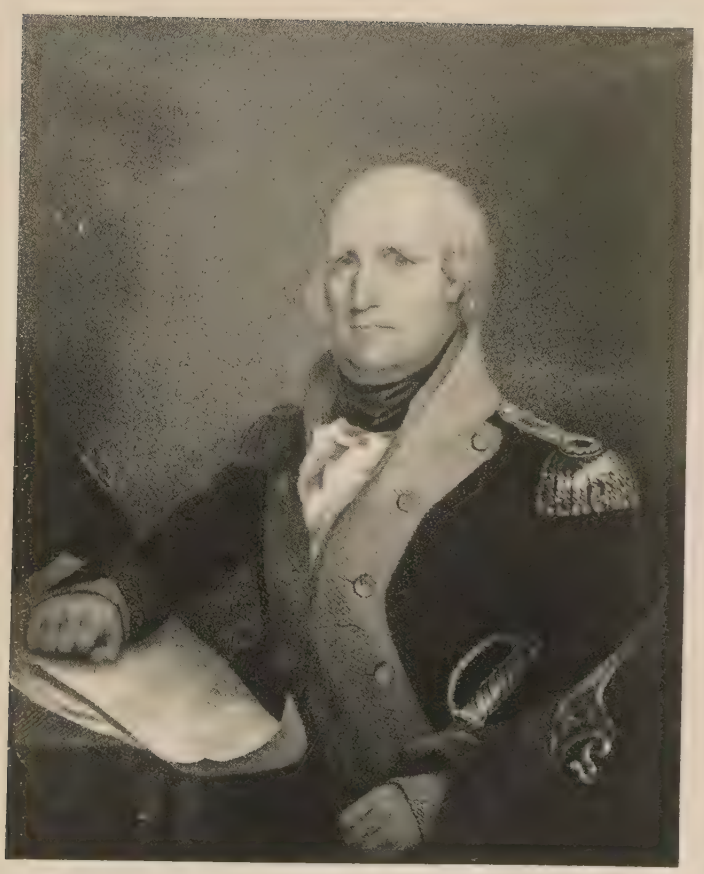
But Hamilton could not allow the huge prize to be taken from British hands so easily. Exerting every energy, he enlisted nearly two hundred whites and about three hundred Indians, dropped down upon Vincennes, and took it. This was in

December, 1778. The winter being far advanced, Hamilton decided to wait till spring, at which time he would retake Kaskaskia and expel the Americans from the disputed territory. Not needing his large force longer, he disbanded all but some eighty men.

Clark received information of Hamilton's plan, and of the scattering of his forces. He determined to forestall the British.

Gathering together one hundred and seventy men, he set out from Kaskaskia in February, 1779, for Vincennes.

That winter march is one of the most wonderful achievements of human pluck and hardihood. When they struck the "drowned lands of the Wabash," theirs was a voyage by water without boats. They waded mile after mile, day after day—the water sometimes chin-deep. To keep gun and powder dry they had to hold their hands outstretched above their heads as they waded on. Sometimes it was almost impossible to find a spot of ground to rest for the night. The rations failed, for they could kill no game in these overflowed regions. Just before they reached Vincennes they had been two days without food. To get across the Wabash they had to make canoes. Then there was further wading through the cold water. Six miles from the town they camped for the night upon a hillock, hungry, drenched, almost frozen. Next day more



GEORGE ROGERS CLARK.

wading—miles of it—which well-nigh exhausted the courage and strength of the half-famished men. A lucky capture of an Indian canoe, in which there was a quarter of buffalo, some corn, tallow, and kettles, was made in the nick of time. Hot broth soon revived the spirits of the troop—one quarter of beef never having been made to go so far before.

When Clark led his men to the attack, the chances all seemed to be in favor of Hamilton. He was inside a strong fort, he had cannon, and there was a sufficient garrison, although his foes outnumbered him heavily. He might reasonably expect his war parties to return soon, and thus the Americans might be taken between two foes. There was no danger of famine, but his weakness lay in the faint-heartedness of his own men. The American marksmen picked off the British gunners through the port-holes; the guns could not be served; and the British commander lost hope. When only six or eight of the garrison had been disabled, he gave up the contest. Clark had but one man wounded and none killed. Seventy-nine prisoners were taken, and were paroled, with the exception of Hamilton and twenty-six others, who were sent to Virginia, where Governor Jefferson put Hamilton in irons.

The vast Northwest had been thus won by a heroic band of volunteers, led by one of the most dauntless warriors that ever risked life for country. That Great Britain was foiled, that the Amer-

icans took possession, and held the conquered empire under the final treaty of peace made at Paris, was due almost wholly to this one magnificent patriot and soldier, George Rogers Clark.

Randolph, of Roanoke, with pardonable exaggeration, called the great Virginian the "Hannibal of the West."

The first fort which the Americans built and held on the Mississippi was put there by Clark at the instance of Jefferson, and was named "Fort Jefferson."[1]

[1] The closing years of the life of Clark are involved in gloom and contradictions. It is certain that he became intemperate in his habits, that he lost influence on the border, and that he bitterly resented the failure of Virginia to vote him some substantial reward for his services. When her messenger came to his Western home bringing the honorary sword which the Legislature of his native State had awarded him, it is said that he broke the sword in a fit of anger, exclaiming passionately against the irony of such a gift.

Clark was living in a cabin, opposite Louisville, attended by one servant, when, either in an epileptic fit or in a state of intoxication, he fell into the fire and was so badly burned that one of his legs had to be amputated.

His sister, Mrs. William Croghan (mother of the young hero of Fort Stephenson), took him to her home, near Louisville (1812), where he lived, tenderly cared for, till his death in 1818. Clark left a large landed estate, which was inherited by his nephews and nieces.

CHAPTER XXIII

IN RETIREMENT

THE years 1781 and 1782 were the most sorrowful of Mr. Jefferson's life. Calamity after calamity fell upon him with bewildering frequency and staggering force.

First came Arnold's invasion in January, 1781, and the censure which it aroused. Although Mr. Jefferson had done everything that was in his power, his enemies could not allow so choice an opportunity to pass, and they made him suffer.

Then, in June of the same year, came Tarleton's inroad, the narrow escape of Mr. Jefferson from Monticello, and the administrative chaos of the next few days.[1]

Again the Governor was not to blame; but again he was severely censured.

His family had refugeed to Poplar Forest, his estate in Bedford County; his Elk Hill plantation had been wrecked; more than a score of his slaves were dying or missing. On top of all this tribulation came the threat of impeachment! To a man of

[1] In his Jeffersonian Calendar, Mr. William Eleroy Curtis states that Mr. Jefferson resigned the governorship. He did not resign.

his proud, sensitive nature this was probably the most unkindest cut of all.

He accepted the challenge, had himself elected to the Legislature in order that he might be able to meet his accusers face to face, won an easy victory from critics who failed to appear, and was soothed by a vote of confidence which lauded his ability, integrity, and rectitude. Nevertheless, Mr. Jefferson carried a sore heart with him to Poplar Forest; and neither his young disciple, Madison, nor his young neighbor, Monroe, could prevail upon him to quit his retirement.

Then, in April, 1781, he was stricken with the grief whose infinite pain none but parents realize —he lost an infant daughter.

But the worst of all was yet to come. In September, 1782, he lost his wife.

This cherished companion had suffered in sympathy with her husband during these trying years; had felt the terror of sudden danger when the British raided her home and forced her into flight with a babe in her arms.

In May, 1782, she gave birth to her sixth child, and was never well again.

How tenderly her husband nursed her, how devotedly he stayed with her night and day during the months of her decline, what anguish he suffered when all hope was gone, how he fainted away as he was led from the room after the closing scene,

how he was as one distracted for weeks and weeks, and how he sunk into a melancholy from which nothing seemed able to arouse him—no words could describe without a parade of a grief which is best treated by the silence which respects it as sacred.

On her death-bed Mrs. Jefferson asked her husband not to give their children a stepmother, and he promised.

Forty-four years later, when he himself had finished the long walk, there were found in the secret drawer of his private cabinet locks of hair and other souvenirs of his wife and of each of his children, those living and those dead. The envelopes which contained these were all marked, in his beautiful writing, with words of identity and endearment, and these envelopes had the appearance of having been often handled.

The loved and loving wife had given birth to six children during a brief married life of ten years. Not robust at any time, the repeated ordeal of maternity sapped her constitution. Nature's warnings were not understood, and, with the sixth child, there remained at length no reserve of strength.

. . . . . .

Amid the resurrection of so many old publications, why is it that no trump awakes to new life Jefferson's Notes on Virginia?

Strike from it the dry statistics, cull its choice passages, illustrate it with scenery and portraits,

preface it with a biographical chapter by way of introduction, and the result would be a volume which would delight all lovers of literature. Some of its passages are beautiful as descriptions of natural scenery; some are valuable as studies of political and economical problems; the chapter on the customs, peculiarities, and race characteristics of the Indians is deeply interesting; and its insight into the negro, as a man and an issue, is profound. The comments on government, on religious intolerance, on militarism, finance, education, slavery, and kindred subjects are in all respects worthy of the author of the Declaration of Independence.

The Notes on Virginia were written in response to twenty-three questions addressed to him by De Marbois, secretary of the French Legation at Philadelphia, who was instructed by his Government to secure information as to the resources, etc., of the colonies. It was during his retirement, in 1781, that Mr. Jefferson did most of the work on the Notes. In the winter of 1782 he added to them somewhat, and in the advertisement dated 1787 he regrets that some of the questions were answered imperfectly, but says that he could not apologize without going into "circumstances which would open old wounds, which have bled enough."

From the dates given, it will be seen that the Notes were the leisure work of the period of his greatest sorrow.

CHAPTER XXIV

IN CONGRESS

In November, 1782, Congress unanimously and without a single adverse remark chose Mr. Jefferson as one of the commissioners to France. The summons came to him at a time when the first passionate grief had spent itself. Monticello was almost insupportable. Everything there reminded him of his loss. To remain there meant morbid brooding and apathy. Of all things, he most needed something to rouse him, to turn his thoughts outward. This call to duty was a blessing. By a natural revulsion of feeling, he responded promptly, accepting the appointment. He made all the necessary arrangements for leaving Monticello, and proceeded to Philadelphia for instructions. While waiting for a favorable chance to embark news came, February, 1783, that the preliminaries of peace between Great Britain and the United States had already been signed. There was no longer any need of his services in Europe, and Mr. Jefferson returned home.

But he had shown his willingness to reenter

public life, and the Legislature of Virginia elected him to Congress.

A quorum to do business did not assemble at Annapolis till about the middle of December, and Mr. Jefferson left it on the 7th day of May, but during that period he did a great deal of important work.

General Washington came in person to lay down his commission, and Mr. Jefferson arranged the ceremonial for that historic occasion.

The answer which the President of Congress made to Washington's address is said to have been written by Jefferson.

As chairman of the Grand Committee on the Treasury Department, he reported a plan for the reorganization of that branch of the service, and Congress adopted his suggestion. In conjunction with Gouverneur Morris, he originated our present money system. In lieu of the English pounds, shillings, and pence, the decimal count was proposed. Jefferson differed from Morris as to the details, believing that the unit suggested by that gentleman was too minute and laborious for common use—it being the fourteen hundred and fortieth part of a dollar. Mr. Jefferson proposed the dollar as the unit of value, and favored three other coins, the ten-dollar gold piece, the silver dime, and the copper cent. After a full discussion of both plans, Congress preferred the system of Mr. Jefferson, and he

then became the father of the dollar, which was the centerpiece of the system.

It was at this session that Virginia, in the loftiest spirit of patriotism, ceded to the General Government the vast Northwestern territory. Her pioneers had first gained a footing there, her statesmen had first realized the necessity for this westward expansion, and her soldiers had held it in defiance of Indians and English.

But bickerings and jealousies had arisen; and to put an end to the dangers threatened by these, Virginia voluntarily surrendered her empire. A nobler peace-offering the world never saw.

For the temporary government of this huge domain, Mr. Jefferson drew up the famous "Ordinance of the Northwestern Territory," in which he incorporated a clause prohibiting slavery after the year 1800.

The Southern States were not quite prepared to outlaw their property in the empire they were giving away, and they defeated this clause.

Mr. Jefferson's names and boundaries for the new States to be carved out of the territory were rejected, also his provision that the new States should "admit no person to be a citizen who holds any hereditary titles." With these changes his plans were adopted.

It was in this celebrated Ordinance of the Northwestern Territory that the first suggestion

of a plan for the admission of future States appeared.

He had the honor of reporting back to Congress from committee the treaty of peace, in which Great Britain formally recognized the independence of which Mr. Jefferson had written the Declaration seven years before.

The great defect of the Confederation was the lack of a distinct and separate executive. To supply this need Jefferson proposed a committee of one from each State. This plural executive was tried, but the experiment was a failure. The committee proved to be but a smaller Congress, torn by the same factions.

CHAPTER XXV

MINISTER TO FRANCE

On May 7, 1784, Congress resolved to send a third minister plenipotentiary to Europe to assist Benjamin Franklin and John Adams in negotiating commercial treaties. Mr. Jefferson received this appointment, and on the 11th May, 1784, he set out to join his colleagues, who were already in Europe. Going by way of Philadelphia to get his daughter Martha, he visited the New England States, to familiarize himself with those matters of commerce with which his duties would require him to deal. On July 5th he sailed from Boston, reached England after a voyage which was uneventful, and, crossing the Channel, arrived in Paris on the 6th of August.

. . . . . .

There is no doubt that Mr. Jefferson found a great deal of enjoyment in his new office. It removed him from Monticello at a time when home had no charms. Old ties, and the dearest, had been broken; the wound was fresh, and amid those scenes it would be longest in healing.

In Paris there was everything to divert his

thoughts from the one subject which haunted him at Monticello. Besides, his environment was the most congenial he had ever known.

A scholar, he could mingle every hour of the day with *savants*; a freethinker, he could exchange ideas with those who dared to question all dogmas; a lover of art, music, and social entertainment, he could expand himself rapturously in the most elegant city in the world. No need now to go to church on Sundays just to soothe the conscience of pious neighbors. He could visit some Parisian Edmund Randolph, play chess all day on the Sabbath, and never have a strait-laced Madam Randolph rebuke his wickedness by refusing to appear.

In Virginia, it was necessary that he should be all things to all men—more particularly if they were Virginians. A boor could not be treated as a boor; he could not be frankly told that between himself and his host there was nothing in common, and that it would be pleasanter for both if the boor would jog along to the cross-roads tavern, where he would find a choice assortment of fellow boors.

Life in Paris was to a sensitive, cultured, somewhat dainty man like Jefferson what freedom would be to the caged bird. He reveled in his liberty. Never was he so much at ease, so much at home amid his surroundings.

He settled himself in handsome quarters, and began to spend his money on good living in a man-

ner which threatened deficits, in spite of minute entries in account-books. Elegant furniture and appointments generally, a staff of servants, of course, equipages, of course, and epicurean winings and dinings. Flocking to him with joyful greetings came Lafayette and other Frenchmen who had known him in America. They introduced him at once into a social sphere which received him at his true worth. There was no period of probation, no anxious waiting for the verdict of the social petit jury, whose findings neither gods nor men can always with certainty predict.

When a member of the great Noailles family could vouch for him; when Dillon and Biron and D'Estaing and Rochambeau knew exactly what he was; when De Chastellux could tell of the Italian villa-home, which surpassed anything he had seen in America—the Monticello where he had enjoyed hospitality, admired the owner's pleasure-grounds, stood by when the master fed his deer in the park, and gazed appreciatingly over lawns, gardens, orchards, fields—it was a foregone conclusion that French aristocracy should welcome Jefferson as a peer.

"You replace Dr. Franklin, I believe," said the grandee, Vergennes, when the new minister was presented at the Foreign Office.

"I succeed him; no one could replace him."

Now, above all things, a Frenchman loves a neat

turn of speech. The artist in words is to him as true to art as the chiseler of exquisite statues, and this repartee of Jefferson—innocent little thing!—not only tickled the ears of all Paris, but lives yet in all the biographies.

Immediately upon his arrival in Paris, Mr. Jefferson had gone to Passy and paid his respects to Dr. Franklin, who was then in very bad health. Between these two illustrious patriots there had always existed the most cordial relations, and these were never interrupted.

John Adams was summoned from Holland, and the three representatives of the infant republic proposed the form of a treaty of commerce which they proposed to offer to the nations. In spirit, this document was eminently just, humane, and liberal. The only monarch who would enter into these cordial relations with the infant republic was "old Frederick of Prussia."

It was in the spring of 1785 that Dr. Franklin returned home, and Congress made Mr. Jefferson minister to France.

Mr. Adams had been appointed to a similar position in England, and in March, 1786, Mr. Jefferson went over to London, at the request of Mr. Adams.

They hoped to be able to negotiate a commercial treaty with Great Britain. Their efforts were fruitless. The King turned his back upon them,

and the ministers would not even discuss the treaty. As long as he lived Mr. Jefferson remembered the studied indignities which were put upon him in England, and if any insult can be said to have ever rankled in his breast it was this.

Wounded, disgusted, indignant, he ceased to humiliate himself in the attempt to get the English minister interested in American commerce, and he set forth upon a tour of the historical scenes and "show-places."

He and John Adams went together, and they seem to have enjoyed thoroughly this feature of their trip. Great palaces, magnificent parks, noted battle-fields, Westminster Abbey, Oxford, Woodstock, Shakespeare's cottage, they admired or reverenced as became appreciative strangers. On the battle-field of Worcester, where Cromwell had crowned his great career, Mr. Adams felt so much inspired by his feelings that he fired off an extemporaneous speech to some rustics who had come to stare at the tourists. Mr. Adams, who kept a diary, thought his little address made a happy impression on the minds of these natives. What the rustics actually did think of Adams and his speech can not now be known. Few rustics keep diaries.

As one would naturally suppose, the matchless gardens of our mother country fascinated Mr. Jefferson. He went into no raptures over historic spots which appeal to ardent imaginations, peo-

pling them with the heroic dead of ages gone, but the beauties of nature and of art, actually displayed before his eyes, held him in their spell as strongly as they ever held painter or poet. The grandeur or the loveliness of a landscape, the exquisite proportions of a building, the varied attractions of a garden, had power to move him almost to intoxication. So rapt would become his countenance, so oblivious would he be to the flight of time, as he contemplated the objects of his admiration, that less enthusiastic souls often wondered if he were not demented.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE BARBARY PIRATES

One of Mr. Jefferson's reasons for going to London was that the ambassador of Tripoli was there ready to negotiate with the United States in reference to certain Americans who had been captured on the sea and carried into Mohammedan bondage.

For Tripoli was a "Barbary pirate" state, which still kept up, on a limited scale, the hoary feud between Cross and Crescent. Christian nations had long since lost their crusading habit, and wars were not being waged any more because of difference of creed. Christians who spent so much of their time fighting fellow Christians were not disposed to harass infidel nations about articles of faith.

But the Mohammedans had not wholly abandoned their ancient ways; hence, in quarters where they were strongest, they continued to do as was done by both Cross and Crescent in the days of the crusades—they spoiled the Egyptians.

The Egyptian who fulfilled the Scripture in the

one case was the Mohammedan; in the other, he was the Christian. Lawful authority in the one case was derived from the Jewish Testament; in the other from the Arab Koran. In both cases the law and gospel is strongly against the Egyptian. Most historians contentedly describe these Mohammedans as "Barbary pirates." In the sense that the crusaders were pirates, or that Drake and Hawkins were pirates, they *were* pirates. They were not so in any other sense.

From the days of Godfrey, Bohemund, Tancred, and Richard, down to those of Don John of Austria, Christian princes had hurled themselves upon the Mussulman, doing him injury to the full extent of their power. The Mohammedan retaliated whenever he could. At the close of the eighteenth century the lineal descendant of the crusading customs, so far as the followers of Mohammed were concerned, made itself manifest in the capture, by the various "Barbary powers," of all such Christian vessels as were unable to prevent it.

To a religious world which had forgotten all about the hoary pledges to redeem the sepulcher of Christ, and which had no distinct recollection of the wholesale manner in which the Christian West had formerly despoiled the Mohammedan East, this survival of barbaric practises was most irksome and odious. It was what would be classed in historical literature as an anachronism. Therefore,

it could not be too severely condemned. "Barbary pirates" was a name quite good enough for heathen who continued to do in the eighteenth century what had been correct enough in the sixteenth, or even in the seventeenth, but which was now clearly out of date.

But the Mussulman was a great fighter, and, to keep him from continuing the crusading feud, the kings of Europe bought peace from the infidel at a stated price.

To this inglorious end had come the oaths sworn and armies marshaled to break the power of Mohammed, and redeem the grave of Christ.

Now, the infant republic of the United States, not versed in the ways of diplomacy, had paid no tribute to the "Barbary pirates." The consequences ripened early. In the spring of 1785 the American brig Betsy was pounced upon and taken to Morocco. Spain was then our friend, and Spain urgently requested the Sultan of Morocco to release the prisoners without ransom. Even pirates have their ideas of suavity and etiquette; the Sultan had no wish to affront a tribute-paying Christian like Spain. Besides, the United States was, perhaps, ignorant of the rules and had not intended to violate any of the customs of the Mediterranean. Therefore the Sultan handsomely complimented the infant republic with the liberty of the Betsy's crew. No; he would not exact money this time.

Accept these captures with the compliments of the Sultan. But hereafter——!!

This hereafter soon came. Three more crews, not knowing the law, fell into the hands of the infidels, and the three captains wailed, beseeching Mr. Jefferson to get them out.

This matter caused Mr. Jefferson a great deal of labor and annoyance. While in England he had interviews and correspondence with the Tripolitan ambassador, but the difference between the ransom demanded and the sum Mr. Jefferson was authorized to offer was so great that nothing came of the tedious, protracted negotiations.

Mr. Jefferson was profoundly dissatisfied with the relations which existed between Christian Europe and these "Barbary pirates." To behold Great Britain, France, Holland, Spain, Naples, the two Sicilies, Venice, and Portugal bargaining with Mohammedan states for peace at so much per annum was humiliating.

He believed that war—an issue of arms upon principle like that—would not only be justifiable but cheaper in the long run. Therefore, he proposed a plan by which the nuisance could be abated. Let the Christians concerned agree among themselves to furnish *pro rata* a fleet whose special mission it should be to either compel the Barbary powers to sign treaties of peace without exacting subsidies or to fight them off the seas.

Mr. Jefferson's plan was the conception of a statesman, and met with favor; but, unfortunately, Congress could not back him with the frigate which, under the terms of his program, it was the duty of the United States to furnish. So the plan did not materialize.

Turning from historians to diplomats, and contrasting the language used in the one case and in the other, we become interested, if not edified.

The Emperor of Morocco was the chief pirate of all "Barbary pirates"; and yet, when President Washington, in 1791, had occasion to send a letter to this Emperor, it was addressed "Great and magnanimous friend." It seems that the old Emperor had recently died, and that President Washington was writing to the son of the deceased—the father and son both being pirates, mind you.

Washington says to the young Emperor: "The death of the late Emperor, your father, and *our friend of glorious memory*, etc. Receive, great and good friend, my sincere sympathy with you in that loss"!

Oh, what rare pirates are these! Who wouldn't turn pirate to win such a friend as Washington, and have him pose as mourner? Let us read on: "Permit me to express the satisfaction with which I learn the accession of so worthy a successor to the imperial throne of Morocco, and offer you the homage of my sincere congratulations"!!!

Angels and ministers of grace defend us! The great George Washington holding this kind of langauage to a robber! Permit me to offer the *homage!* Congratulations that are *sincere!*

Read on: "May the days of your Majesty's life be many and glorious"!

President Washington then proceeds to hope, earnestly and somewhat humbly, that the young pirate will treat the United States as liberally as the old dead pirate had done.

And the missive winds up with an astonishing prayer that the "God whom we both adore" (we pirates) "will bless your imperial Majesty with long life, health, and success"!

Blessed pirates!

At the close of this amazing letter and astonishing prayer are signed the names of George Washington, President, and Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State!

Verily, diplomacy has ways that are peculiar and language which is queer!

And when President Washington transmitted to the Senate that treaty with Tripoli, which the Senate ratified, the introductory sentence ran in these words:

"As the Government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion," etc.

This to soothe the Mohammedan pirate and to keep his price within the bounds of moderation!

In view of such facts as these it might be well for historical authors to discard the title of "Barbary pirates," and to put upon Washington's great friend, of "glorious memory," a name which would reflect greater credit—upon Washington.

As well as another could Washington resort to the wiles of diplomacy when occasion demanded. Hence, he could court the Mussulman with meaningless blandishments, and bide the time when the sword could cut this particularly difficult knot.

During his second administration, Washington believed that his country was strong enough to defy the Barbary powers, and he called upon Congress for half a dozen modest little battle-ships, to be used in the Mediterranean. After the usual lengthened debate, Congress did finally vote the vessels.

Nothing further was done until Jefferson himself was President. We shall then see how this most tenacious of men carried out his original plan of bringing the Mussulman to realize that the crusades were over.

This recommendation which Washington made in his message was based upon the report which Mr. Jefferson, as Secretary of State, had made to Congress.

That body having applied to him in the matter of the navy, he advised the building of a sufficient

number of vessels to protect our commerce in the Mediterranean. On account of suggestions like those he made in Paris and during his secretaryship, John Adams called Jefferson the father of the American navy.

CHAPTER XXVII

HIS SERVICES ABROAD

WHAT did Mr. Jefferson do for his country while minister to France?

To answer fully would certainly be tedious and would probably be useless. Whale-oil, salted fish, tobacco, rice, and salted pork are important items in commerce, having much to do with the balance of trade and the prosperity of individuals and of nations; but when the reader is assured that Mr. Jefferson struggled long, hard, and with partial success to prevail upon France to be lenient with us upon those subjects, he has perhaps learned as much as he cares to know.

The grip of the protectionist, the monopolist, was almost irresistible on the France of that day, as it is on America now, and Mr. Jefferson's task was well-nigh hopeless. Yet, by great perseverance and the bringing to bear of the pressure of Lafayette and other personal friends, he did manage to loosen the iron bands a little. Whale-oil and salt fish from New England began to have better treatment, so did rice from the South. For tobacco he was not able to do so much, that article of commerce being in the control of the Farmers-General,

a corporation which held France by the throat. The sum and substance of it all was that Mr. Jefferson succeeded in getting the United States treated as the most-favored nation. France not only yielded to him better trade relations than she had ever conceded to Dr. Franklin, but she agreed to put her consular arrangements with us on a far more satisfactory basis than Dr. Franklin had agreed to accept.

In short, Mr. Jefferson accomplished no marvels, but he did everything that was possible.

Besides his public duties, he was kept busy attending to various other matters which one of our national representatives at a foreign court would now disdain. Mr. Choate, who takes care of our dignity at the Court of St. James, would probably refuse to buy lamps for an American friend, as Mr. Jefferson cheerfully did for Richard Henry Lee; and Mr. Charlemagne Tower, who emphasizes and illustrates our national majesty at Berlin, would hardly make the rounds of the jewelers' shops to select a pair of spectacles for an acquaintance, as Mr. Jefferson did for Bellini.

Things were different then; and Thomas Jefferson was often seen under conditions not more impressive than Chief-Justice John Marshall's when he selected cabbages in the Richmond market, and walked home bearing a plebeian burden of chickens and eggs, ham and sausages.

Fancy a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States going along the streets, from the market, holding a bunch of squalling chickens in his hand *now*, will you?

Wasting no thought on his dignity, Thomas Jefferson was happy in attending to the wants of his old friends. He would ransack the bookstores to get rare volumes for George Wythe and James Monroe and James Madison; for some other correspondent he would buy a new tongue for the harpsichord; to another he would send a case of wine; and he went to a great deal of trouble to procure for Mr. Madison the best watch that could be made.

The State of Virginia wished to have a marble bust of Washington, and Mr. Jefferson selected the sculptor (Houdon), made the contract, and conducted the correspondence with all the parties concerned. A new State-house was being built in Richmond; it delighted the minister to furnish plans and specifications, copied from a Roman remain which fascinated this amateur architect.

In the course of a friendly discussion with Buffon, the French naturalist, as to the respective sizes of animals in Europe and America, Mr. Jefferson resolved to bring forward, as proof of his theory, the skeleton of a moose. He wrote to General John Sullivan, of Maine, to get him the skin and skeleton of a moose and to ship it to France.

General Sullivan sallied forth on a winter cam-

paign, accompanied by a troop of hunters, marched through the snow, found a herd, killed a moose, cut a road twenty miles through the wilderness, and had the carcass dragged home by hand. Having got the animal to his home, General Sullivan had to take off the skin, clean the bones, pack the parts wanted, etc.

In due time Mr. Jefferson got the argument he needed for the convincing of Buffon. He also got a bill of expenses which amounted to two hundred and twenty dollars. The Count de Buffon handsomely confessed himself conquered.

All Americans who happened to need help of any kind learned the way to Mr. Jefferson's house in Paris.

Lion-hearted Paul Jones, seeking justice from Denmark, which had given up to England certain prizes won from the Mistress of the Seas by the dauntless Jones, appealed to Jefferson, not in vain.

Ledyard, the Connecticut traveler, found in our minister a friend who sympathized with him. From Mr. Jefferson he obtained money and the introduction to people of influence.

He zealously aided all Americans who were in distress—those who were prisoners in the hands of the "Barbary pirates," those who were in trouble because of violations of French maritime regulations, and those who were simply short of money.

He kept American colleges informed on the sub-

jects of scientific discovery and speculation, curious books, and learned theories. Agricultural societies he supplied with new seeds, plants, nuts, and valuable suggestions. The heavy upland rice which became such a blessing to Georgia and South Carolina was grown from seed which he brought away from Italy in his overcoat pocket. The glorious protective principle made it a crime to export the rough rice from its native home, and Thomas Jefferson, in the interests of humanity, became a smuggler. The world his country, to do good his religion, he, like Thomas Paine, carried hi[redacted]olence wherever he went; and, just as we find him making efforts to confer benefits upon Americans, we see him doing the same thing for Europe. The pecannut is one of our great natural sources of wealth —a fact that we, even at this day, are only beginning to realize. Mr. Jefferson appreciated it more than a hundred years ago, and he introduced it into France, James Madison sending him the nuts. He was interested in all sorts of useful inventions, and his correspondents at home were kept informed of whatever he learned. From Herschel's discovery of double stars to Watt's success with the steam-engine, from the new French theory about the rainbow to the screw-propeller which a Parisian had just invented, he was on the alert, quick to investigate and to report results to his friends across the water.

James Bruce, the celebrated traveler, explored Africa in search of the sources of the Nile, escaping dangers of every description—fever, drowning, starvation, attack of wild man and wild beast, poisonous serpent and ravenous crocodile—to come home at last and meet death in a tumble down the steps of his own house.

Something like the irony of this fate befell Mr. Jefferson. While casually strolling with a friend one day near Paris, this athlete, who could master the spirited horse and the frail boat and escape unharmed from a headlong gallop down his mountain, or from a daring venture across the swollen current of a mountain stream, fell to the ground and broke his wrist. [illegible] his motion [illegible]

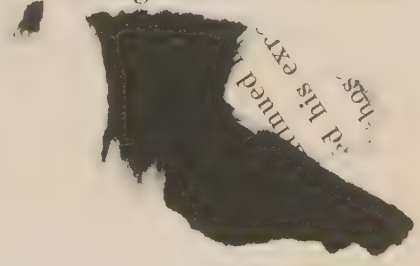
[illegible]s, drank water [illegible]cal, he grasped the wounded [illegible] benefit therefrom, [illegible]ft, made no sign, and continued [illegible] control [illegible] his [illegible] conversation. That evening he made the usual entries in those account-books, using the left hand. But the injury was serious. It gave him great pain, and he never recovered the full use of the hand. Thus writing became very laborious to him, and much of it from that time was done with his left hand.

Mr. Jefferson states that he continued his violin practise up to the breaking out of the Revolution. His biographer Henry S. Randall thinks he did not entirely quit fiddling until this fracture of his wrist.

In spite of Mr. Jefferson's positive statement that he "never took up" his violin after the Revolution broke out, Mr. Randall carries him on to the accident in France, but positively puts an end to it *then*. In defiance of both Jefferson and Randall, Mr. William Eleroy Curtis keeps Jefferson fiddling with his stiff wrist all through his term of Secretary of State, and holds him to it even while he is President.

A most remarkable composer of *true* biographies is Mr. Curtis, to be sure!

Perhaps it was while Jefferson was benev[illegible]th a stiff wrist that he made the reputation which Mr. Curtis said he had—of being the sorriest fiddler in Virginia.



CHAPTER XXVIII

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

THE learned Parisian doctors advised the sufferer to drink the waters of Aix. Mr. Jefferson was himself something of a surgeon—could set a broken limb and tie up an artery—and we can not but think he wished to travel for the sake of traveling, else he would not have gone to such a distance to drink water for a bruised wrist.

When [illegible]ve, he set forth upon his trav[illegible]at Aix for a while, derived no [illegible]and resumed his light wines [illegible]rney. The diary in which he [illegible]rience indicates that he was not [illegible]o go about merely to look at houses and trees, rivers and mountains. He studied the people. He wanted to know how they lived, what kind of food they ate, and beds they slept on; what sort of work was done, and what wages were paid. He entered their homes, lolled upon their cots, peeped into their pots, pried with tongue and spied with eye, in the most practical, prosaic, uncomfortable manner.

Delighted with his success, he wrote to Lafay-

ette that if he really wished to know the condition of his own people, he, the marquis, must do what he, the American minister, was then doing—he must go into the huts of the poor, and see for himself just how they lived.

That the French peasantry were wretchedly poor, degraded, squalid, and ignorant to a shameful degree is true—a truth which is disagreeable to the system of king rule and priest rule which had so long held them in absolute subjection. Mr. Jefferson's opinion was that nineteen million of the twenty million citizens of France were in a worse condition than the most abject victims of poverty in America.[1]

His sympathy with the downtrodden nineteen millions was profound; his indignation against the one million oppressives was hot and bitter.

No words were strong enough to condemn the heartless rulers who had enslaved and brutalized the masses in order that the privileged few might revel in riches beyond the limits of healthy, rational desire.

To Washington, Monroe, and others he wrote in most contemptuous terms of the besotted kings, the reckless, selfish nobles, the cruel inequalities and injustice of the Old World system; but his tone is always that of a statesman deepened in convictions which he had long held.

[1] Yet he notes that he had never seen a drunken man in France.

His repeated cry is: "If you want to fully appreciate the blessings of our democracy, come over here and see what the other thing is! Come and gaze upon these swinish Kings, these Queens who madly gamble; these nobles who shirk every duty, plunder the taxpayers, and live riotously on the spoils; these priests who are as greedy as the peers and as corrupt! Come and gaze upon the toilers of the land, those who feed and clothe and serve their masters, living in huts not fit for horse or cow, keeping body and soul together on food not good enough for a decent dog! Look at their rags, their starved faces and forms! Their minds are blank; they have had no schools. Ignorant, superstitious, well-nigh bestial, they have lost all conception of government, and their religion is a meaningless form. To them, the state means a master they must pay, or be damned here on earth; the Church is a master they must pay, or be damned in hell hereafter. Behold in France the ripened harvest of the system! A dull, coarse-mannered King, whose rapture is to slaughter tame birds and deer; a Queen who is frivolous, headstrong, haughty, and devoted to gambling; a nobility which is rotten to the very core; a Church which crucifies its Saviour every day in the week; a peasantry which has never known a kind word or deed from those who are its self-constituted shepherds—a peasantry which has never known its masters

save in the taxes which plundered and the discriminations which, heavy as a yoke, cut like a lash!"

Washington, pleasantly engaged in rehabilitating Mount Vernon, could not realize what Jefferson witnessed in France. For this reason, as well as others, he could never sympathize with the French Revolution.

In all the earlier stages of that mighty movement Mr. Jefferson was as openly a friend of the reformers as his position allowed.

His mansion was common ground upon which the reform leaders could meet to adjust their differences, and they sometimes embarrassed him by the freedom with which they used it.

The French ministers to whom Jefferson made explanation not only took no offense, but, in effect, expressed the hope that these reformers might continue to have the benefit of Jefferson's wise, conservative advice.

That he was conservative is shown by the plan of compromise between the King and the liberal nobles which he suggested. Let the monarch come forward with a charter in which he should grant liberty of the person, of the conscience, and of the press; trial by jury; a representative legislature, to meet annually and control taxation; and a ministry responsible to the people.

Unfortunately, the King was controlled by a

party which refused concession, while the reformers were dominated by a faction which demanded more than Jefferson outlined. No compromise could be made, and the Revolution rolled on.

Having seen for himself the miserable condition of the French peasantry, the interest with which Mr. Jefferson regarded the opening scenes of the Revolution may be imagined.

He saw the notables called together, the high heads of Church and State. He saw them cling to their privileges, refusing to yield anything. They were prosperous, they considered the system a glorious system. It had been good enough for their fathers; it was good enough for them. Surrender their privileges! Give up feudal dues! Tax themselves! Grant relief to the peasants! Never in the world!

The high heads go as they came, very high, indeed.

But something must be done. The King needs money. And the people, so it is said, are on the point of starvation. The States-General is called, and Mr. Jefferson attends the opening scene. He witnesses the preliminary struggle over the question of one general assembly, where each deputy shall have one vote, or three separate assemblies, where any one chamber can veto the action of the others. A vital issue, for the assembly of the nobles would veto the acts of the commons, even if

the assembly of the higher clergy did not. Mr. Jefferson is there when the royal sitting is held, and when the King in person commands the deputies to separate into three houses; there when deputies remain after the King has gone; there when Mirabeau thunders his famous refusal to get out.

He is deep in the counsels of the reformers all along here. King-bearding is a pastime he is fond of; he has bearded a King before. Tradition says that it was he who advised the commons to declare themselves the assembly, leaving it to the other two classes to say whether they would join or not.[1]

He is present at the very first collision between the people and the troops; he is there when the Bastile is stormed; there when the gory head of poor old De Launay—from the end of a pike—stares upon the wild multitudes of Paris. Mr. Jefferson is in Paris when the King is brought from Versailles to have the badge of Revolution pinned in his coat and its watchwords practised on his lips. He is there on that memorable night in August when feudalism is offered up, a burnt offering, to appease the wrath of gods and men. Sages take their places to write a Constitution for the new France, and they invite Mr. Jefferson to be present and to help—an invitation which flatters, but which must be declined. All the time that he is heart and

[1] The British ambassador to France, the Duke of Dorset, wrote that Jefferson gave the advice here alluded to.

soul with the reformers he urges them not to attempt too much *now*. Leave something to time. By demanding too much, you may lose all. Go slow.

They all respect him, confide in him, look up to him. Around him is the halo of the success of the American Revolution. He is an authority—a soldier in the sacred cause of civil liberty, whose laurels are still fresh.

Barnave, who was not afraid to cross swords even with Mirabeau, is to be seen at Jefferson's table; also De Lameth; also Duport; also Mounier. We know that Jefferson was familiar with such men as Montmorin and Necker, such women as Madame Houditot, De Tesse, and Necker's brilliant daughter; but did he know the angular, sharp-faced member from Arcis—Robespierre? Did he ever chance to discuss science with Dr. Jean Paul Marat? Did he ever hear thundering at the Palais-Royal the burly Danton?

We know what he thought of the oratory of Mirabeau—life is bountiful when it permits the same man to hear both Patrick Henry and Mirabeau. We know that he was acquainted with the Girondin Condorcet, and that he gave to Brissot, another Girondin, a letter of introduction to Madison; but did he ever meet the lofty-minded patriot Louvet, a third Girondin, whose book of Chevalier Faublas (so detested by Thomas Carlyle) deals

largely with the adventures of the Count Pulaski, who gave his life for us at Savannah?

Among the young nobles whom he met in his social rounds, did he happen to know the gallant Viscount Beauharnais, and the gay wife of the same—sweet-faced, soft-voiced, artfully artless Josephine?

The Abbé Raynal was a *savant* of some reputation. Did he ever see the American minister, and if so, did he introduce his *protégé*, Lieutenant Napoleon Bonaparte?

Questions like these naturally occur to the mind, but they can not be answered. Owing to the bungling work of a crude letter-press, all of Mr. Jefferson's letters, at the most interesting period of his stay in France, are unreadable.

CHAPTER XXIX

RETURN TO MONTICELLO

Mr. Jefferson, upon his arrival in Paris, had placed his daughter Martha in a convent school. The other two he left in Virginia with their aunt, Mrs. Eppes. The youngest, Lucy, died soon after her father reached France, being about two years old at the time. In 1787 Mary Jefferson joined her father and her sister in Paris, and was also placed in the convent school. Martha is described as being tall and elegant, with a calm, sweet face, stamped with thought and earnestness. She was modest; she was both gentle and genial; and she possessed fine natural talents, which she was faithful in her efforts to improve. Her temper was sunny; extremes were unknown to her; the elevation of her father never elated her unduly; and the misfortunes which came upon him, and upon her, could not break her spirit. "The noblest woman in Virginia!" So said John Randolph, of Roanoke, who did not love her for her father's sake.

Mary Jefferson is said to have been beautiful in form and face, like her mother. "A finer child of

her age I never saw," wrote Mrs. John Adams, who kept the girl a while in London till Mr. Jefferson could send for her. "She was the favorite of every one in the house." She was one of those impulsive, warm, and clinging children whose throne is a father's knee, and who must run to him with every beautiful flower it has found, every beautiful picture it sees in the books; one who must rush to his arms for consolation, when its little griefs come, and weep its way to comfort on his breast.

Mr. Jefferson had been enjoying the freedom and advantages of his position so much that he came near making a grave mistake with his oldest daughter. He forgot how long she had been at the convent, until one morning in 1789 he received a note from her in which she asked his permission to become a nun.

Allowing the note to go unanswered for a day or two, he drove to the convent, had the necessary explanations with the abbess, then, telling his daughters that he had come to take them away from school, he drove off with them to his home.

Engaging special masters, the education of the young ladies was continued, special attention being given to their music and dancing. Each of them spoke French almost as fluently as they did their mother tongue.

When Mr. Randall stated that, after coming from the convent, Martha Jefferson was introduced

into society, he probably meant no more than he said, viz., that she began to meet her father's friends socially, receiving and paying visits in Mr. Jefferson's quiet way. Mr. Randall could not have meant that Martha had not been in society previous to that time, for the letters he prints show that so early as 1787 she accompanied her father on his social rounds.

Resolved into its real elements, the episode becomes simple enough. The American minister puts his daughter in charge of the abbess of a convent, to be educated. Sanctimoniously environed, the impressionable girl becomes sanctimonious, inclining to nunnery. The mother superior herself, no doubt, required that the minor child consult her father before committing herself. At any rate, the suggestion comes to Mr. Jefferson in a frank, open way. He acts the gentlemen with the abbess, for he goes to her before seeing his daughter. He acts the kind-hearted parent with the child, for he utters no word of reproof. He asserts his rights as parent, for he takes his girls home. And he acts the man of the world, for he gives them other teachers, and throws them with people who are not so sanctimonious.

That is all there is of it—until Mr. William Eleroy Curtis gets hold of the incident, and *then* occurrences befall!

He makes Martha's letter to her father a "tear-

ful entreaty." No tear-splotches were in the missive till Mr. Curtis took possession. Furthermore, he makes Jefferson a boor, who sends for his children, without a previous interview with, or a message to, the abbess.

Then, having unceremoniously affronted the abbess by sending for the girls, he leaves off educating Martha, and immediately plunges her "into the brilliant scenes of the court of Louis XVI, where she soon forgot"—and so forth!

The scenes of the court of poor Louis XVI were not so very brilliant in the year 1789, when the Jefferson girls were taken from school; and there is no evidence that either of them was ever introduced into the "court scenes" at all. If a Virginia girl of the peculiarly noble type of Martha Jefferson *had* been thrust immediately into the stifling atmosphere of that court, with its Polignacs, its D'Artois, its gambling Queen and tipsy King—this brothel, as the Queen's own brother called it—the probability is that the convent would have gained immensely by contrast and the diplomatic parent would have realized that he had overreached himself.

. . . . . .

In the spring of 1788, Mr. Jefferson went to Amsterdam to concert with Mr. Adams some plan to satisfy the hungry creditors of the United States.

Traveling in his own carriage, using post-horses, he passed through Valenciennes, Brussels, Antwerp, Rotterdam, and The Hague. Mr. Adams joined him here, and they proceeded in company to Amsterdam, where they got rid of the old debts by the comparatively familiar device of making a new one. Mr. Adams having executed bonds to the amount of a million florins, subject to the approval of Congress, the ministers separated, and Mr. Jefferson extended his journey up the Rhine, visiting Cologne, Frankfort, Heidelberg, Mannheim, Carlsruhe, and Strasburg. He returned to Paris by way of the Marne.

. . . . . .

At the time Mr. Jefferson accepted the diplomatic mission he had supposed that his absence from home would not be long. Two years was the length of his term of office. But when Congress nominated him to the position made vacant by Dr. Franklin, his stay had prolonged itself into five years.

It was important that he should return home for at least a few months. His private business required it, his family affairs required it.

Not till August, 1789, did he receive notice of the desired leave of absence, and it was November, 1789, when he and his daughters reached Norfolk. They journeyed toward home leisurely, for it was

not till Christmas was almost upon them that they reached Monticello.

In Richmond, where the Legislature was in session, his loyal friend Edmund Randolph met him at the head of a deputation from the House, to welcome him home, and present congratulatory resolutions.[1] Making suitable reply, Mr. Jefferson continued his journey till he reached the home of Mr. Eppes, his brother-in-law, where he spent some days.

As his carriage at length drew near Monticello, two days before Christmas, everybody on the place came streaming down the road to meet him.

The negroes were in a state of excitement, which grew as they waited; and when at length they caught sight of his carriage they broke into shouts of welcome. They whooped, they laughed, they cried—they couldn't keep hands off. They must take hold of something, somewhere! Traces were undone, horses taken out, stout slaves caught hold, and, in spite of all the master could do, the negroes rushed uphill with the carriage, some pulling in front, some pushing behind, some keeping at the wheels till the level ground was reached at the top and old master was at home again!

The door was plucked open, and Mr. Jefferson was caught up in strong arms and "toted" into the

[1] Conway says it was Randolph, Parton says it was Patrick Henry who was the mover of this ovation.

house in the midst of a delirium of enthusiastic joy, which passed from the kissing of his hands to the kissing of his feet.

Bright shone the lights at Monticello that night, and late was the hour, no doubt, when the sounds of gladness died away and sleep enwrapped the place—"big house," quarters, and all. And after everybody else had gone to bed, and every other candle was out, we have not the slightest doubt that the home-coming statesman softly opened the secret drawer in the private cabinet, touched reverently the souvenirs of the dead wife, who had always greeted his returns before, and, in the loneliness of the house where all but he slumbered, the old "wounds, which have bled enough," opened again and bled once more.

CHAPTER XXX

DEMOCRACY IN VIRGINIA

NOBODY cares much to know where the average river rises; it is a matter of no particular consequence, and makes no appeal to the imagination. But when one looks upon the fountains from which the Danube flows, when one gazes down into the feeble beginnings of the Nile, the Amazon, or the Mississippi, the feeling must be altogether different. So it is with the various governments of the world. The origin of the average establishment awakes no especial curiosity, challenges no especial investigation; but when we come to deal with such a republic as that which our fathers built, so novel and so great, the remote sources whence it drew the blood and breath of life become intensely interesting.

Whose was the original idea, whose the plan? Who first unfurled its standards and fought its early battles? Whence came the form of our republic, and whence the spirit?

The Puritan says: "It was I who led the way,

planted the principle, developed the idea, gave it strength and shape, caused its triumph. Plymouth Rock is the corner-stone of American democracy."

The Cavalier says: "It was I who ventured first, suffered most, accomplished most. My footing here was permanent and secure before the Puritan was seen. I had planted trial by jury, representative government, and local sovereignty before New England ever heard of a Pilgrim Father. Sword in hand, I had wrested the charter of my liberties from Great Britain a hundred years before the Stamp Act was heard of; and I was practising the leading principles of democracy while the Puritan was hunting for witches, offering large rewards for Indian scalps, selling King Philip's son into slavery, torturing children to get evidence against parents, persecuting to the death anybody who was not a Puritan, denying the right of citizenship to all who were not Puritans, and straining every nerve to establish the most repulsive theocracy the world ever knew."

Such are the contending claims of Puritan and Cavalier. They clash at all points. But the Puritan was quickest with his pen. He wrote the story to suit himself. The Pilgrim Father's sketch was worded by his son, and its modesty is not its striking feature.

When the three ships of December 19, 1606, dropped down the Thames on their way to the sea,

on their way to the New World, they flew at their mastheads the flags of a new civilization, a new empire.

The Discovery, the Goodspeed, the Susan Constant, with the charter of King James the First, sail away from the old home and steer for the Western World. They plant the Christian religion at Jamestown, establish trial by jury, and John Smith is the first man in the New World to be tried by his peers, and to have his heart leap at the blessed words "Not guilty."

No King, no Parliament, aids these heroic adventurers in their struggle for existence in Virginia. When swamps are cleared away, they do the work; when savages assail, they do the fighting. King James has graciously given them a piece of paper, that is all. Theirs the risk, the danger, the toil, the misery, the pain of hunger and disease. Theirs the glory of the victory. By sheer force of character, hardihood, and courage, "the soldier ruler," John Smith, beats down every obstacle, asserts his dominion over the white men of his little colony and the red men of the wilderness, until the settlement of Virginia, its conquest to Anglo-Saxon civilization, is no longer a question of doubt.

"He that will not work shall not eat!"

Admirable John Smith! Red-headed, red-whiskered, short but stout apostle of American democ-

racy! Who ever founded a republic upon a nobler principle? It is the "golden rule" of democracy.

The Cavaliers murmured, but they obeyed. Soon it was remarked that the half of the colonists who were classed as "gentlemen" excelled the other half in manual labor.

In the year 1612 began a further progress in republican institutions. Royal permission was given to the London Company, which controlled Virginia, to sit once a week in London and to hold four General Courts in the year for the consideration of the colonial affairs.

Here was the creation of a democratic society in the very citadel of monarchy!

The Company had authority to make laws for Virginia, provided such laws were not contrary to those of Great Britain. What room for debate!

We are not surprised when we read that the meetings were thronged and their discussions tumultuous. No wonder that the ambassador of Spain should tell King James that the Virginia courts were but a seminary to a seditious Parliament!

In Spain, the ambassador could witness, almost any month in the year, the burning at the stake of some poor wretch who had ventured to think for himself on questions which kings and priests had declared were settled.

In London, owing to the King's own lack of fore-

sight, leading citizens were hotly debating the fundamental bases of government. "Shall the will of the people control in the making of a law, or shall it be the pleasure of the King?"

But for that new charter, the mere discussion of the question would smell rankly of treason.

In the debate, victory was won by the popular party; Virginia was to have the essentials of free government.

In the year 1619 (no Pilgrim Fathers yet in sight!) every free man in Virginia who chose to vote did so, and thus chose a representative to the General Assembly at Jamestown, which began to make laws for the people.

Here was the cradle of American democracy!

In this first of representative assemblies held by white men on this continent demand was made for home rule, and two years later that demand was expressly conceded. No orders of the London Company were to be binding on the colony "unless they be ratified by the General Assemblies" of the colony.

This paper bears date 24th July, 1621. What charter of free government in America antedates it?

When Cromwell overturned royalty in England, the Cavaliers of Virginia, loyal to Church and King, remained steadfast. With arms in their hands, they treated for peace with Cromwell's commission-

ers. A formal compact was agreed to, put in writing, and signed. The eighth article of that treaty reads:

"Virginia shall be free from all taxes, customs, and impositions *whatsoever!*" "None shall be imposed without the consent of the Grand Assembly" (of Virginia), "and neither forts nor castles shall be erected nor garrisons maintained without their consent."

Here was local independence! Freedom from taxation, freedom of trade, freedom from English troops and forts, home rule through their own representatives!

Is it any marvel that, after Cromwell's time, the minions of a restored and shameless King should attempt to encroach upon the liberties which Cromwell had sanctioned, and that "Great Rebellion" should be the measure of Virginia's resistance?

Young Nathaniel Bacon, land-owning Cavalier, was just as true a patriot when he led the embattled Virginians in 1676 as young George Washington, land-owning Cavalier, was when he led them in 1776. Home rule, civil liberty, just laws, and good government were just as much at the bottom of the quarrel in the one case as in the other.

CHAPTER XXXI

BEGINNINGS OF THE REPUBLIC

We have already seen how this independent spirit flamed up again in 1764 and 1765, when Nathaniel Bacons all over Virginia left their farms to maintain their rights. We have heard the orator talk and seen the soldier arm. We have learned that in all the colonies the feeling was practically the same, and that nothing was needed but leadership and organization to weld separate committees into a confederation.

We have seen the younger Virginians holding their private meetings, apart from the more conservative members of the Legislature; we have seen them agree upon the Committee of Correspondence, whose mission it will be to knit the threads of continental union.

Whose brain originated the plan? Some claim it for Richard Henry Lee, some for Samuel Adams, some for Jefferson. It is Dabney Carr who came forward to proclaim it, and to advocate it so convincingly that no opposition is heard.

We have seen the first Congress meet and separate, having done little more than establish the

vital fact that the Continental Congress was something more than a suggestion. It was a reality.

Other Congresses follow, and we see the beginnings of nationality. We stand at the head waters. We gaze down, down into the little parent streams with profound interest. With what artful management the colonies are kept in line, taught to keep step! With what diplomacy the front ranks are made to go slow till lagging patriots can be brought up! How careful the extremists are not to frighten the conservatives! Notice that the fiction of "your Majesty's loyal subjects" is maintained to the very last moment, and that the magic word Independence does not slip the muzzle until all the colonists are in line of battle, with George Washington in command.

Then note the earnest reaching out for supports, for outside help. See the anxiety to protect the Western flank from hostile Indians. Nobody's aid is scorned in those days. Every savage has his value. No man is tested as to his religion if he be ready to serve the cause. Baptists can preach now. Quakers are human beings now.

The Indians come to a conference at Easton, Pa. Congress selects a commission to treat with them, and Tom Paine is secretary. They carry a thousand dollars' worth of presents along, to be put where they will do the most good. The conference is held in the German Reformed church.

There is an organ in this church, which is one advantage. We will soothe the savage ear with music. If the rural organ, primitively played, does not reduce the red man to a pliable state of mind, something else must be tried. Rum! So our congressional committee brings along a supply of New England rum. Few are the Indians who can resist this New England beverage.

The organ sounds, the rum barrel is broached—we will now shake hands, and all take a drink, while the organist plays something appropriate. The official report states that "after shaking hands, drinking rum, while the organ played, we proceeded to business." Wise in their generation were our forefathers!

We have already seen how Congress first denounced Great Britain for surrendering Canada to the Catholics, and then sent influential Catholics to enlist Canada against Great Britain. In vain Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and the Rev. John Carroll explain and negotiate. The language Congress had used against the Catholic Church was too strong and too recent; the timely concessions England had made to the Church were too valuable; Canadian Catholics decided to let well enough alone. No help could be had from the North. But in another part of the sky there was a rift in the cloud. France, though bound to England by solemn treaty, was smarting from the wounds Great

Britain had given her, and hungered for revenge—yet was afraid to strike.

As accomplices in a criminal enterprise did France and the United States first begin to come together.

We have already had a glimpse of the "elderly lame man" having the "appearance of an old wounded French officer" who mysteriously hung around Philadelphia in November, 1775, dropping vague hints and dim notifications that he had come in behalf of the King of France.

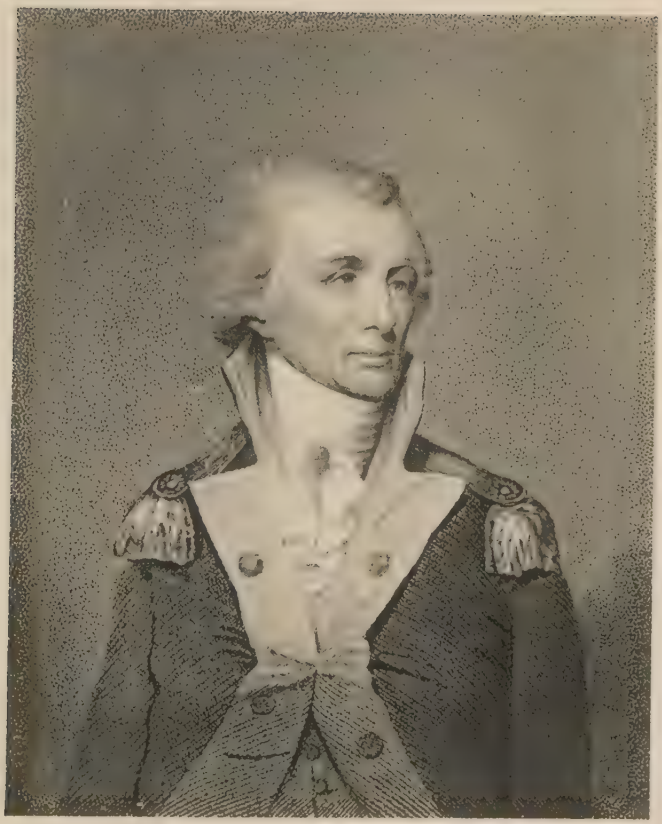
Confronted by a committee, and urged to say something one could do business on, the elderly lame man drew his finger across his throat eloquently, and said:

"Gentlemen, I shall take care of my head."

This was De Bonvouloir, a very respectable scion of the French nobility. He had come at the instance of his Government, yet so violative of treaty was it for him to be there, that he knew full well that his King would repudiate him if things went wrong, and that his poor old head might pay the forfeit which would, in that event, appease the just wrath of Great Britain.

Writing home about his conferences with members of the Continental Congress, Bonvouloir states:

"Each comes to the place indicated in the dark, by different roads."



THOMAS SUMTER.

Verily, one's brain evolves reflections when one stands at the fountainhead of national greatness. That was, in truth, the commencement of the French alliance upon which our success was founded.

Silas Deane goes to France, and the important portions of his letters to his home Government are written in invisible ink.

Explaining to John Jay how to read Deane's letters, Beaumarchais writes:

"You will use a certain liquid (that Mr. Deane told me you had) upon the margin of the printed sheets so as to make legible what Mr. Deane has wrote. Should it not have its proper effect, which I am afraid of, as the letters were put into a tin box *in a barrel of rum*, which has eat through, and I am afraid has damaged them, the inclosed letter is of the same contents."

Think of the correspondence between France and America going by way of a tin box hid in a barrel of rum!

Vergennes, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, not daring to openly show his hand, gives from the French treasury a million francs ($200,000) to the struggling colonies, but does it on the sly, covering up the transaction so that his go-between, Beaumarchais, seems to be simply a merchant selling goods to the Americans. So well, indeed, is the matter concealed that, after the

death of Vergennes, Beaumarchais attempts to compel the United States to pay *him* the million which had been donated. It was not till 1794 that Gouverneur Morris, our then minister to France, was able to find the receipt which Beaumarchais gave to the French treasury for the million francs.[1]

While French aid was coming to us in their roundabout way, Tom Paine published a statement in Philadelphia which let the secret out, and the French minister, Gerard, made such an outcry about it that Congress had to denounce it as false. Paine's indiscretion was so palpable that efforts were made to dismiss him from his post as Foreign Secretary. To relieve Congress as well as himself, he resigned.[2]

Dr. Franklin goes abroad to make friends for the colonies. At first he is a mere private citizen, living modestly at Passy, on the outskirts of Paris. He cultivates everybody, and waits. Agreeable to the women as well as the men, to philosophers and politicians, to Masons and to Catholics, to atheists and to Calvinists, to financiers and to literary men—all are fish for his net. Franklin soon becomes the fashion, the rage; and the French alliance begins to walk on its own feet.

[1] Three million francs were advanced, in all, previous to the treaty of 1778.

[2] Mr. Pellew, in his John Jay, states that Paine then became a paid writer for France. Gerard offered him such employment, but Mr. M. D. Conway declares that Paine never took a cent of Gerard's money.

A careless man with his papers and his accounts is the good Dr. Franklin. When he returns to America and faces a congressional committee he is found to be half a million dollars short.

"How about this deficit, doctor?" In answer to so natural a question the good doctor says: "I was taught when a boy to read the Scriptures and attend to them, and it is there said: muzzle not the ox that treadeth out his master's grain."

Of Franklin's honesty there could be no reasonable doubt; the money had probably been used in Europe as secret-service funds are generally used.

CHAPTER XXXII

ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION

Out of the Committees of Correspondence grew the Congress, suggested by Massachusetts and brought into being by the prompt, warm-hearted action of South Carolina. Out of the Congress grew the Articles of Confederation. The principal defects of these articles were: (1) They gave the General Government no right of taxation; (2) no power to regulate commerce; (3) no power over the citizen directly; (4) no power to enforce its will; (5) no real executive.

Congress might need money and troops, but it could not directly raise either. Requisitions had to be made on the States; and when the States refused to honor the requisitions, the General Government had no power to enforce its demands. Every State could lay its duties upon commerce, and thus there could be thirteen different, antagonistic systems in operation within the Confederation. Undoubtedly this government was too weak. The central power was not a power. The thirteen sovereign, independent States had too jealously retained their own sovereignty.

Against these defects Washington had strug-

gled as best he could during the war, but with the deepest conviction that no effective government was possible until they were cured.

The central power sank into contempt after the peace. Members of Congress often stayed at home, leaving their States unrepresented. There were practically no natural revenues with which to pay off the war debts. The army dwindled to less than one hundred men. Between citizens of Pennsylvania and Connecticut there was much fighting, much property destroyed, and many lives lost. Wyoming Valley, which had been swept with fire and sword in 1778 by British, Indians, and Tories, was now laid waste again by the troops of Pennsylvania—the victims, this time, being settlers from Connecticut. The dispute was over the title to the land.

New Jersey and Connecticut were embroiled in a commercial war with New York. It had reached an acute stage, where it seemed certain that powder would soon burn and bullets fly.

Shays's Rebellion broke out in Massachusetts, and while it amounted to nothing and was soon put down without bloodshed, it did not strengthen the government which survived it, as most rebellions do.

People who wanted a stronger government made immense capital out of Shays's poor little disturbance, and it rings with distressing loudness in

Federalist histories till this day—the writers drawing lessons from it directly opposite to those drawn from the Whisky Rebellion in Pennsylvania *after* the Federalists had got what they wanted.

Delegates to adjust commercial differences between Virginia and Maryland, growing out of navigation of the Potomac, meet in Alexandria, and Washington is there. The delegates go to Mount Vernon, and conferences with Washington take place. Another commercial meeting is called on a larger scale, and now James Madison, Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, and Edmund Randolph become active. The Annapolis Convention takes good care not to regulate the commerce which needed regulation, and the scope of the movement is skilfully broadened until it becomes a constitutional convention, to meet at Philadelphia to amend the Articles of Confederation.

The manner in which this apparently local and unimportant commercial movement was nursed and fed and *disguised*, until it became a national convention, determined upon the creation of an entirely new government, is a wonderful instance of political *finesse* and management. A few able, expert, long-headed gentlemen recognize the necessity for a strong government, in which the democratic features shall be subordinate. They know that the least exposure of their scheme means death to it. They keep the real purpose hidden from

sight. Just as the fiction of loyalty to the King had been kept up until it was perfectly safe to ring the Liberty Bell, so now the subterfuge of regulating commerce was used as a screen for the constitutional convention.

. . . . . .

Tazewell Hall, sitting on its green terrace at Williamsburg, was a fair specimen of the old-fashioned home in Virginia—the house of scholarly, hospitable John Randolph, royal attorney-general of the colony during the time of Lord Dunmore.

This was one of the centers of fashionable life. Crown officers were at ease here; and whatever lord or lady from the mother country happened to visit Williamsburg was sure to be entertained at Tazewell Hall.

Here also were seen in familiar social intercourse with the Randolphs and with each other such men as Washington, Page, Lee, Nelson, Wythe, Pendleton Harrison, Tucker, and Jefferson. Many a time the large barn-like but most comfortable old mansion was filled with music as the King's attorney bent lovingly over that celebrated Cremona violin and played a duet with the freckle-faced lord of Monticello. Many a time Lord Dunmore, guiltless as yet of burning Virginia towns and attempts at negro insurrections, chatted

contentedly here with councilors, lawyers, farmers, and Murray relatives from Scotland. Through these large rooms sounded footsteps which yet echo in the corridors of time; within them were heard voices which history shall ever hear. The only son of the house, a beautiful, dark-eyed, manly boy, listened so well to what Patrick Henry said, to what the Lees and Jefferson and Washington said, that when his father followed the fortunes of Dunmore, and exiled himself to London, he, Edmund Randolph, cast his lot with the patriots, and sought service on Washington's staff.

Only twenty-two at this time, he seems to have been almost as mature as Alexander Hamilton. To him fell the duty of entertaining Washington's guests, doing the honors of the house. To him was assigned the care of Washington's private affairs, his complicated interests in Virginia.

When the illustrious Peyton Randolph died (1775) his mantle seems to have fallen upon his brilliant nephew; and although Congress pressed office upon him, and Washington reluctantly gave him a furlough from the staff, we find the young lawyer accepting a poorly paid judicial position in Virginia, and serving in the State Convention of 1776. Having served there with Lee, Mason, Henry, Mann, Page, Madison, and Bland, on terms of equality, he became the first attorney-general of reconstructed Virginia, filling the place with con-

spicuous ability. In 1780 he was in Congress, and in 1786 he was Governor of his State.

In the preceding January he had been appointed at the head of the commission of eight which the Virginia Assembly selected to meet the commissioners of other States at Annapolis.

The ostensible business of these commissions was to regulate commerce.

There is no evidence that Edmund Randolph turned his thoughts to imports and custom-house regulations, but there is proof that he immediately began to concentrate his mind upon a new constitution.

His correspondence with Madison and Washington throws a bright light upon the inner workings of the Federalist movement.

Anxious as General Washington had been for a stronger government, he was not at all sanguine. The Annapolis meeting might possibly lead to something, and must therefore be encouraged and attended. When the Philadelphia convention was ordered he was still in doubt as to its results, and not at all confident nor inclined to commit himself by taking part in the proceedings. He had publicly declared that he was done with public life; his private business demanded his attention; besides, he had the rheumatism.

Edmund Randolph, realizing the immense importance of Washington's personal attendance at

the Philadelphia meeting, was unceasing in his efforts to remove the general's objections—to overcome his inertia.

Even Madison was not sure that Washington should identify himself with a proceeding whose results were so uncertain. He rather deprecated the urgent zeal with which Randolph insisted.

"Would it not be well," writes Madison, "for him" (Washington) "to postpone his actual attendance until some judgment can be formed of the result of the meeting? It ought not to be wished by any of his friends that he should participate in an abortive proceeding."

In this correspondence, in which it is interesting to note that Randolph refers to the States as "our associated republics," it clearly appears that Washington's attendance upon the Philadelphia convention was due, more than to any other man, to the influence and the insistence of the Governor of Virginia, Edmund Randolph.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE CONSTITUTION

Two of the youngest members of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 went there with ready-made constitutions in their pockets. Alexander Hamilton carried one, Edmund Randolph the other.

Hamilton's plan was so frankly aristocratic and monarchical, in body and soul, that it was incontinently cast aside.

Randolph's plan was in form republican, in spirit far from democratic.

The sittings of the convention began May 25, 1787. There were fifty-five delegates. Some of these were not present during the first few weeks of the session. Ten other delegates who had been elected did not attend at all.

Benjamin Franklin, aged eighty-one, was the oldest member of the convention; the youngest was Jonathan Dayton, of New Jersey, aged twenty-six. Alexander Hamilton was thirty; James Madison thirty-six.

General Washington was president of the convention, and the work which quiet, studious,

learned, and industrious James Madison performed fairly entitled him to the proud name he afterward bore, "the Father of the Constitution."

Three great compromises had to be made before a new government could be established.

(1) The Connecticut compromise gave equality to all the States in the Senate, while preponderance was given to the larger States in the House.

(2) The slavery question, carrying a dispute between free States and slave States, was settled by allowing three-fifths of the slaves to be counted in the census, upon which was to be based representation in Congress.

(3) Between the agricultural and commercial States the fight on the tariff and the slave trade was intensely bitter; but it was finally arranged that Congress should control commerce, and the importation of slaves should cease in 1808.

By the 17th of September the great convention had completed its task—"the noblest work ever struck off at a given time by the mind and purpose of man," according to Mr. Gladstone.

When the secret convention threw open its doors, and published the result of its labors, the world saw a Constitution which was, in form, Randolph's, yet, in spirit, so wholly foreign to its author's intention and so akin to Hamilton's, that the New York statesman (who had quit and gone home) immediately ran to its support, while Randolph

stood aloof, doubtful what to do. Like George Mason, he refused to sign the new Constitution, and was classed with its opponents.

By the time the Virginia convention met, however, Randolph had decided to throw his whole weight into the scale for ratification, and George Mason was denouncing him as a Benedict Arnold.

Luther Martin, of Maryland, had quit the convention in disgust, because so much power was being given the Central Government; and he vehemently opposed the adoption of the Constitution in the Maryland convention.

Patrick Henry had at first been in favor of the movement toward a stronger government; but the astounding treaty which John Jay, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, had negotiated with Spain—a treaty in which the rights of the Southern people were traded off in exchange for commercial advantages to the North—created such a bitter feeling in the South that jealousy of the power of Congress became a passion. Southern men had fought their way to the Mississippi, suffering all the hardships, paying all the costs, asking no help from Congress or from other States. An empire of almost boundless wealth lay in the future of the domain which had thus been brought into the Union. Fort Jefferson flew our flag in the far West, the visible sign of the conquest Boone and Kenyon and Clarke had made. Even the British had respected

our rights to this western land, and had conceded it to us by the treaty of Paris.

And now by a cold spurt of the pen John Jay, aided by a secret committee in Congress and doing the work in secret, virtually proposed to haul down the flag and destroy for twenty-five years the value of the conquest. The Mississippi was to be closed to American commerce; Spain was to have absolute, exclusive control of the stream! It was this astonishing bargain between the Northern men in Congress and the Spanish minister which aroused the first outburst of sectional feeling after the war. It was this which changed Patrick Henry and so many others, and caused them to fear that in the new constitutional government the Southern States would be nothing more than tributary provinces to the North.

To Washington's overwhelming influence the success of the Philadelphia convention had been due. But the verdict of Virginia herself was yet to be rendered. Whether the new Constitution would be accepted by her was extremely doubtful. Washington put forth all his strength in favor of ratification, but did not himself attend his State convention.

The brunt of battle was borne by James Madison and Edmund Randolph. It might be altogether more accurate to say that it was borne by Edmund Randolph and James Madison.

While the Governor had refused to sign at Philadelphia, and while he had been extremely reluctant to give the new Constitution his support, he had decided to do so, and to whichever side Randolph went he was a tower of strength.

It may be that there was some defect in Edmund Randolph's character which kept him from carrying the weight of such men as George Mason and James Madison; but any one who will take the pains to study impartially the records of that epoch will be pretty sure to reach the conclusion that, in mental equipment, Edmund Randolph equaled any American of his time. There was a clear penetrativeness about his mind, a faculty for easily mastering the most complicated questions, a fertility of resource in debate, which made up a combination possessed by few of his contemporaries. When he was in his prime, he was intellectually a giant. The disgrace which fell upon him during Washington's administration withered his laurels; otherwise it is hard to account for the fact that he receives so little credit for the victory which the Federalists won over Patrick Henry in the Virginia convention of 1788.

The calmly contemptuous manner in which biographers pass by Randolph to laud Madison is first cousin to the ignorance, or the injustice, which chiseled the name of John Eager Howard so obscurely on the Cowpens battle-field monument.

Madison was great, but he was a man of the closet, a fighter with his pen. To claim him as an orator, an effective debater in a rough-and-tumble fight, a match for Patrick Henry before an excited assembly, is partizanship.

The foeman who was worthy of Henry's steel in that convention was Edmund Randolph—himself a master of fence, tried on a hundred fields.

A profound lawyer, a deep student of political questions, fresh from constitutional deliberation and discussion at Philadelphia, familiar from courthouse combats with every peculiarity of Henry's methods, a debater whose varied gifts of mind and whose splendid physical advantages captivated the ear and the eye of every listener, a politician so popular and so skilful that he had but recently given Richard Henry Lee a Waterloo in the race for governor, Randolph was precisely the man we would expect to cross swords with Henry in this great debate. Between these two, both lawyers, both orators, both men accustomed to think on their feet, both equipped with every weapon of mental warfare, we would instinctively feel that the real fight would take place.

James Madison—five and a half feet high, a thin voice, awkward manner, no flow of language, no single element of the orator in his make-up, not much accustomed to public speaking, trained rather to work with his pen and to confer with a group

around a table, holding his hat in his hand while speaking as though uncertain what to do with it, using written notes, his voice so low that the reporter often missed what he said, so slight in stature that it was not easy for all the delegates to see him, ill and feeble and absent for two days from the hall—*such* is the portrait drawn by biographers who declare that here was the man who bore off the honors in the great debate in the Virginia convention!

. . . . . .

Thomas Jefferson was abroad during this entire period, and when he learned the results of the Philadelphia convention he was alarmed and painfully disappointed. He had thought that the Articles of Confederation needed amendment, but he had not favored any such revolution as this. There was no bill of rights! No safeguards against monopoly; nothing to limit terms of office. The President seemed to be a poor edition of a Polish king, and he was not certain that the good articles in the new Constitution preponderated over the bad.

After the Constitution had been made, and after such friends as Washington, Madison, and Randolph were committed to it, he would not oppose it. He even became its advocate, but with a condition. He advised that nine States adopt it, and the other four hold off until amendments could be made curing the defects which he pointed out.

Had Virginia and New York acted in concert, this would have been done, and they came very near to acting in concert. Clinton, the Governor of New York, failed to get a letter in time—a letter mailed in Richmond in December, 1787, and which did not reach New York till March 7, 1788. Then, again, New York's reply did not reach Richmond till two days before the final vote, and lay unopened on the table in the legislative chamber while the great contest raged in another hall!

Had there been no delay, or trickery, with these letters, the two great States would have understood each other, would have acted in concert, and would have compelled amendments which even Edmund Randolph thought ought to be made.

While the American colonies had always recognized their dependence on the Crown, yet they were separate and distinct as to each other, and in local matters each had exercised acts of sovereignty.

Massachusetts, Virginia, and Georgia did not await the consent of Great Britain to wage war upon Indians. They fought when they pleased and made peace when they got ready. England never sought to curb the colonies in the exercise of this high sovereign power. The colonies made formal treaties, just as independent nations of Europe do at this time. Allegiance to the Crown was conceded, and in foreign relations England's control was admitted; but as to affairs here on this con-

tinent, self-government was claimed and exercised. The Revolution took place when it became clear to the colonies that Great Britain meant to put an end to this local self-government.

After the Declaration of Independence, and its ratification by each State, each one of the thirteen colonies most certainly considered itself a sovereign State. The only bond of union was a common cause and a common danger. Their delegations to the Congress did not bind them to a confederation any more than their Committees of Correspondence had done. Their relations one to another were nothing in the world but a hearty cooperation against a common enemy.

Virginia, for instance, not only created a republic with a written constitution (the first on record), but created a currency, ratified the treaty with France, and sent an agent to Europe to contract a loan.

By States, the Declaration was adopted in Congress; by States, it was ratified by the people. And, since the allegiance to Great Britain had been thrown off, there was absolutely no bond of union between the thirteen States. They had simply agreed to confer with each other on matters concerning the common cause, and this conference was held through delegates appointed for the purpose, and the meeting of these delegates went by the name of Congress—that was all.

At any time one or more of the States could omit to send delegates, and so drop out of the conference. It was in the conference of May, 1775, that the first "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union" were agreed on in Philadelphia.

In terms this was a confederacy, called "the United Colonies of North America."

When independence had been declared the word "Colonies" was changed to "States" by act of Congress.

This confederacy existed until July 7, 1778, when it was abolished by the communities which had made it, and which had declared that it should be perpetual.

Congress put aside the old form and adopted a new set of articles of "Confederation and Perpetual Union." Again the vote was by States in Congress, and by States on the question of ratification.

Not till 1781 did Maryland come into this new confederation. Where had she been between 1778 and 1781? What was her political status? She was no longer a colony of Great Britain. She was not a member of the new confederation. And the old confederation had been abolished. If she was not a sovereign, independent State, what was she?

Then Congress orders the convention of 1787 to revise these Articles of Confederation. A new Con-

stitution is made, in violation of instructions. These are submitted back to the States, acting as States —separately and in convention.

The new Government is to go into effect whenever ratified by nine States.

What right have nine States to break up the old Government? The right of partners to draw out of the partnership business.

Nine States do ratify—others do not.

What is the attitude of the new Government to those which have not ratified?

The old confederation is destroyed, the new Government goes on without them—those outside are independent States, just as Mexico, South America, and Canada are independent of the new Government.

When George Washington was elected President Rhode Island and North Carolina were not in the Union. Were they still in the old confederation? That had been abolished. If not sovereign, independent States, to be dealt with as the new Government would deal with other foreign States, what were they?

At the time the delegates to the Convention of 1787 were disregarding instructions and making a new Constitution, it was uncertain how far their work would be approved. In the first draft of the paper the language used was the same as that which had been used formerly.

The old Articles of Confederation bound thirteen colonies by name.

The Declaration of Independence claimed the independence of thirteen States by name.

The new Articles of Confederation bound thirteen States by name.

In the treaty of peace, Great Britain recognized the independence of thirteen different States by name, and recognized the right of each State to deal with the estates, rights, and properties of British subjects in each State.

The first draft of the Constitution of 1787 used the words, "We, the People of the United States of"—naming the same thirteen States which had been "United Colonies." But inasmuch as no one could tell which of the States might ratify, it was decided to leave off the names. The reason was of the simplest and the best; delegates could not possibly know in advance what States would agree to the radical changes they had made.

Yet upon this failure to name in advance the States which would adopt the new Government in place of the old Daniel Webster built up a great constitutional argument.

To each State it was a matter of choice whether to go into the new arrangement or to stay out; and the people, except as they constituted the separate States, had nothing whatever to do with it.

The very delegates who made the Constitution

and signed it used the same form of signature by States which had been in use all the time. Nowhere was there the slightest indication that anything was contemplated save a compact between States.

CHAPTER XXXIV

IN WASHINGTON'S CABINET

Mr. Jefferson had not reached Monticello before he received from President Washington a pressing invitation to enter the Cabinet as Secretary of State. Had he been free to choose the service he liked best he would have returned to France. Yielding to the pressure brought to bear, he consented to accept the Cabinet position, and in March, 1790, entered upon the discharge of its duties.

In view of the fact that antagonisms were to spring up during this first administration, which were destined to leave the republic into two great divisions politically, it is a great pity that Mr. Jefferson was so late in reaching the field. He did not get a fair start.

President Washington had appointed Alexander Hamilton Secretary of the Treasury; and this statesman had so much force of character, so clear a conception of what he wanted to do, such strength of will, energy of intellect, and such skill in managing men, that he had well-nigh finished his task, won his race, before Jefferson entered the contest.

Hamilton's great purpose was to create a strong Government, one which would travel on its own legs without dependence upon the States. Into the hands of the central power he wished to draw the attributes of national sovereignty—consolidating the Union. To give it permanence and predominance, he wished to bottom it upon the support of the rich; and to win this support he meant to run the Government in their favor. He had no faith in the people, was in no sense a man of the people. England was his model. He believed that the British Constitution was the most perfect the world had ever known. As far as possible, he wished ours to resemble that. The President could easily be made to wield a greater power than a king—the sixty-eighth number of The Federalist to the contrary notwithstanding. The Senate, judiciously nursed, might come to be the American House of Lords. The House of Representatives could be controlled, as the British House of Commons was, by class interest.

The Constitution forbade the creation of a peerage; but, after all, a peerage is but a privileged class, elevated by law or custom above the vulgar, indiscriminate herd. What had been done by law or custom in all the governments of the Old World could be done in the New. We might not call a citizen Duke, Count, Lord, or Marquis, but that was a small matter. The gist of the thing was to create

the privileged class. This having been done, the good results would soon follow here, as in the Old World. The Government having made its combination with the rich, could rely upon the support of the rich; and the rich would be here what they were elsewhere in the modern world—the strong.

Class rule could not be based here on the land monopoly, as in England, or upon monopoly of dignities and outrageous feudal privileges, as had been done in France.

But it could be done, nevertheless.

Give to the manufacturing class the right to tax the community for their own benefit; give to the speculators a direct connection with the national treasury; create a national bank, whereby a few capitalists should enjoy the enormous, sovereign power of controlling the currency of the nation. Let these things be done, and out of these germs would grow a modern feudalism, a financial aristocracy, which might one day laugh to scorn the wealth of hereditary dukes, trample upon the feelings and the rights of the unprivileged citizen with all the contemptuous indifference of a marquis of the old *régime*, and dominate courts, legislatures, and cabinets as few orders of nobility have ever dared to do.

"The people! Why, the people is a great beast!" cried Hamilton, meaning, of course, all of the human race who had not risen above the com-

mon herd. Greater scorn for the common herd few mortals have had than Alexander Hamilton.

No! He could not create such an aristocracy as that of France or England, but yet aristocracy could be created. Let the laws discriminate between man and man, class and class; throw all of the power of the Government to the aid of one class, and against the other, and the result would be class rule. And what is aristocracy but the rule of a class?

Let the English system of class legislation be introduced into the framework of the American republic, and the inevitable result would be that our Government would gradually become just what England's was, in all essential respects. A financial aristocracy would arise out of Government privileges and discriminations. Having sprung into life by reason of legislative favoritism, the continuance of class legislation would be a matter of self-preservation to them. Thus they would depend on Government for existence, they would identify themselves with the Government, they would sustain it in order to sustain their own advantages, and thus there would be in America what there was in the Old World—a copartnership between government and privilege. In this way the interest of the moneyed class and the Government would become identical. Revolt against the dominant class would become treason to the Government. Patriotism

would mean love of class rule—for class rule and government would have become synonymous. Thus entrenched behind the safeguards of law and of love, who could ever touch a hair of its head?

As the priesthood can not be assailed without raising an outcry that God is being attacked, so the rule of the privileged class could never be threatened without provoking the charge that the Government was endangered.

In the Constitutional Convention Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, had said:

"All the evils we experience flow from excess of democracy."

Washington had thought that common soldiers should serve their country for their victuals and clothes. Only the officers should be paid. He regretted that the law did not allow him to lay five hundred lashes upon the back of the common soldier who broke rules. One hundred lashes, the legal limit, was not enough.

This was the spirit of the leading men who threw aside the old confederation and made the new Constitution. It is all a mistake to say that they meant to establish a rule of the people. On the contrary, they meant to make it impossible for the people to control the Government.

In pursuance of this idea they exhausted their ingenuity to keep the election of Presidents from the direct vote of the masses. They meant that

the electoral colleges should choose independently of the people. They meant that the Senate should be outside the control of the people.

And they meant that the judiciary should be absolutely independent of the people.

Men whose purpose it is to establish a democracy, a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, do not go about it in that way.

But men whose determination it is to create a centralized government in which the form of democracy is preserved, while all power belongs to the privileged classes, could not, under all the circumstances, have framed an instrument better suited to the purpose than the Constitution of the United States.

Hamilton's system depended upon three great measures: Protection to manufacturers at the expense of agriculture; a funding system which should league the speculators with the national treasury; a banking system in which a few should exercise the sovereign power of controlling the currency of the republic.

He had hardly taken off his hat and settled himself in his office before he began to write laws to please the rich, to enlist the rich, to additionally enrich the rich.

By his tariff system he proposed to conceal from the citizen the true amount of his taxes, and to levy tribute upon the great mass of the people

in the interest of a special class. Naturally he expected this class, if not already the richest, to become so by operation of law; and as the law was the source of their fortune, he expected the creature to revere the creator.

Pennsylvania had already set the example of taxing the entire community for the benefit of a class. Her tariff act of 1785, copied from English precedent, had already shown what a demand there was for class legislation; and Mr. Hamilton, living in a commercial center like New York, was far too shrewd to underrate its strength. His position on funding and on the assumption of the State debts by the National Government drew to him every speculator in the land who dabbled in scrip or hungered for bonds.

His national bank measure not only fascinated the capitalists of the cities, but gladdened the hearts of anti-democrats everywhere, for it was the first great step forward in the boundless region of implied powers.

Juggling with the two phrases "general welfare" and "implied powers," he made blank paper of the remainder of the Constitution. If those words meant all he claimed, it had been a folly to waste time writing the rest of the instrument.

Had Jefferson received his appointment at the same time as Hamilton, if the contest between the two had begun with a fair start, it is possible that

even then the impetuosity and daring of Hamilton might have prevailed. There were many resources at his command, many a persuasive inducement by which he could reach the wavering Congressman. And as Hamilton openly avowed his belief that corruption was a necessary engine of government, he would no doubt have corrupted all who were approachable. At any rate, Jefferson came too late. Hamilton's plans were all under headway. Some of them had been adopted. The President and the Congress had already formed the habit of doing as Hamilton advised. His cohorts had been marshaled, organized, and fed on victory. To defeat him now would be doubly difficult. Hamilton had called a lobby into existence; and this uncrowned monarch was dictating legislation.

Not realizing the trend of Hamilton's measures, Mr. Jefferson did not at once make any opposition. On the contrary, he allowed himself to be drawn into Hamilton's plans. There was a deadlock in Congress on the subject of assumption and of the location of the national capital.

Southern men wanted the Federal city built in the South, and did not want assumption. Northern men claimed the Federal city, but also wanted assumption.

Here was a chance to log-roll. Jefferson was made to believe that the Government was in danger of going to pieces over this dispute; and, being

appealed to by Hamilton, he agreed to use his influence to effect a compromise.

There was a dinner, a coming together of Southern members and Northern members, a sociable sipping of generous wine, a basking in the beams of Jeffersonian hospitality, a thawing out of frozen geniality, and the birth of a healthy desire to come to terms.

The South gave assumption to the North; the North gave the Federal capital to the South. So the crisis passed; and Mr. Jefferson felt rewarded for his trouble in the belief that he had helped to save the Union.

Afterward, when he looked back at this episode, his serene temper was sorely tried, for it dawned upon him that he had been egregiously duped by Hamilton.

The South gained Washington city, and what the national capital has ever been worth to us it would be hard to say.

On the subject of the bank, there was a battle royal in the Cabinet. Edmund Randolph, Attorney-General, as well as Jefferson, opposed it as not authorized by the Constitution.

Hamilton argued that it was a fiscal agency which the Government had the "implied power" to create. General Knox, Secretary of War, sided with Hamilton, as he apparently would have done on any proposition whatever.

The President was in doubt, but finally signed the bill.

Thus Hamilton's policies had been successful. His system was complete, and was in operation. Time would ripen the harvest. His funding system had created a class which would stand upon a different footing from all others. It would own a mortgage upon the Government, upon the whole Union. To the extent of this mortgage, it would pay no taxes. On the contrary, it would fatten upon the taxes of others. If to the individual citizen debt is bondage, giving to the creditor moral and legal power over the man who owes him, the public debt, by operation of the same principle, would put the Government under the influence of those who held the mortgage on it. The public debt being thus an immense advantage to the class which owned it, would never be paid. Self-interest would make it permanent, and keep it growing.

Just as, in England, the moneyed class who had bought up the debt, and who sat back at ease living off the taxes paid by the great mass of the people, constituted a money power whose influence with the Government kept the debt unpaid and increased it as far as was safe, so in America, the tree being planted, nothing was necessary but to tend it—the fruit would inevitably be the same. The owners of the public debt, exempted from taxation and enriched by the taxes of others; the man-

ufacturers, exempted from foreign competition, at the expense of the nation at large; the national banker, enjoying the vast advantage of controlling the currency of the nation; while, at the same time, American labor was made subject to the competition of the world by liberal immigration laws, and American agriculture made to compete with ryots of India, the fellahs of Egypt, the serfs of Europe, the peons of Mexico, and non-paid labor generally—what better foundation for inequality could be laid?

Wealth might fabulously increase, but there would be no just distribution. Power might amazingly develop, but there would be no equilibrium. Progress might smash all records, but it would not be general.

Everything depends upon the point of view. If it be right to run a government in the interest of a selected class; if it be right to allow the privileged to use the machinery of legislation to plunder the unprivileged; if it be right to make the corruption of trusted agents an incident to the government of the principals, then Alexander Hamilton deserves high rank among statesmen and a loving remembrance with posterity. For it was he who first arranged the coalition between the national treasury and the money power; it was he who committed the Government to the policy of taxing one industry to build up another; he who surrendered to a favored

class the sovereign prerogative of creating a currency; he who first used corrupt practises to secure legislation.

As surely as harvest is due to sower, Alexander Hamilton was the father of plutocracy, the trust, and the lobby.

"The people are a great beast," said the apostle; and one of his disciples exclaimed, "The public be damned!"

The spirit of the two expressions is precisely the same; and the favored, protected, law-exempt railway king who could use with impunity the last expression was the natural product of the system of the statesman who used the first.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE GENET EPISODE

DETERMINED to make our Government resemble the English, it was a darling project with Hamilton, Jay, and other Federalists of that type to bring about friendly relations with Great Britain.

It was no easy task. England was sore over the loss of her colonies. She was aching to revenge herself upon America and upon France. She refused to give up the forts on the Northwest frontier. As Jefferson demonstrated in a masterly state paper, her excuses were flimsy, untenable. She could not answer his argument, and did not try. She simply held on to the forts. From these forts Indians went forth, fired with hatred and whisky, to make war upon American settlements.

She claimed and exercised the right to halt our ships upon the seas, to search them, and to drag from our decks such sailors as her navy might need. Her pretense was the retaking of her own seamen; her practise was to take whom she pleased.

But the Federalists curbed their indignation; from them no loud protest was heard. And when France sent over her minister, Genet, and the time

came when our Government had to show its hand, it suddenly appeared more amiable to our late foe than to our late friend.

Without exception, our historians have treated the Genet episode from the standpoint of the old Federalist party. Therefore, the average American gets an impression so misleading as to be wholly false.

The democracy of France, like the democracy of America, had made war upon a king, and had established a republic. In our struggle, French money and French blood had been poured out in our behalf. It was not the money of the King of France; it was not the blood of the King of France; it was the blood and the money of the people of France. The powerful undertow of sympathy with America which had dragged the French minister off his feet, and made the French alliance imperative, came, not from the torpid King, but from the aroused people. Every time the royal pen was laid to paper in America's behalf it was done under protest.

These people who had rushed to America's aid in the darkest hour of her Revolution had now accomplished a revolution of their own. America's example had encouraged them, inspired them, shown them the way. Now that the French monarchy was down and democracy triumphant, Great Britain had chosen to interfere, had made the King's cause her own, and had consecrated her-

self to the unholy purpose of restoring in Europe the tyranny of aristocracy and King.[1] Great Britain had blockaded France and dismissed from London the French minister. War was begun before the French Republic ever published her declaration.

What more natural than that the French, at this crisis, should look to the American people for sympathy and help! There were the two republics; their common enemy was monarchical England. Without French aid, the American republic could not have been established. America still owed France a huge debt—partly of gratitude, partly of prosaic cash.

And France, in sending Genet to America, virtually said to us what Beauregard's messenger said to Johnston on the eve of Manassas, "If you want to help me, now is the time!"

Genet came. He was young; he was untutored in statecraft and the ways of diplomacy; he was fresh from scenes of democratic excitement; the gospel of brotherly love was burning hotly within him. Never for one moment did he doubt that the heart of the American people beat warmly for the young French Republic. He expected to be received with open arms, with the gladdest smile of greeting, with the closest hug of fraternity.

Had not young Lafayette broken out of con-

[1] See full account in the author's The Story of France, and his Napoleon.

ventional restraints in France, and hastened to the arms of Washington? Had not young Rochambeau led the lines at the final assault at Yorktown?

Were we not all brothers in the holy cause of democracy? Genet assumed that we were, implicitly believed that we were, unhesitatingly acted upon the conviction that we were.

For at Charleston, where he landed first, there was nothing to correct his impressions. Everybody was glad to see him. Shouts of welcome rose around him. Open arms were thrown about him in the brotherly embrace. Ovations filled his young heart with patriotic joy.

Commissions to send out privateers against the British? Why, of course. Governor Moultrie was the same old hero who had won that first victory over the common enemy; Governor Moultrie would sign commissions to fit out the privateers. Cheerfully.

And so he did, the treaty with France appearing to bind the Americans to do that very thing.

Privateers put to sea, and British commerce began to suffer. Genet set out for Philadelphia, by land. His journey was like a royal progress. The hearts of the people were with him. Where else could they be? Could America so soon forget? Did she have no gratitude? Was she incapable of generous enthusiasm for France in her efforts to es-

tablish a republic? Had America no responsive chord which might be touched by the struggles of other people for political freedom?

The historians are cold. They sneer at Genet. They mock his references to liberty, equality, fraternity. They heap ridicule upon his "sentimental appeals." "Sentiment," it would seem, is, historically, a felony. French enthusiasm for our struggles might have been natural, even commendable; but the idea was preposterous that Americans should have enthusiasm for struggling France. This historical tone grows out of the necessity of the case. The British faction dominated Washington's Cabinet; the British faction set its face like flint against Genet; the British faction was able to convince Washington that he ought to ignore what France had done for us, and to virtually say to Great Britain and the French, "Fight it out between yourselves."

So that when Genet reached Philadelphia, and had lapped himself in the luxury of unbounded enthusiasm there, and then went into the presidential presence, expecting his official welcome to be of the very warmest kind, he suddenly encountered an iceberg. He was enlightened as to the situation with cruel candor and promptitude.

Washington's greeting was formal, and certainly not warm. Washington's proclamation was, practically, a repudiation of the treaty. Washing-

ton's orders as to the privateers recognized no obligations to France, and indicated no friendship.

Genet's disillusion was complete and most painful.

The struggling French Republic, like the thirteen American colonies, was sorely in need of money. Genet asked for no gifts. The return of the donations the French had made to aid the struggling colonies was not expected; but Genet *did* ask that the subsequent sums, which had been loaned, might now be repaid.

Hamilton refused. The debts were not due, and it would be inconvenient to pay them. Should America discharge the debts before they were due Great Britain might take offense!

Can any American citizen of the present day read that statement and not feel ashamed?

But this was not all. Genet, deeply hurt at the refusal to pay, and at the reason assigned, proposed to transfer the French claims to American merchants in exchange for food and clothing for the needy soldiers of France, who, barefooted, in rags, and almost unfed, were following the flag in the cause of liberty, just as the poor American soldiers had done only a few years before.

And Washington's Government, dominated by Hamilton, refused to allow Genet that poor privilege!

Great Britain might not like it!

Is it any wonder that young Genet lost his temper?

The American of our day who can read this chapter in our history, and be proud of it, will also be proud of the attitude of our Government when Great Britain, partly by the help of supplies bought from us in violation of treaty, was trampling the life out of the South African republics. But no other citizen can be proud of it.

Yes, young Genet lost his temper; and, like all men in a passion, did things that hurt his cause. He gave John Jay, Hamilton, Rufus King, and other Federalists the excuse to say that he had insulted the President. Genet appealed to Washington to correct the slander, and Washington tightened the mantle of presidential dignity around him, refusing to notice the appeal.

Democratic societies had sprung up everywhere, and Genet had multitudes of friends; but he could not afford to match himself against Washington, nor did he try. He protested as well as he could, but he was powerless. Jefferson was secretly in sympathy with him almost to the last; but even Jefferson realized that the issue could not be met on the ground where the Federalists had put it. He abandoned Genet to his fate, which, indeed, was not personally ruinous, for the young man won the heart and hand of the daughter of Governor Clin-

ton of New York, and settled down to the life of a private citizen.

Not only were the British assured that this Government would pay all damages inflicted by the privateers fitted out from our ports, but they were permitted to seize French property on American vessels, as well as American property on American vessels, if such property chanced to be foodstuffs on the way to hungry France!

Worse than all—during the entire period covered by the controversy with Genet, British warvessels continued to capture American seamen wherever and whenever they could, and to impress them to service, exile, and death on English ships!

Greater humiliations were never endured than those we bore in the efforts to make terms with England. We broke with a true and tried friend to prepare the way for alliance with an inveterate enemy. The reason assigned by Hamilton, Jay, and the Federalists generally, was that another war with Great Britain would ruin us.

To keep peace we inflicted upon ourselves and upon France cruel wrong—and yet we had England to fight, after all!

Had we kept faith, had we been true to treaty, had we paid France our debts of gratitude and of money, who can say that it might not have been better for us as well as for France?

Great Britain divided her foes—thanks to Ham-

ilton. She fought France, and kept us from aiding her. And then she fought us, when France could not help us. Had we made common cause, she might not have attacked either. Thus each of the three nations suffered because of the broken treaty.

Before the Revolution there had, of course, been no national political parties. Whigs and Tories there were, and divisions on local colonial questions. During the war all Americans who fought for independence were classed as Whigs, those opposed as Tories. When the new Constitution was on trial those who favored it were called Federalists, those opposed Anti-Federalists. By the time Jefferson had taken in the full significance of the Hamilton policies, an opposition lifted its head, and took the name Republican. By that name he himself always referred to his party. Its founder believed that Hamilton and his followers were aiming at monarchy. This did not necessarily mean that Jefferson thought Hamilton aimed at setting up a king; it meant that republican ideals, democratic principles, were being put aside. If this tendency was to be checked, if the monarchical spirit was to be kept out, then organized opposition was necessary. To organize this opposition and to dedicate the new Government to the true republican ideals, became the mission of Jefferson's life.

And therein consists his greatness.

Edmund Randolph was perhaps quite as brainy a man as Jefferson; Patrick Henry in some respects excelled him; Madison, in his own narrower limits, was as efficient; but in combination of high qualities, and in consecration of lofty purpose, none of these bear comparison to Jefferson.

With him, as with Hamilton, the purpose was to found a system, establish a creed, shape the future of generations yet unborn. To do this was a duty, a mission. He had no option; it was work imposed upon him by the law of his nature. He believed in the people, was willing to trust the people; the name of which he grew proudest was "the man of the people." At all points his system, his creed, collided with that of Hamilton. The things Hamilton was seeking to do were those which Jefferson most abhorred.

He did not want Europe repeated here. Above all things, he dreaded that. Had American pioneers fled to this continent to escape the abuses of European systems only to have those abuses introduced again? After all the sacrifices and victories of the Revolutionary War, in which king, aristocracy, and class legislation had been cast aside, were we to voluntarily fasten upon our necks the same yoke in another form? Was humanity never to learn its lesson? Was the past never to be respected as a teacher?

The conception of Mr. Jefferson was that the

world was making one more great effort to evolve a higher, better system of government than Europe had ever known; and it galled him to see that statesmen like Hamilton were merely attempting to secure such legislation, establish such institutions, as would give us as good a system as the abominably unjust system of Great Britain.

Right or wrong, this was Jefferson's attitude; and to understand him, it is necessary to place oneself at that point of view.

He detested Hamilton, not as a personal enemy, but as the most dangerous champion of the anti-republican, anti-democratic spirit. He hated, not the man, but the system.

Washington had endeavored to govern with a non-partizan Cabinet. The attempt was a failure. Parties sprang up at the very council-board, the two great secretaries striking at each other like fighting-cocks.

Hamilton's party established a newspaper organ, Fenno's Gazette.

Jefferson's party founded Freneau's Gazette.

The rival papers hammered each other and the leaders on each side in the manner since grown so familiar. Hamilton was not spared, Jefferson was assaulted, Washington himself roundly abused. Freneau was a clerk in the State Department, with a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars per year. The President seemed to think that Jefferson should

dismiss the troublesome editor, but the Secretary declined to do so. Those who claim that Jefferson was deficient in courage have many obstacles to overcome, and this braving of the wrath of Washington is one of them.

But Mr. Jefferson had no fondness for the heated atmosphere of personal dispute and wrangles; by nature he preferred the calm of libraries and the upper regions of philosophic thought. Speeches he would not make, newspaper controversies he would not wage. Plans of campaing he would furnish to lieutenants, marching orders to battalions, but for the actual scene of strife, the hurly-burly of knock down and drag out, he was unfitted. He feared no one, shrank from no position, compromised no principle to save himself, deserted no friend because the world was against him; but yet he had that high sense of personal dignity which held him aloof from any line of action inconsistent with his ideal of the statesman. A Wellington might not be afraid to take off his coat to fight the regimental bully; but no one would expect to see a Wellington do a thing of that kind.

It was Wellington's business to plan the campaign and direct the combats of other men. Let bullies fight bullies.

But while Mr. Jefferson took no hand in this newspaper war, Hamilton did. Holding his rival responsible for all that Freneau had written, Ham-

ilton assailed Jefferson violently, but the purpose failed. Jefferson paid no attention to him.

President Washington was grieved and scandalized at this state of things in his non-partizan Cabinet. In the noblest spirit he endeavored to compose the unseemly strife. But each Secretary was without fault in his own eyes; and the breach was not healed. Hamilton wrote the President a letter of justification, and Jefferson did likewise—and Federalists have never ceased to resent the fact that of the two letters Jefferson's is the stronger.

His position having become irksome to him, Mr. Jefferson offered more than once to resign. At the urgent request of the President, however, he held on till January 1, 1794, when he retired, carrying with him as warm a letter of commendation as Washington could write.

In The True Thomas Jefferson, Mr. William Eleroy Curtis states that Jefferson "was compelled to resign from the Cabinet." This surprising statement is not only contradicted by all the previous biographers of Mr. Jefferson, but is contradicted by Washington himself.

In his letter of January 1, 1794, he says to Mr. Jefferson:

"I yesterday received with sincere regret your resignation of the office of Secretary of State. Since it has been impossible to prevail upon you to forego any longer the indulgence of your de-

sire for private life, the event, however anxious I am to prevent it, must be submitted to."

He then goes on to pay a high tribute to his retiring Secretary.

If Mr. Curtis had investigated his subject he would have learned that General Washington sought to win Jefferson back to service of his administration by offering a special mission to Spain. Mr. Jefferson declined in a letter which bears date September 7, 1794.

The statements made by Mr. Curtis that Washington wished Jefferson out of the Cabinet, that Jefferson *promised* several times to get out, and that he was at last forced out, are untrue.

Mr. Jefferson's popularity and reputation were greatly increased by his record as Secretary of State. He had diligently applied himself to the routine work of his department, improving the postal service; arranging treaties with Indian tribes; laying off the new Federal city and planning its public buildings; making exhaustive studies and reports on uniformity of coinage, weights, and measures; and all such other matters as then fell within the duties of Secretary of State. It was upon his recommendation that the Government decided to coin its own money, and the mint at Philadelphia was established. His correspondence with Genet, and with the English minister, Mr. Hammond, was highly approved, and the opposition

which he had made to Hamilton's policies gave him his first prominence as the leader of a distinct political party. The sentiment which he represented, the principles of which he made himself the exponent and champion, were as yet unorganized; but they were powerful, and Jefferson was their prophet. It began to appear then, as it more clearly appears now, that, as Hamilton stood for a class and for a government of special privilege, Jefferson stood for the mass of the people and a government of equal rights to all.

Yet, so great was his tact, his smoothness of manner and method, that he probably counted as many personal friends among Hamilton's followers as Hamilton himself could claim. Although he did not treat his friends as if they might one day become enemies—thus hastening the coming of that day—*he did* behave toward his enemies very much as if they might at some future time see their error and become friends—as most of them actually did. In fact, Jefferson united in himself two distinct qualities: he was a consummate man of the world in his social relations with others, and, at the same time, he fought for his creed with the stubbornness of a fanatic.

He had all the reforming zeal of Luther, without his brutality; and all the scholarly polish of Erasmus, without his timidity. He was not content to merely draw the curtains, drink tea in the

library, and slay dragons with his pen; not content to leave his brethren out in the storm, while he himself lounged, in slippered feet, by the cheerful blaze.

From the memorable day of Patrick Henry's speech in the Burgesses, when Jefferson, the college student, had stood in the door of the lobby listening, he had been in the very front rank of the fighters. He had written the first resolutions which declared for independence, at a time when Henry and Washington were still posing as subjects of the King. His Summary View was the bravest paper in all the literature of that early day, and the ablest. It put his neck in the halter, in the event rebellion did not succeed.

Time and again he had come forward in public bodies with papers that were rejected for the reason that they were too bold. Never had a line of his been put aside because it was too timid. Jefferson's timidity is biographical fruit solely—planted by the imaginative, cultivated by the imitative, and swallowed by the simple.

The ink on the Declaration of Independence was hardly dry when this same timid Jefferson hurried to Virginia, challenged the proud, strong aristocracy of the Old Dominion to the field, and unhorsed it in fair fight. Then he accomplished what French Revolutionists found it so hard to do, and what Mr. Gladstone found it so hard to do in Ireland, and

what no man has been able to do in England to this day—he disestablished the state Church.

Not only that! He told the whites they ought to free the blacks; and told the rich they ought to tax themselves to educate the poor! More than that, even—he told old William and Mary College that she must turn out two ridiculous doctors of divinity and otherwise modernize her antiquated institution.

Yet so scholarly a writer as Henry Cabot Lodge makes timidity a salient feature of Jefferson's character; and Mr. Roosevelt continually repeats that he was "*weak and vacillating!*"

. . . . . .

The last patent Mr. Jefferson issued while he was Secretary of State was to Eli Whitney for the cotton-gin.

Mr. Whitney was doubtless an original inventor and was entitled to the patent he got and the fortune he made; but just as certainly as there were steamboats before Fulton's there was a cotton-gin before Whitney's! Within a few miles of where the present writer lives, an inventive, enterprising genius, Jesse Bull, who moved into Georgia from Maryland, operated a primitive cotton-gin with a packing-box run by an iron screw.

The descendants of Jesse Bull were schoolmates of the author, and he has seen ancient papers pre-

served in the family, and has heard the talk of old citizens who were conversant with neighborhood traditions. There is no doubt that the cotton-gin, like the steamboat, like the sewing-machine, and like the breech-loading gun, had entered into the heads of others than the final patentee. Colonel Tarleton had a breech-loading gun in our Revolutionary War, and there is one in the Tower of London which must be hundreds of years old. That the invention was offered to Napoleon Bonaparte by a Prussian mechanic is well known. Therefore, in the case of the cotton-gin, there is nothing incredible in the story that Jesse Bull was using both gin and press when Whitney was working out his idea of the gin.

The Patent Office had just been established, and Bull may have known nothing of it till too late. Whitney was from the North, was intimate with General Nathaniel Greene, and through his introduction could reach the Patent Office with everything in his favor. He got the patent, and then used the Federal courts to stop Jesse Bull. The cases in the Federal courts never came to a trial, for reasons which can not now be known.

CHAPTER XXXVI

AT MONTICELLO AGAIN

During his term in the Cabinet, Mr. Jefferson had been to Monticello for an occasional vacation, but not long enough to get his affairs in order.

He now found them in bad shape. The overseer, it appears, had let everything go to waste. There were one hundred and fifty-four negro slaves and three sheep. The fences and buildings were dilapidated, the mountain-slope fields were washed into gullies and "galls." The yield of wheat seems to have got down to where it was a case of "nip and tuck" to get the seed back. The one crop on the place which never failed was—debts.

When Mr. Jefferson set out for France he had left many unpaid accounts behind him, not including the British encumbrance on the lands. These various obligations soon made an interest charge upon his resources of about two thousand dollars per year.

The mansion at Monticello had never been completed. He was still at work on it. Europe had given him some new ideas, and into his model home some of these new ideas must go. Changes had to

be made, additions planned, perfections worked out —regardless of cost. The dome had not been put on; some of the walls were not even ready for the roof. At such tasks slaves were kept employed; and had the overseers been asked what was the matter with Mr. Jefferson's affairs, they might have replied that a good deal of his financial unhealthiness was due to the everlasting labor and expense connected with the building of the model house.

When Mr. Curtis states that the entire cost of this building was less than eight thousand dollars, he comes almost as near the facts as when he says that Washington compelled Jefferson's resignation from the Cabinet.

Martha Jefferson had married Thomas Mann Randolph (February 23, 1790), and she now had two children. Mr. Jefferson was so devoted to his daughter and her children that Monticello continued to be her home.

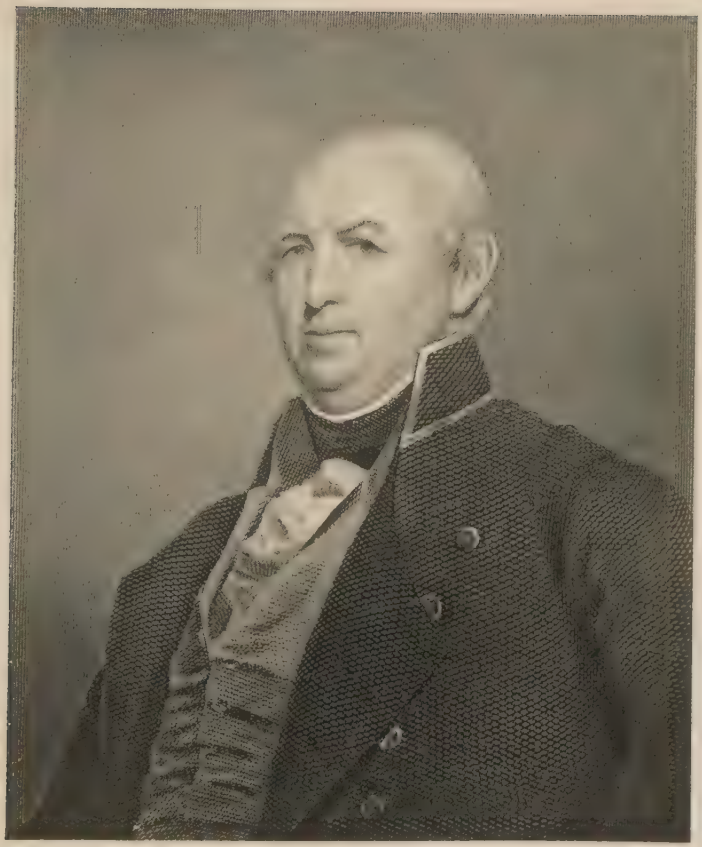
Maria is described as being "a vision of beauty." She was soon to become the wife of John Eppes. Both of Mr. Jefferson's sons-in-law were in Congress while he was President.

A democrat to the core, in principle Mr. Jefferson was a grand seigneur in his manner of life. The flock of sheep might dwindle to three, but the number of saddle-horses was eight. Thirty-seven bushels of wheat was the crop for 1794, and the servants

who dawdled about the mansion probably exceeded that number. On his home farm of two thousand acres it was necessary to buy five more horses before he could get his fourth plow going, there being eight horses to the plow.

At this time, 1794, it appears from his land-roll that his estate had shrunk to 10,647 acres, comparatively little of which was in cultivation. It does not seem that there was any net income at all now from the farms. There was a thirty thousand dollar grist-mill on the Rivanna, which did not pay; there was the weaving of cloth, the forging of nails, and the other farm industries common to large plantations of that day, but Monticello was never a farm in the sense that Mount Vernon was. Washington was a practical farmer, and made the business yield a profit; Mr. Jefferson was not a practical farmer, and did not make his land pay. At least, that is the opinion the present writer has reached after considerable investigation.

Back at Monticello, Mr. Jefferson put his whole heart into the work of renovation. Trim lines of fruit-trees, to run where zigzag fences had rotted, were set—an idea brought from France. Artistic touches on house and grounds, on lawn, terrace, and garden, were expensively applied—suggestions brought from Italy or England. New ways of rotating crops, resting land, restoring land, increasing the output, were tried—hints picked up



ISAAC SHELBY.

in conversations with learned academical farmers or from books which were convincing to the mind.

It was a delight to Mr. Jefferson to apply his mechanical and mathematical gifts to practical purposes. He doted on experiment. He burned to make improvements. He reached out to grasp new fields in thought and achievement. He realized the vast possibilities of chemistry when a *savant* like Buffon was classing the science with cookery; he saw a flying-machine worked by a screw in Paris, and expressed the belief that the screw-propeller in water would be even more effective. He reduced to writing a mathematical formula for making an improved mold-board for a turn-plow, and took a gold prize on it in France.

He made for his own use a folding chair, a copy-press, an extension top to his carriage, a one-horse "sulky," and numerous other inventions, any one of which would have made some Yankee's fortune. He introduced the first thrashing-machine ever brought to this country, and he was one of the first to import Merino sheep. He was a man whose originality sometimes crossed the line of the ludicrous. The interior of his house gives evidences of this. For instance, there was an opening in the wall between his wife's bedroom and his own, the bed occupying the open space. Thus he could enter the bed at night from his room, and she from

hers. In like manner they could separate of mornings. A good arrangement, but peculiar.

It was just such oddities as these which caused some matter-of-fact people to make fun of the sage of Monticello. Toleration is yet a myth, and the unwritten law is that you must conform.

Mr. Jefferson was not a conformer, had no such reverence for antiquity as to resent the appearance of the new moon and to resist a change in the weather; consequently he often did things which shocked the conservatives.

Days of joy these were to this lover of Nature in all her moods, in all her myriad displays of sublimity or beauty. To whom did a flower speak in a language more touching than to this great statesman? He would bend over violet or lily, over tulip or rose, with a rapt enjoyment which never grew old, never grew cold. With every return of the spring his love was that of youth for the flowers.

And the birds—the birds! Did the musicians of the woods ever have a better friend? He loved their presence, loved their beauty, loved their song, loved their love of life.

Read his letters to the children; note his yearning to plant in their hearts the love of birds and flowers. See how earnestly he instils into young minds the true refinement to which every charm of nature is a poem without rhyme, a song without words.

As a young lawyer, he sketched out his plans for the home ideal, and the care with which he expected to attract the birds to come and live with him was written down with sober earnestness.

Protect the birds! When President of the United States he wrote his daughter: "I sincerely congratulate you on the arrival of the mocking-bird. Learn the children to venerate it as a superior being in the form of a bird, or as a being which will haunt them if any harm is done to itself or its eggs."

In spite of debts and the devastations of overseers, therefore, Mr. Jefferson spent happily the year 1794 at Monticello, taking only a casual interest in passing events. His time had not come to change the policies of the Government.

He could and would write letters to certain prominent friends here and there, keeping in touch with public affairs, at the same time that he was putting out peach-trees and watching the progress of lucerne and peas. When the Whisky Rebellion broke out in Pennsylvania, and disappeared at the advance of the troops, Mr. Jefferson's sympathies were rather with the malcontents than with the law, for the excise he thought was infernal. When John Jay went to England, negotiated a treaty which left Great Britain free to continue the seizure of our ships and our sailors, while it forbade us to export cotton and a

good many other things, he saw as clearly as any one how the honor of the nation had been sacrificed to New England commerce; but when Washington gave the treaty his sanction, he, like thousands of others, had to swallow his indignation, and hope for better things.

He witnessed the complete triumph of the British faction in Washington's Cabinet, and deplored it. He saw Edmund Randolph—the young Virginian who had left everything, broken every tie, to join Washington and serve his country—saw him cast out on no other proof than a doubtful sentence found in the captured despatches of the French minister.

At this time General Washington, as Mr. Jefferson thought, was in his decline. Age had impaired his memory and the firmness of his mind. He was surrounded by inferior men, who were under Hamilton's sway, and the President was controlled by them to a greater extent than he realized. So thought Mr. Jefferson. A letter of his to Mazzei, the Italian who had been his neighbor, alluded to the English faction which had secured control, and they were called "apostates . . . men who were Samsons in the field and Solomons in the council, but who have had their heads shorn by the harlot, England."

The British faction, every ready to put Washington between themselves and the enemy, thrust

him forward once more, claiming that Jefferson's reference was *to him.*

This Mr. Jefferson denied, contending that his reference was to Hamilton, Jay, and others of the Federalist party.

The Federalist papers attacked Mr. Jefferson on account of this letter, just as they attacked him on other points, and he paid no more attention to this attack than he did to the others. When Mr. Curtis says that "never before had he avoided a newspaper controversy," his statement amounts to nothing more than an addition to the errors already contained in The True Thomas Jefferson. Never was Mr. Jefferson a newspaper controversialist till he fell into the clutches of William Eleroy Curtis. This author further states that from the time of the Mazzei letter Washington and Jefferson "ceased all correspondence and intercourse."

The slightest comparison of dates will convince even Mr. Curtis that he has erred. The Mazzei letter caused no rupture between Washington and Jefferson at the time.

Subsequent to that, friendly letters passed, cordial personal relations continued to exist, and Washington entertained Jefferson at his table. They parted affectionately after John Adams's inauguration.

It was a letter which John Nicholas wrote Washington, long after the Mazzei letter, which

caused Washington to express the doubt as to Jefferson's sincerity. The contents of the Nicholas letter are not known.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Jefferson was always careful to draw a distinction between Washington and the Hamilton-Wolcott-Pickering clique, which too often influenced him. In none of his most private letters will expressions disrespectful to the Father of his Country be found.

And when Mount Vernon had lost its master, when the land was in mourning, the English Channel fleet lowering its flags, and Napoleon Bonaparte paying public tribute to the simple private citizen who slept on the Potomac, what was the attitude of the rivals, Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton?

The political foe, Jefferson, penned the most discriminating and permanently valuable tribute that has ever been paid to Washington's character; while Hamilton, the political friend of the dead man, wrote that cold and selfish letter in which he told the heart-broken widow how serviceable Washington had *been to him!* Hamilton had lost an ægis necessary to his protection and to his schemes—and that was the thought which was uppermost in the Hamilton mind as the Masons clapped their hands over and beside the bier, and the war-horse, riderless forever, followed his master to his tomb.

AT MONTICELLO AGAIN

Even while Death had the great soldier by the throat, choking his life out with frightful cruelty, the precious old Federalist clique was planning to run Washington again for the presidency in order that they might remain in the high places from which the people were about to cast them!

CHAPTER XXXVII

ADAMS AS PRESIDENT

So rapid had been the growth of opposition to the policies of Washington's administration that it was only by what Hamilton called "a kind of miracle" that he did not receive his rebuke at the next election. Had Thomas Jefferson been our second President, owing his success, as he would have done, to his disapproval of the Federalist measures, history would have been compelled to say that Washington retired from office under a vote of censure.

Aided by all the advantages of patronage, position, and Washington's overshadowing influence, John Adams defeated Thomas Jefferson by only three votes, and these were due to some accidental circumstances.

A more pathetic figure than Adams during the four years of his presidency has seldom been seen in that high office.

An approved patriot, a man of great ability and experience, he entered upon his duties heavily handicapped by his surroundings and by the infirmities of his own character. Mr. Adams was

learned, honest, and capable, but his vanity, jealousy, and irritability amounted almost to monomania. His situation was even worse than his temper, for the election had shown that he was practically the President of a minority. To make his lot peculiarly wretched, this minority was factious. It worshiped three gods, the least of whom was Adams. Washington first, Hamilton second, Adams third and last, was the order in which Federalism bowed to its divinities.

Besides all this, Adams inherited the complications Washington had made, without succeeding to Washington's capacity to deal with them.

The woes of our second President began with his inauguration. On that day, when all right-minded people should have worshiped the rising sun, Adams, they had perversely prostrated themselves before Washington, the setting sun. Everybody had eyes and acclamations for Washington; few, indeed, paid proper attention to Adams. The ingoing President would have been more than human had he not been hurt; and being just human, he suffered.

This, however, was trivial and temporary; Washington would go to Mount Vernon, and Philadelphia would then belong to President Adams. Such would have been the case had not Adams himself ordered otherwise. Making the mistake which doomed him, he took Washington's Cabinet just as

he found it, thus saddling himself with councilors who had grown accustomed to the dictation of Hamilton.

Fastened in this way to policies and to advisers which he could not control, the President stumbled along from one defeat and humiliation to another, until he had turned his political friends into enemies, without having changed enemies into friends. For the first of his troubles Mr. Adams was not responsible.

President Washington had sent James Monroe on a mission to France, and had recalled him in disgrace.

Monroe was not the ablest of Virginians, but George Washington himself was not a truer, cleaner man. As a mere schoolboy James Monroe had run off to the war, had fought gallantly, had led the attack on the British in the streets of Trenton, and had got a bullet in his shoulder which he carried the remainder of his life. Monroe had served with the French, appreciated the help the French gave us at that crisis, and carried to France a lively recollection of the days when he and the French officers had gone into battle side by side to face British guns.

Gouverneur Morris had been our minister to France succeeding Jefferson, and Morris had given the republicans such offense that they insisted upon his recall.

Washington sent Monroe, after having tendered the place to others, who declined.

Monroe was young, and had not yet lost capacity for enthusiasm. Caught up in the whirlwind of democratic passion in Paris, the young Virginian's conduct was very different from that of the aristocrat, Gouverneur Morris.

The National Convention of France (which had just overthrown Robespierre and put an end to the Reign of Terror) gave Monroe a public reception. Overlooking Genet's treatment, making no references to the broken alliance of 1778, nor to our refusal to pay France some of the debt we owed her when her need was so great, the French National Convention greeted James Monroe with loud applause, and the President gave him the brotherly embrace.

The Convention decreed that the flags of the United States and of France should be intertwined; and, thus joined together, should be displayed in the hall of the Convention as a sign to all the world of the union and the eternal friendship of the two people—of the sister republics!

Join the flags together; hang them in the hall where the universe can see; France is not ashamed nor afraid to let every monarchy in Europe know how her people love Americans and their republic!

Thus the voice of France! And this was at a

time when every king in the civilized world was banded against her and marching upon her.

What was the response of our Government? Edmund Randolph, acting under the orders of Washington and his Cabinet, wrote to Monroe a stinging letter of rebuke. His course had been too friendly. It would embarrass us with England. Monroe should have expressed his good-will to the French Republic privately, "because the dictates of sincerity do not demand that we should render notorious all our feelings in favor of that nation." In other words, our friendship must be of the cautious sort which shrinks from open avowal.

Thomas Paine had aided the French Revolution as he had aided ours. He had risked his head first for the republicans when the King was still strong, and then for mercy when democracy was victorious and the King's life demanded. He had stood against all odds opposing the King's execution. Robespierre's faction marked him for the guillotine. The July revolt against Robespierre saved him. But he still lay in jail, and his suffering was great.

Gouverneur Morris had refused to lift a finger in his behalf. In fact, Morris seemed quite willing to lift a couple of fingers on the other side.

Neither would Washington intercede.

Monroe had not forgotten, nor was he ashamed. He interposed in behalf of Paine, got him out of

jail, took him to his own house, and there gave him shelter and protection.

Impartial history reviewing this transaction will not make comparisons injurious to Monroe!

Afterward came Jay's mission to England, his violation of the plain terms of his instructions, his treaty, which threw France over and which sacrificed principle and honor in the interest of New England trade. Of course, the indignation of France was extreme. From her point of view, America had used her against Great Britain, and was now making a sacrifice of her to Great Britain.

From the French point of view, was not the feeling of resentment natural?

The British faction in Washington's Cabinet was no longer willing that James Monroe should be minister to France. His recall was sent, and C. C. Pinckney was named to succeed him.

Now, the ill luck of John Adams was that he fell heir to this quarrel.

The French Government, looking upon Monroe's recall as an unfriendly act, refused to receive Pinckney; but their refusal came too late to embarrass Washington. It caught Adams at the threshold of his administration.

During Washington's term Great Britain had heaped insults upon us; had made a bloody record along our northwestern frontier; had seized our merchantmen; had impressed our sailors. When

the French minister, Fauchet, had returned to France, preparations for his capture had been made by the English in our own harbors. Even after the Jay treaty, British ships continued their depredations, seizing our vessels and our men. Washington had done nothing; Federalism was helpless to prevent or revenge the outrages.

Besides, Hamilton was so bent upon that British alliance of his that nothing permanently angered him.

Adams succeeded to all this—could not possibly have escaped it, for it was upon him at the very moment he stepped into the presidency. Neither could he have escaped the French snarl. It was there already. Hamilton and Washington had made it; Adams was left to stagger under it.

Badgered by France, baited by Jefferson's republicans, undermined by his own Cabinet, John Adams found the presidency to be what Jefferson had said it was, "a splendid misery"—the misery being much more apparent than the splendor.

The whole nation rallied to the British faction when Talleyrand made the celebrated "X. Y. Z." attempt to extort tribute from the grand embassy which Adams had sent to negotiate for peace; and there was wild talk of a French invasion. Congress voted supplies, Washington was placed in command of the army of defense, and preparations made on an extensive scale for war.

Here, again, there were mortifications for Adams.

General Washington named Hamilton to rank next to himself in the new army; and, owing to Washington's age, this meant that Hamilton would be acting commander-in-chief. General Knox had ranked Hamilton in the old army, and he now claimed precedence. Adams sided with Knox. But Hamilton held the Cabinet in the hollow of his hand; and the Cabinet threw its full weight for Hamilton. Washington insisted that Hamilton must rank next to himself, and Adams had to give way.

Another pill was yet more bitter. Washington had given an appointment in the new army to Smith, the son-in-law of the President; and Pickering, a member of Adams's Cabinet, opposed Smith's confirmation. Smith, it would seem, was a bankrupt; and Pickering had heard that there were things which had been said against Smith's character. Thus the President's Cabinet councilor prevailed upon the Senate to reject the President's son-in-law, regardless of the Washington appointment.

It was certainly a very peculiar state of affairs, and Mr. Adams must have been most unhappy.

Just before entering the office he had written to the partner of his bosom, the faithful Abigail, in this strain: "Although the moment is dangerous, I

am not scared. Fear takes no hold on me; and makes no approaches to me."

It was fortunate for Mr. Adams that fear avoided him so warily, for his position was precarious.

The British, attentive as to the French menace and absent-minded as to the Jay treaty, ceased to draw the line of their aggressions at our battleships. An English squadron in the West Indies defied the convoy of a fleet of American merchantmen, seized some of the vessels, went on board the convoying sloop of war, the Baltimore, and took away half a dozen of the crew of our battle-ship, after having compelled fifty-five of our sailors to leave the Baltimore and go on board the British ships for inspection!

Not being at all afraid, and having concentrated his anger upon France, Mr. Adams did not excite himself over the British outrage. Great Britain was not even hit with a proclamation.[1]

The exposure of Talleyrand's effort to extort a bribe from America embarrassed that infamous scoundrel very much in France; for, while bribery there was beginning to be the fashion, exposures were in disrepute. The principle that the sin consists mainly in being "caught at it," is so universal

[1] The President sent a circular letter to our naval officers instructing them to resist further attempts of the same kind. Great Britain "disavowed" the act, kept the sailors, continued to insult us, and to impress our seamen.

that even Talleyrand, being fairly caught, had to take his punishment. He began to exert all his arts to draw the United States back into the attitude of seeking a treaty; and from hints he went to overtures, and from overtures advanced to explicit promises.

An eccentric citizen of Philadelphia, Dr. Logan by name—a Quaker by descent—was moved at the time to go to France and untangle the threads which diplomacy had confused; and he straightway journeyed to Paris. This, of course, was most irregular and reprehensible. The client must let his lawyer do all the talking; the physician relies upon his patient's docility; and diplomacy could never do business if plain citizens interfered.

Unmindful of these precepts and examples, Dr. Logan took it upon himself to keep France and America from shedding each other's blood. A word of explanation might clear up what was evidently a misunderstanding—and so win a glorious victory for peace.

When Dr. Logan appeared upon the scene in Paris, he had better credentials than President Adams could give him. He was able to show a letter of Thomas Jefferson's vouching for him as a worthy, respectable citizen.

The name of Jefferson was something to conjure with in France; and Dr. Logan was given a distinguished reception. That he was wined and dined,

hugged and kissed, need not be stated; inference covers that; but, what is more important, he was taken into official confidence, and assured that France wished for nothing better than honorable peace with the United States.

Very sweet things must the conscience and self-esteem of Dr. Logan have whispered to him as he hastened back to America to tell John Adams the result of his mission.

Adams's satisfaction was greater than that of Washington—much more so. The commander-in-chief of the new army which was to fight France disapproved Dr. Logan's unwarranted conduct totally. He received the good doctor standing, and with that icy stare which froze the marrow of common men. His words to the Quaker were few, and not genial. As to Hamilton and the British faction generally, their wrath was unbounded. They not only denounced the volunteer peacemaker, but had Congress to enact a law making it a crime for any American thereafter to do what Dr. Logan had done. Rather than have peace made in any other way than the regular way, let war come and discord rule forever!

The truth is, that Hamilton did not want peace at all. He had fallen in with the schemes of the South American adventurer Miranda, and was deep into an intrigue with England whose purpose was a joint enterprise by Great Britain and the

United States against French and Spanish possessions in America. Hamilton concealed this design from Washington, and the great man died in ignorance of the duplicity of his friend. But Adams realized after a while that the French quarrel was mere capital to Hamilton, and he veered round.

Having said that he would never send another mission to France, he sent one. Circumstances had altered the case; and he acted like a brave, true man in changing his mind. France invited to renewal of overtures, three envoys were sent, and the war clouds rolled by—in spite of Hamilton.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

JEFFERSON VICE-PRESIDENT

DURING this period of madness, the Federalists took advantage of the opportunity to imitate Great Britain in another direction. William Pitt had inaugurated a reign of terror in England itself, crushing out all freedom of speech and of the press. Over life and liberty the Government exercised almost despotic sway. The Federalists determined to enact and enforce similar laws here. There was too much liberty of the press, too much license of the tongue; republican ideas were a menace, and democratic demagogues must be put down. The outcome of this demand was the alien and sedition laws. Their essence was that foreigners could live here only at the President's pleasure, and that American citizens could not speak or write their political sentiments without incurring the dangers of fine and imprisonment.

Had these famous enactments been able to maintain their ground, popular government would indeed have been at an end. That the purpose of the authors of this legislation was the complete overthrow of democracy was shown afterward by

the program which Hamilton mapped out. He advised that a large standing army be maintained, that the jurisdiction of the Federal courts be extended, that aliens objectionable to the Government be sent away; that the President be given power to appoint peace officers in each county; that the States be divided into small judicial districts with a Federal judge in each, appointed by the President; and that large States be cut up into several divisions so that they might be more effectually controlled by the General Government!

Against the mighty efforts Federalism was making toward centralization, Jefferson and Madison hurled the celebrated Kentucky and Virginia resolutions. Stripped of all verbal drapery, the doctrine set forth in these papers was that if Congress made laws which violated the compact between the States such laws were not binding.

They set forth the Jeffersonian creed, to wit, that the Union was the result of voluntary compact between free, independent States; that these States expressed in writing the powers they were granting to the General Government; and that this General Government was therefore one of limited powers—the limits being prescribed in the Constitution itself. For Congress to go beyond these limits was usurpation.

It was during this period of excitement, when further encroachments upon the power of the

States was feared, that Virginia, as John Randolph declared, built the great armory in Richmond in order that she might be ready to defend her rights.

. . . . . .

The opinion which Edmund Randolph gave Madison on this vexed question of nullification is very striking.

Randolph conceded that there must necessarily be, somewhere within the nation, an ultimate sovereign power which could veto the usurpations of a lawless Congress. He argued that the *people* in each State (not the Legislatures) could declare an unconstitutional law null and void, and that when three-fourths of the States thus declared against Congress the Government would be overwhelmed.

. . . . . .

As Vice-President, Mr. Jefferson's position was comparatively happy. His duties were not arduous, and his responsibilities were light. To preside in the Senate, to prepare from his commonplace book a Manual of Parliamentary Practise; to keep a close watch on the movements of the Federalists, while with a judicious distribution of private letters he kept the republicans in line—these were the easy tasks of his period of waiting for John Adams to ground his vessel.

The salary of his office was welcome; for ready cash was never too plentiful at Monticello, where farming was precarious and house-building chronic.

His household had now lost one of its treasures, for the beautiful Maria had married her cousin, John Eppes, and had gone to her new home of Edgehill.

At the beginning of Mr. Adams's term, the Vice-President had made overtures to him, seeking to establish relations of cordiality and confidence. They had worked in harness together in the early stages of the American struggle, had been congenial in Europe; and Mr. Jefferson, the most conciliatory of men, would have been glad to resume the old familiar intercourse. Mr. Adams was not averse to this, met Mr. Jefferson's advances cordially, and advised with him as to the sending of envoys to France. The President was inclined to make up a non-partizan embassy and to name Mr. Madison as one of the members. His Cabinet, however, opposed him, threatened to resign, carried their point, and thus won their first triumph over their President.

After this the relations between Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson were merely formal. As the policy of the administration developed itself, Mr. Jefferson's position as leader of an opposition was recognized. That he would be the rival candidate at the next election was realized by all parties. The sage of Monticello, scanning the horizon from his lofty outlook, noted the political weather as carefully as recorded rainfall, snow depth, and wind change.

Mr. Adams made no move which his wary rival did not see and study. The improved plow turned Virginia sod, the new thrasher took the place of horse-hoofs and flails; the flowing pen marked the lines of political battle; and his correspondents throughout the land—the men who guided republican legions in each State—were patiently drilled in the art of separating political chaff from wheat.

During all the heat of that presidential campaign Jefferson was cool and courageous. Not one ell did he depart from the even tenor of his way.

He entertained as freely as ever, and not more so. He wrote as copiously as ever, not appreciably more so. He was as silent as ever under newspaper attacks; and all the thunders of New England preachers could not keep him from going as usual to hear Priestley, the Unitarian, or could extort from him one word to negative the accusation that he was an infidel and the father of mulatto children.

When Hamilton's friends called him an atheist in religion and a fanatic in politics he was silent; when he was accused of denying the divinity of Christ, he was silent. Only once did he ever notice men who abused him, and that was when he was charged with having embezzled the property of the widow and orphan. And his denial of even this foul statement was not written for newspapers.

Historians Henry Adams, Henry Cabot Lodge, Theodore Roosevelt, and other writers, who are modern outcroppings of the old Federalist vein, amuse one another by keeping alive the legend of Jefferson's "timidity and vacillation." Because he would not stoop to personal brawls, because he would not lower himself to have a newspaper controversy with Hamilton, he has been pictured as a coward who could be frightened from any position he took, and scared off from any route he proposed to travel. Political prejudice, partizan rancor, and intemperate abuse could not go much further than this in scouting facts.

In his day, Mr. Jefferson combated a greater number of laws which were oppressive, customs which were stale, tendencies which were undemocratic, and fixed opinions which were popular than any other man in public life. He attacked systems and creeds where they were most sensitive. He aroused vested interests which were the most powerful, and which when alarmed are the most vindictive. Yet never once in all his long life did he falter, surrender, or apostatize.

He took the unpopular side of slavery, and held to it. He defied the religious bigotry of his times, and continued to defy it. He challenged the organized power of land monopoly and class rule in his own State and overthrew it. He dared to take issue with the great Washington himself, in the

State where they both lived, and into the ears of the dying Washington rang the shouts of Jefferson's victory as Virginia swung away from Federalism and marshaled her hosts for Jefferson and Democracy.

Do cowards raise and ride such storms as these?

Do men who are "weak and irresolute" plan such campaigns, and win such triumphs as these?

One is not much surprised that Henry Adams should preserve in his books the hereditary hatred of the Adamses for Thomas Jefferson; but when Theodore Roosevelt, in his Winning of the West, refers to our great leaders as "politicians of the infamous stripe of Thomas Jefferson and James Madison," and alludes to Jefferson, time and again, as timid, weak, and vacillating, one is pained, disappointed, discouraged.

Comparisons, if odious, are sometimes the only methods of measurement.

It so happens that since Mr. Roosevelt's book was written he himself has assumed the rôle of a great reformer. In New York State he was given power and opportunity to effect reforms, to destroy the wicked, and to purify the political atmosphere. In his State of New York he had just the same chances to combat hoary wrongs as Jefferson enjoyed in Virginia.

As President of the United States, also, Mr.

Roosevelt has had the widest field, the largest opportunity, to show his courage and his ability.

There was class greed to curb, as in Jefferson's day.

Common humanity, sorely oppressed, called for a champion, as in Jefferson's day.

The weak, trampled upon by the strong, cried aloud for mercy, as in Jefferson's day.

Is Mr. Roosevelt a "politician of the infamous stripe"?

By no means.

Is he "weak, timid, vacillating"?

Far from it.

Then where are his trophies, such as Jefferson won?

What battles has he fought for the people, such as Jefferson fought? What vested wrongs has he abolished, what abuses has he remedied, what evil laws has he repealed, what unjust system has he reformed, what victim of social and industrial tyranny has he freed?

Where has he confronted class despotism and, with battle-ax in hand, said, "Turn loose!"?

Yes, comparisons *are* odious.

Mr. Roosevelt will be fortunate if, after his reign is over, posterity shall forget that he pilloried Thomas Jefferson as "a politician of the infamous stripe."

CHAPTER XXXIX

DEFEAT FOR THE FEDERALISTS

It would be difficult to name a period in which partizan rancor raged with greater violence. Nobody escaped, and slander recognized no limits. George Washington was denounced as defaulter, a man who had debauched his country, the tool of Great Britain, and the dupe of Hamilton; James Monroe was abused as a fool and a bribe-taker; and Jefferson was assailed as an atheist, a robber of the widow and orphan, a father of mulatto children, an enemy to law, order, and property. As to Hamilton, it became necessary to prove that he was not a corrupt Treasurer; and he did it by confessing a filthy, disgraceful *amour* with a married woman named Maria Reynolds. Maria's husband was a party to the intrigue, and Hamilton's own residence was often the place of assignation.

This violence of political passion seems to have had its origin in the Jay Treaty excitement. Riotous crowds thronged the streets of Philadelphia, New York, and other large cities. Jay was burned in effigy, and Hamilton was stoned. Nothing but the unwearied efforts of the merchant class, the

strength of Washington, and the alarm which friends of the Government began to feel for its very existence, ever turned the tide and rammed that odious treaty down the throats of the people.

. . . . . .

President Adams was inclined to take himself as seriously as Washington had done, and to affect an attitude of stateliness. In George Washington, form and ceremony and a pose of loftiness were more or less natural. People conceded all that to so great a man. Back of him, and whatever he might choose to do, was a record which said, "It is my right."

Therefore, when George Washington's cream-colored coach and his six magnificent horses pranced through the streets of Philadelphia, with liveried white servants, outriders, etc., nobody audibly lifted the voice of lamentation. George Washington and "Lady Washington" were unique, a law unto themselves, a noble pair at whom "filthy Democrats" must not rail—except in newspapers, private letters, and low-voiced conversation.

But when John Adams essayed to bend this particular bow of Ulysses, the effect was not happy. In his way, John Adams was a worthy man, but he was not George Washington. And Mrs. Abigail Adams was a most estimable wife, mother, neigh-

bor, friend, and Christian—but Mrs. Abigail was not "Lady Washington."

Therefore, at the very beginning of his administration President Adams collided with the Democratic spirit which Washington had only felt at the close of his. Andrew Jackson had stood against the congressional vote of confidence in Washington; and Matthew Lyon now began a rebellion against the forms and ceremonials which Washington had established, and which Adams wished to continue.

Congress was Federalist, the fashions of the time were Federalist, and Lyon was Democratic. Batteries of ridicule and abuse were opened upon him, as is the case always. Lyon was not a scholar, but he was far from being either fool or vulgarian.

His father had lost his life resisting British tyranny in Ireland, and Matthew Lyon, at the age of fifteen, had fled to this country for refuge. He had received some schooling in Ireland, and he seems to have continued his education in this country. Marrying a niece of Ethan Allen, he settled in Vermont, in 1774.

His natural position, as an Irishman, was with the colonists in their rebellion; and he was one of the Green Mountain boys, who under Ethan Allen, made the capture of Ticonderoga. He continued to serve during the war and distinguished himself.

He was promoted from grade to grade until he became colonel; and after the war he was a leading man in Vermont, both in business and politics. His first wife dying, he married the daughter of Governor Thomas Chittenden. Serving constantly in the Legislature, he held high positions in the State administration, such as Secretary of the Board of War and Deputy Secretary of the Council. He founded the town of Fair Haven, and established manufactories on Poultney River. He erected a paper-mill, a printing-press, corn-mills, sawmills, and ironworks. He was one of the first to make paper from the bark of the basswood-tree. Under his practical touch this rural wilderness which he had settled became one of the most flourishing business centers in New England.

From the bark of the forest tree the ingenious Irishman made paper, and upon this paper of his own make he printed the "Farmer's Library," a small journal edited by himself and his son James —who also set the type. He also published books at New Haven, one of these being a Life of Benjamin Franklin. In a section where Federalism was entrenched, Lyon made the fight for Democracy. He met with all kinds of obstacles. Other papers would not publish his articles. To get a hearing he was compelled to run a paper of his own. Defeated time and again for Congress, he at length won the seat, and so it was that Matthew Lyon become a

thorn in the flesh to John Adams, and to Federalism generally.

When he asked to be excused from the childish pageantry of parading through the streets to attend upon the President, he was laughed at, and the excuse contemptuously granted. But when he persisted in his attitude, again sought exemption from the procession, and Congress realized that public approval was about to give its support to Lyon, angry debate took the place of ridicule.

From this time on he was made the butt for Federalist sarcasm and abuse. Old slanders, of the local envy type, were raked up and circulated. The soldier of Ticonderoga, Bennington, and Saratoga was accused of being a coward. A young member named Griswold was put forward to publicly insult the offensive Irishman. He did so, and Lyon spat in his face.

Later, Griswold armed himself with a big stick, came to Lyon's desk in the House, just after prayers, and, while Lyon was looking down at some papers, struck him over the head, raining blow after blow upon him. Lyon, struggling from amid seats and desks, sought to close in with Griswold, but could not. Snatching up the tongs from the nearest fireplace, he struck his assailant with them, and at this turn in the combat the Speaker of the House regained his parliamentary habit and lustily called for "Order."

Griswold caught the tongs, Lyon the stick, and down they went on the floor, Lyon underneath. Members rushed up, Griswold's legs were gripped, and he was pulled off, Lyon fighting all the time, and expressing regrets that they had not been allowed to fight it out. Griswold had not been hurt; Lyon was bruised and bloody.

And the Federalist party gathered all its strength to expel from the House—Griswold?

No! Lyon *and* Griswold.

Bitter, acrimonious debates followed, the question being made a party issue, but Lyon held his seat. Griswold was not even censured. Then Adams determined to crush him with the power of the Federal judiciary. He was arrested, tried and convicted under the sedition law for an alleged libel which would now pass any presidential target without scoring a hit. Lyon had accused Adams of avarice, vanity, and childish love of pomp. The Federal judge was so shocked at this language that he threw Lyon into jail and fined him one thousand dollars.

The prisoner was reelected to Congress while he lay in jail. After the expiration of his four months' sentence, he would still have remained in custody had not political and personal friends taken up a collection to pay the fine. Apollos Austin, of Vermont, gathered contributions in silver and took them South; but General Stevens Thompson

Mason, of Loudoun County, Virginia, had ridden North, his saddle-bags stuffed with gold; and it was Mason who paid the fine. From his cell, the unconquerable Lyon, who had refused to ask Adams for clemency, went back in triumph to Congress. The very schoolhouses poured forth their children to swell the ovation which welcomed the valiant Democrat to liberty.

Bayard, of Delaware, renewed the effort to expel Lyon from Congress, but failed.

Under the alien and sedition laws many others besides Lyon were persecuted and punished. Frightened foreigners, most of whom were French refugees, fled in terror to the ships, and put to sea. Federal judges became hot partizans, and stump speeches volleyed and thundered from the bench.

The Father of his Country mentally laid the Farewell Address upon the table, and made his way into the thickest of the party warfare. All of his influence was exerted to bring Patrick Henry over to the Federal side, and the final flash of the sun of this great orator, who was far gone into the evening of life, was in behalf of the party of the alien and sedition laws. Washington himself rode ten miles to vote.

It is a mournful fact that the last outburst of Washington's temper was aroused by the mention of the name of James Monroe, whose only sin was

that he could not hate the French as Hamilton hated them.

In New York the struggle was one of life and death between the factions of Schuyler-Hamilton and Clinton-Burr. The Republicans won. In his rage, Hamilton proposed to Governor Jay to recall the Legislature, which had adjourned *sine die*, and to so change the State laws as to set aside the election just held. John Jay was British, aristocratic, and partizan, but he was honest, and he scornfully refused to do Hamilton's dirty work.

. . . . . .

President Adams at length decided to have a Cabinet he could control. He asked Pickering to resign. Timothy said he was poor and needed the salary, therefore he could not resign. Adams doubtless remembered son-in-law Smith, whom Pickering had opposed on the score of his poverty, and he dismissed Timothy summarily. McHenry, Secretary of War, he also forced to resign. To fill these vacancies, John Marshall was appointed Secretary of State and Samuel Dexter Secretary of War. Oliver Wolcott, the most arrant knave of that era, was able to hoodwink Mr. Adams completely, and his resignation was handed in at his own time and on his own terms. He had acted as British spy in Washington's Cabinet, concerting with Hammond the plot which destroyed Randolph,

and he now acted as Hamilton's spy in Adams's Cabinet, betraying the secrets and plotting the ruin of his chief. For Hamilton, furious because of the peace with France and the miscarriage of the Miranda scheme, determined to destroy Adams. From Wolcott he secured all the inside facts which that traitor could give, and Adams's confidential adviser actually helped to prepare, and did revise, the secret pamphlet which was meant to transfer Federalist votes from Adams, presidential candidate, to Pinckney, the vice-presidential candidate. Should the people give a majority vote to the Federalist ticket, Hamilton's scheme was to put into the presidency a man who had not been chosen for that office, and to degrade the man who had. Those people who berate Aaron Burr for not having shown more activity in working for Jefferson when there was a tie vote between them should not overlook the contemporary standard of New York morality. Hamilton, Clinton, Burr—there wasn't a trick in the game which either of these political gamblers would not use to win the stakes. Hamilton had intended his stab at John Adams to be secret, but Aaron Burr also knew how to employ spies. Wolcott was Hamilton's spy on Adams, and some equally trusted traitor was Burr's spy on Hamilton. The pamphlet was no sooner printed than Burr had a copy, and was using it with terrible effect. The Republicans it warned, encour-

aged, solidified; the Federalists it dismayed, divided, overwhelmed with confusion.

After the fiercest combat ever known, Jefferson and Burr were elected—the result being largely due to Burr's splendid victory over Hamilton in New York.

Mr. Jefferson has said that the Federalists, routed at the polls, retreated into the judiciary.

This is true. Mr. Adams and his party knew where their haven, their fortress was, and they ran into it. Congress increased the judgeships, establishing circuits with three judges each, besides attorneys, clerks, and marshals. These posts were hurriedly filled with stalwart partizans. President Adams kept on filling up the offices with Federalists till nine o'clock of the last night of his term. The whole administration was made a deep, solid political color. No Republican spot, stripe, or trimming appeared anywhere to relieve the dull monotony of Federalism.

John Marshall, already Secretary of State, was given an additional office. He was appointed Chief Justice, a place from which he was to fulminate rank Federalism with authoritative voice for more than a generation.

The time being short and the object worthy, Mr. Adams continued to sign commissions, and John Marshall, by candle-light, continued to countersign. At midnight, so the story goes, Levi Lincoln stepped

into the room, drew Jefferson's watch upon the industrious Marshall, and made him stop.

One of the least happy of men must have been President John Adams! His administration condemned, his party dead, his Secretary watched and arrested like a thief in the night, his plight was lamentable.

It had been bad enough for him at his inauguration that the shouts should be for George Washington—not for John Adams; it would be infinitely worse now at his rival's inauguration, when the shouting would be for Thomas Jefferson.

Who would cheer for John Adams?

Not the Republicans, for they hated him; not the Federalists, for they loved him no more.

Hamilton had denounced him, and the very men who had slain the Federalist party accused Adams of the crime.

Why remain and face the humiliations of inauguration day? Why not order the carriage for an early hour and slip away from John Randolph's "vast and desolate city" before the crowds were churning the mud? In short, was it not time for John Adams to go?

Home—home to Quincy and to Mistress Abigail. Not that he was scared, for fear made no approaches to him; but because he was not feeling well, because his heart was sore and his temper sour and his mind droopy; and because shame,

envy, jealousy, rage, and disappointment were tearing him like evil spirits, he would order his horses for the very early morning and give an exhibition of petty spite and childish petulance, for a similar display of which the naughty urchin would be punitively spanked.

CHAPTER XL

THE JEFFERSON AND BURR CONTEST

UNDER the old system of conducting presidential elections, that candidate who received the highest number of votes became President, the next Vice-President.

Mr. Jefferson in 1796 had not been a candidate for the second place; nobody had voted for him to be Vice-President; yet he took the vice-presidency, because that was the law. He and John Adams had each striven for the presidency, while other candidates contested the second place. Yet neither of the candidates whom the people had voted for as Vice-President was allowed to serve.

Such was the law, and it should be remembered in gaging the moral guilt of Aaron Burr.

Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr in the campaign of 1800 received 73 votes each; John Adams, on the opposition ticket, had 65.

Thus the election was thrown into the House, and the law plainly directed that a President should be chosen by the House from the candidates who had received the highest number of votes. Apparently the makers of the Constitution intended to

vest the House with some discretion. The area of this discretion was limited, but it was there. Henry Clay and John Quincy Adams acted upon this idea when they afterward combined to defeat the will of the people, and to oust the majority candidate, Andrew Jackson.

They were punished politically for this combination, but history has not placed Clay and Adams in her Rogues' Gallery.

Now in 1800 the custom as to presidential elections was not settled. By law, the electoral colleges were vested with the power of choosing for President and Vice-President men whose names had not been before the people at all. The Hamiltonian anti-Democratic plan gave them this power for the express purpose of depriving "the great beast" of the right to choose its rulers. Only by the irresistible force of popular sentiment have the electors been made the mere registers of the will of the people.

In 1800 the ideas controlling the case were so vague that nobody claimed the election of Jefferson to the first place, and Burr to the second.

Ballots did not specify for which place the presidential candidate had contested. Therefore the Republican ticket of 1800 was simply Jefferson and Burr—represented by 73 votes in the electoral college.

These two names being the highest, the law re-

quired that they should both go before the House to be voted for as candidates for the presidency.

Now, then, what ought Burr to have done?

His party had not intended him for the presidency—no voter had so intended. Should he take the office by operation of law? If Congress chose to exercise its discretion and make him the President, should he accept?

That is the case, and the whole case. Jefferson had taken the office of Vice-President by operation of law, excluding the candidate who had been chosen by the people for that lower place. Should the rule work both ways?

A man of the nicest honor like John Jay or James Madison would not have hesitated. He would have spurned even the appearance of evil, would not have allowed his name used to defeat the will of the people, would not have allowed political enemies in Congress to thrust upon him an office which political friends had not intended to give. When Federalism resorted to strategy to divide and conquer the Republicans by elevating Burr over Jefferson, the simplest dictates of honor required that Burr should stand by his friends and help to defeat the plots of the enemy.

That he did not do so was his unpardonable sin —unforgiven by his party and by the historian.

He did not actively aid the Federalists. He stayed at Albany, where his daughter was about to

marry, and where legislative duties engaged him. He wrote a letter repudiating the plot of the Federalists and declining to give aid to the intrigue.

He may have meant that Federalism should consider him a Barkis who was willing, but there is no proof that he went further than that.

As to Hamilton, the record is positively painful. To see a really great man degrade himself to gratify a personal spleen is never an inspiring sight.

During the previous campaign, Hamilton had exerted himself in a most treacherous, unscrupulous manner to have Pinckney, the vice-presidential candidate on the Federalist ticket, come in ahead of John Adams.

Now that Federalism was snowed under, he set himself to sow discord between Jefferson and Burr.

He wrote to that wily knave Oliver Wolcott a letter which is surely one of the meanest extant. After denouncing Burr for being bankrupt, Hamilton, who was himself insolvent, says in reference to Burr's supposed ambition to be President: "Yet it may be well to throw out a lure for him, in order to tempt him to start for the place, and then lay the foundation of disunion between the two chiefs." So it would seem that Burr needed tempting, required a lure, and the Federalists were to lay the net in order to bring about strife between Jefferson and Burr.

When it is borne in mind that it was the political strategy of the Federalists to play off one of these Republican chiefs against the other, and the only pretense of evidence we have against Burr as to his conduct at this time comes from Federalist sources, the whole case assumes a new aspect.

Had Burr been willing to go to Washington and canvass for the presidency, had he made the pledges which the Bayards of Federalism demanded, and which Jefferson's friends (unknown to Jefferson) *did* make, there can be no doubt that he would have been President of the United States. It only needed that he should crook his finger in the way of active self-help.

And had Aaron Burr become President who can say that he would not have made a good one—as good as R. B. Hayes, for example?

There were turns in the tide of national fortunes during the next few years when his indomitable courage, his fertility of resource, his decision of character, his address and firmness, might have been infinitely valuable to his country. Let us deal justly with this man. His nature had in it the seeds of good and of evil, and when his fortunes became desperate he soured on a world which he thought had been too hard on him, and the evil of his nature developed. It made him a criminal, an outlaw, an Ishmaelite.

But who is so very wise as to know that, had

success continued to reward his ambition, he would not have identified that ambition with the best interests of his native land?

Burr's ability was conceded. He had been a brilliant soldier. As New York's Attorney-General and as United States Senator his record was so good that his name had been voted for in the electoral colleges twice before this. By sheer force of will and intellect he had wrested New York from the Hamilton-Schuyler faction, in defiance of the money power and the ultra-British aristocracy. It was believed that his morals were loose, but there had been no sickening Maria Reynolds exposures about him, and his family relations were as beautiful as those of Jefferson himself.

It was thought that he was politically tricky, but nobody had accused him of betraying his own party. His tricks were weapons aimed at the opposition, and they were popular with the Republicans, for they had gained New York. He had never knifed a friend, as Hamilton and Wolcott stabbed John Adams. He had not tried to cut the ground from under the feet of his chief, as Hamilton had done in the recent campaign. He was a hard fighter, a fertile schemer, a selfish office-hunter, a man whose opinion of human nature was low. In other words, he was the earliest specimen of what afterward became recognized as a distinct type—he was a *New York politician.*

He founded Tammany, and set it going upon its mission—heavenward or hellward, according to the point of view. Health and recreation were not his political objects. Patriotism and principles were not supposed to be disturbers of his slumbers. Politics was a game, its stakes the spoils of office. The loser got out; the winner got in. Against one's adversary all was fair—for it was war. Hard blows were to be given and taken, mines to be sprung and counter-mines detected; nets to be laid and snares avoided.

This was New York politics, mildly drawn, and the record shows that Burr was no whit worse than the average.

So immoral had become the tone that Alexander Hamilton, wishing to shirk the French treaty of 1778, had argued to Washington that the change of government in France had annulled the contract, and wishing to set aside the presidential candidate already virtually chosen by the people of New York, had applied to Governor Jay to reconvene the old Federalist Legislature in extra session, so that a new election by districts could be ordered and the will of the people defeated. So far had the feet of reputable statesmen wandered from the path of common rectitude that Hamilton paid the husband of his paramour almost as regularly as he paid his cook, used Wolcott as a spy upon Adams, and entered upon a secret league with Miranda to draw

Washington and the United States army into wild expeditions of conquest.

In the Student's History of the United States, the learned author (who makes a profession of history at Harvard) alludes to Aaron Burr as "a disreputable politician who had been nominated for the vice-presidency because he controlled the votes of New York." It is a great pity that American students should be taught history in any such ramshackle style as that. Professor Channing ought to know that at the time Burr was nominated with Jefferson he was no more of a "disreputable politician" than Jefferson himself. Burr's standing in the republic was absolutely as good as Jefferson's, and his elevation to that high office was less dreaded by the opposition than that of Jefferson.

As proof of this, examine the letters and writings of one of the purest and ablest of contemporary Americans—Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. The words of such a witness ought to be conclusive, for he had every opportunity to know the men and the circumstances, he was impartial as between Burr and Jefferson, and there was no possible motive for misstatement. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, had long known both Jefferson and Burr, he had signed the Declaration with Jefferson, and had continuously served in the highest places with conspicuous patriotism and ability. With a "dis-

reputable politician" it is simply incredible that he should have had any sympathy. If ever there was a purist in politics and religion it was this old Roman of Maryland. There was no higher type of citizen anywhere. Reputed to be the richest man in America, he had studied and traveled abroad, knew the leading men of Europe almost as well as he did those of America, and his record as a patriot, a Christian, a statesman proud of his country and anxious for its future, renders it impossible for him to have been willing to see "a disreputable politician" President of the United States.

Yet in a letter to Alexander Hamilton, dated August 27, 1800, Mr. Carroll states his preference for Burr over Jefferson, placing it upon Burr's decision of character.

Again, in February, 1801, Mr. Carroll writes to his son, "I hope Burr will be chosen by the House of Representatives."

Farther on, in the same letter, this stanch Federalist gives it as his opinion that Mr. Jefferson is unfit to govern this or any other country.

"Burr, I suspect, is not less a hypocrite than Jefferson, but he is a firm, steady man, and possessed, it is said, of great energy and decision."

Here we have Burr's *reputation* given by a contemporary. Shrewd Mr. Carroll *suspects* that Burr may be as hypocritical as Jefferson, but the *reputa-*

tion which Burr has made convinces the Maryland statesman that Burr is "firm, steady, decisive, and energetic." This is the testimony of a political enemy to both candidates, given in confidence to a son at *the time the two candidates are before the people.*

Is not this evidence more convincing as to how Burr stood in 1800 than the mere word of a Harvard professor a century afterward? Later on, during the great fight in New York, when Hamilton, the Federalist, joined forces with the Democratic factions of Clinton and Livingston to destroy Burr, Mr. Carroll disapproved the course of his friend Hamilton. He was evidently of the opinion that Hamilton, blinded by personal hatred to Burr, was losing a great political opportunity. The results vindicated Mr. Carroll's foresight. Hamilton gratified his spleen but lost his party and his life.

If history be worth writing at all, it ought to be written *right*—with a scorn for false precedent, and a fearless determination to find out the truth—and then tell it. To jog along repeating statements which owe their authority only to repetition is slovenly, a wrong to the dead as well as to the living and the unborn.

The present writer is no partizan of Aaron Burr, and is making in his behalf no special plea, but the author who says that Burr's standing as a man, a lawyer, and a politician was bad in the year 1800 simply shuts his eyes to facts.

Turn to the opinion of Gouverneur Morris, Senator from New York, a Federalist who knew all about both Jefferson and Burr. In a letter to Hamilton, Jan. 26, 1801, Morris states that the Federalists after full consideration are inclined to support Burr in preference to Jefferson. Why? Because, as Bayard, of Delaware, afterward stated on the floor of the House, they considered Burr the best man of the two.

They believed Jefferson to be "infected with all the cold-blooded vices," and to be full of "dangerous principles." They looked "with abhorrence at a Chief Magistrate of America who shall be a slave to Virginia."

As to Burr, they consider him "as equal in worth to Jefferson, or equally void of it." The difference between the two is that Burr's "defects do not arise from want of energy or vigor."

They believe that "to courage Burr adds generosity," and that he "can not be branded with the charge of ingratitude."

Thus we have the testimony of two of the most prominent Federalists in America. No two men stood higher than Carroll and Morris, and what they say in confidence and without motive for misstatement is as convincing as it is possible for human evidence to be. Take what they assert as true, and Dr. Channing is wrong. His "disreputable politician" comes in at a much later date.

Mr. Morris and Mr. Carroll viewed Burr as a political enemy. How was he regarded by his political friends? Thomas Jefferson should be an authority on that side, and his testimony *given at the time* is precisely in line with that of Mr. Carroll and Senator Morris.

In a letter to Burr, dated Dec. 15, 1800, while congratulating the brilliant New Yorker on his election as Vice-President, Jefferson expresses a regret that he, Jefferson, will not have the benefit of Burr's services in his administration—evidently meaning the Cabinet. "I had endeavored to compose an administration whose talents, integrity, names, and dispositions should inspire unbounded confidence in the public mind, etc. I lose you from the list, etc."

Mr. Jefferson classes Burr among those men of integrity who inspired unbounded confidence in the public mind, and with whom he had expected to compose his Cabinet.

And there is nothing in Jefferson's writings, written at this time or previous to this time, which is in contradiction to what he wrote Burr.

CHAPTER XLI

JEFFERSON PRESIDENT

Remaining at Albany, and contenting himself with a refusal to help the conspirators at Washington, Burr did nothing to defeat them. This attitude appeared to give Mr. Jefferson satisfaction at the time, for he wrote to his daughter that the Federalists had not been able to make a tool of Burr, and that the conduct of that gentleman had been honorable throughout.

As day after day passed in the House, and no election resulted, excitement rose higher and higher throughout the country. It was the middle of February. If by March 4th there should have been no choice of President, regular government would be at an end. There was no hold-over machinery which could be relied upon. A new convention of States would have to be called, perhaps, and this new convention might make various changes which numerous people did not desire. For instance, the South might lose the Federal capital, and Delaware might lose her statehood. Evidently it was to the interest of all parties that Federalism should not defy the country.

Hotheads began to talk of fighting, and in one or two places preparations of a warlike character were made. Threats were heard that no Federalist should have the presidency, and that Thomas Jefferson should be seated.

If Burr had been chosen there would have been no revolt; Mr. Jefferson says this himself. But the Federalists could no more extract a pledge from him than from Jefferson.

At this crisis three factors entered the problem and influenced the Federalists to obey the people, and prefer Jefferson.

One was the fear of the South as to the capital; another was the fear of Delaware that Pennsylvania would absorb her; and the third was the fear of Alexander Hamilton that Burr's elevation would mean his own extinction.

A student of the situation will be impressed with the fact that, independent of Hamilton, the other two considerations would have compelled the choice of Jefferson.

With Hamilton the least of his motives was patriotic. His opinion of Jefferson was as bad a one as one man could have of another. But Jefferson did not live in New York; Burr did, and that fact made a world of difference. It was simply intolerable to Hamilton to have his detested local rival elected to the presidency, and he exerted what influence he could to have Jefferson chosen.

What that influence was is not so clear.

Vermont, Delaware, and Maryland were the pivotal States, and it is not certain that Hamilton controlled either. The vote of any one of these would be enough to elect Jefferson. Pugnacious and incorruptible Matthew Lyon was one of the Representatives from Vermont, and the nephew of Gouverneur Morris was the other. Gouverneur Morris was Senator from New York, and had his own jealousy and dislike of Burr, his own independent and honorable belief that the choice of the people should be respected by Congress, and favored Jefferson from the first. That his nephew absented himself and allowed Lyon to cast the whole vote of Vermont for Jefferson was probably due to the influence of the rich, adroit, powerful New York Senator, Gouverneur Morris.

Maryland cast a blank ballot at the final vote, and who knows that Hamilton's influence caused her to do it? The fear of losing the capital had intensely excited Baltimore, and local influences of the strongest kind had been brought to bear. But when she ceased to vote against Jefferson, he no longer needed her support.

As to Bayard, of Delaware, he was the Mephistopheles of the whole episode. He extended his open palms in both directions, seeking gifts. Burr could have bought the presidency through Bayard. Jefferson could have arranged a deal through Bay-

ard. Neither would trade with him. Yet he voted for Burr thirty-five times and not once for Jefferson! On the final ballot, when his vote did not affect the result, he voted a blank piece of paper. In 1802 he explained his vote on the floor of Congress by saying that in voting for Aaron Burr he was supporting "the one whom he thought the greater and better man." Yet scholarly Henry Cabot Lodge and voluminous historian Hildreth allege that Thomas Jefferson owed his election to Bayard.

Evidence of this Federalist's purity is furnished in a letter of his to Hamilton (1801), in which he expresses contempt for Burr because of his failure to "deceive one blockhead and buy two corruptionists." It was the vote of Matthew Lyon, throwing Vermont to Mr. Jefferson, which ended the long contest, and the fact that Lyon would so vote was never doubtful. The decisive thing to do was to get Lewis R. Morris, his colleague, out of the way, so that Lyon could cast the whole vote, and there is no evidence that either Bayard or Hamilton controlled Lewis R. Morris.

. . . . . .

A new era had now opened. Mr. Jefferson came into his high office, not as one candidate usually follows another, but as a reformer chosen to make great changes. His campaign had been a protest

against a radically opposing creed, a revolt against what he considered a subversion of great principles.

Under Washington and Adams, monarchy in disguise had entered the citadel. It must be driven out. The people had chosen him to do the work. It was his mission. The temple must be purified and rededicated to true principles upon which the people had intended to plant themselves when they were struggling to throw off the English yoke.

Misled by the baleful influence of the British faction, Washington and Adams had gone far astray from the path, had grieved the spirit of Democracy.

It had been his to sound the warning, to arouse the people to lead them to victory. The Government must be put back in the right road. The old landmarks must be recovered, the true doctrine preached and practised. In this spirit of consecration to a high mission, Mr. Jefferson entered upon his duties.

No cream-colored chariot and prancing horses, with outriders and livery, bore him to the Capitol to take the oath. He walked from his boarding-house, attended informally by a few friends, and read in a low voice the beautiful address which will always be to good government what the Sermon on the Mount is to religion.

Great changes were made at once in all matters

JEFFERSON'S ARRIVAL AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

of form and ceremony. Semi-royal levees were discontinued. Dinner-parties given by the President were as informal as those of any private gentleman. Congress ceased to wait upon the President in a body, and the President ceased to come in state to Congress to deliver his "king's speech."

When Jefferson had occasion to go to the Capitol upon any matter of business he rode horseback, hitched his horse to a peg under the shed which stood near, and walked in as any plain citizen would have done. It was probably this habit (it angered and disgusted the Federalists so much) which gave currency to the rumor that he rode to his inauguration on a brood-mare, followed by a suckling colt. The writer is personally acquainted with good citizens who seem to consider the legendary brood-mare and her mythical colt as a part of the stage property of modern democracy.

The Government had only recently moved into its new home (1800), and Washington city was at this time almost a wilderness. The White House was unfinished, and Jefferson had no lady of his family living with him; consequently it became the easier for him to indulge his preference for the informal style, both in matters of dress and of etiquette. His garb was frequently a mingling of several different fashions, none of them elegant, and his slipshod appearance gave pain to many very worthy people. An international complication was

threatened because he received the British minister in slippers and undress. In avoiding one extreme, Mr. Jefferson was guilty of another. He at first went too far in his disregard of forms and of apparel. He adopted no laws of precedence, and went by the miller's rule of "First come, first served." Almost anybody could go to the mansion at pretty much any time and be graciously welcomed. A more promiscuous multitude than that which often paid its hearty respects to the President could not have been raked together. In theory, the White House belonged to all, and the practise, for once, rubbed noses with theory.

Even at state dinners there was no law of precedence. If Jefferson happened to be seated next to Mrs. Madison when dinner was announced it was to Mrs. Madison that he would offer his arm, no matter who else might be in the room. If the wife of the British minister were present, her husband had to be alert and strenuous, else she would not find one of the best seats at the table. Such a state of affairs was horrible to the British minister, and he wrote indignant letters of complaint to his Government.

It is barely possible that Mr. Jefferson bore in mind the time when he had been given the cold shoulder in London, and that he definitely preferred Mrs. Madison to Mrs. Merry. At any rate, the British minister got precisely the same treatment

as others, and his efforts to secure better terms failed.

We think Mr. Jefferson made a mistake in all this, for he wounded pride, hurt feelings, and accomplished no good. But when Mr. William Eleroy Curtis finds the origin of the War of 1812 in Mr. Jefferson's behavior to the British minister, he becomes a source of amusement. Two Italian states once went to war about an old well-bucket, and ten thousand lives were lost in the debate; a coarse joke flung at Henry II of England by the King of France, and a contemptuous reference by Frederick of Prussia to Madame de Pompadour, may have been the sparks which set war-flames to burning in those countries, as we have all heard; but if personalities caused the War of 1812 we should go further back than the era of Jefferson's old slippers and corduroy breeches. We would certainly have to return to that shameful scene in London in the year 1786, when the King of England, in his own house, and before all his court, wilfully and deliberately snubbed the ambassador of the United States.

But all this is idle. Great Britain and America did not go to war on account of King George's rudeness nor Jefferson's heelless slippers. The causes which led to the clash lay deeper. These instances of bad manners in King George and President Jefferson were but surface symptoms.

Mr. Jefferson put a stop to the prosecutions which were pending under the sedition law, and released from fines and imprisonment those who had been convicted.

With the first sloop which went to France bearing despatches, he sent to Thomas Paine, who was living wretchedly in a Paris garret, an invitation to come home on this national vessel.

To Samuel Adams, dwelling in *his* poor hut in Boston, the President wrote such a letter as an affectionate disciple might pen to his master.

To both of these stanch Democrats, each of whom felt that he had been neglected and ill-treated, these generous, fraternal letters were like balm to wounds. It was a beautiful thing to do, and there was no political motive for the act. It was the impulse of a warm, loyal nature, finding pleasure in doing a kindness.

To Dr. Priestley, the great Unitarian, he wrote in strains equally cordial, inviting him to become a guest at the White House.

. . . . . .

At the time of Jefferson's election Federalists filled all the offices. No sweeping removals were made, and the spoils system can not be traced back to him; but Mr. Jefferson did appoint Republicans from time to time—some of the vacancies having been made by death and some by removal—until at

the close of his eight years' term the administration had become fairly representative of Republican success. In fact, as Jefferson's popularity grew the whole nation changed, and Federalism almost vanished, excepting always the Federal judiciary. There its waning light was kept trimmed and burning by John Marshall, as pure a man, able a judge, and rabid a partizan as ever lived.

The internal-revenue system was abolished, the army treated to "a chaste reduction," useless offices lopped away, and the public debt steadily lowered. By cutting down salaries, lessening the number of office-holders, and exercising economy throughout the service, a surplus was accumulated in spite of the fact that the internal taxes and the direct taxes had been repealed. The national debt was being paid off so rapidly that Mr. Jefferson looked forward to the time in the near future when the surplus could be applied to the opening of canals, the building of roads, and the establishment of a national system of education. This surplus was to be derived always from import duties laid upon luxuries.

The coast survey was ordered, the Military Academy at West Point opened, the Cumberland Road from the Potomac to the Ohio begun, liberal naturalization laws were enacted, millions of acres of land fairly obtained from the Indians, and a law

passed to put an end to the foreign slave-trade, on January 1, 1808.

Foreign ministers were withdrawn from Holland, Prussia, and other nations where they were useless, and Mr. Jefferson expressed the opinion that a consular establishment was all we needed abroad. What real benefit this republic derives from its costly and elaborate diplomatic paraphernalia it would puzzle a very able expert to explain. It would not be difficult to make a strong showing to the contrary.

The Federal judiciary was Jefferson's pet bugbear, and he did all he could to republicanize the courts. He removed some attorneys and marshals, but with the judges it was an impossible task. Impeachments were tried, but that cumbersome machinery would not work satisfactorily.

Judge Pickering, of the New Hampshire district, was convicted and removed, but when John Randolph, of Roanoke, arraigned Judge Chase, of Maryland, he met a crushing defeat. Judge Chase had been violently partizan on the bench, and had exhibited every trait of the judicial tyrant during the trials of persons prosecuted under the sedition acts. But when the Republicans put Chase himself in the dock, it was soon apparent that he was too strong for them. He was well connected, he commanded unanimous party support, his Revolutionary record was fine, he had been a signer of the

Declaration of Independence, and he had committed no indictable offense. Luther Martin was his leading lawyer, and in the hands of Luther Martin, the debate being on questions of law, Randolph was a lightweight, indeed.

Mr. Jefferson had countenanced, and indirectly encouraged, the impeachment of Chase, but he had not committed himself. Holding serenely aloof, he viewed Randolph's discomfort philosophically, though he was chagrined at Chase's escape.

Randolph, of Roanoke, was not a patient man—enduring much and thinking no evil—and he did not relish what appeared to be the task of raking chestnuts out of the fire for other people, especially when the fire was particularly hot and the chestnuts refused to be raked. It is thought that the sudden decline in his admiration for Thomas Jefferson dated from the collapse of the Chase impeachment.

In matters of legislative reform Mr. Jefferson had to proceed slowly. He treated as null the appointments Mr. Adams had made at the close of his term, and as soon as possible prevailed upon Congress to repeal the act creating the circuit courts.

The Federalists very strongly resisted Mr. Jefferson in his assault upon the Federal judiciary. They realized the advantage they held there quite as fully as the Republicans did, and they contested every inch of ground. By the time the Circuit

Court Act had been repealed and the impeachment of Judge Chase had failed, Mr. Jefferson appears to have been convinced that he could do nothing more without running the risk of splitting up his own party. To himself and to the Republicans generally it afterward became a source of regret that nothing more was done to put limits on the power of Congress and of the judiciary. The troubles with England, the disunion tendencies in the Eastern States, the quasi-Federalism of Mr. Madison, the continual alarmist outcries of political enemies —all acted as brakes to the wheel of Jeffersonian purpose.

To dream in the studio is one thing, to conduct an administration is another. It is this difference between theory and practise which makes Jefferson seem inconsistent.

From the time that he first realized the unique position of the Federal judiciary in our system, Mr. Jefferson was its bitter enemy. It violated all his ideas of Democracy. Its judges were not amenable to popular control. There was no rotation in office, no short terms, no frequent appeals to the people. A body so independent of the popular will, and clothed with the tremendous power of setting aside the statutes of every State and of the United States, was by the very law of its nature antagonistic to the principle upon which democratic government is founded. The will

of the people, the preference of the majority, was sovereign, according to Republican theory; but here was a sovereignty more permanent than Presidents and Senates, more untrammeled than the Executive or the Legislature, and its final word was law supreme, overriding cabinets, lawmakers, and people. By its very constitution, such a tribunal would be out of touch with the masses, would feel no popular impulse, would inevitably tend to become aristocratic, if not autocratic, in method and in purpose. By the elemental selfishness of human nature, it would eternally seek to broaden the bounds of its empire. Jefferson dreaded it, prophesied against it, bewailed its irresistible power.

Reading his gloomy forecasts, one almost believes he anticipated government by injunction and the advent of the deputy marshal. But we doubt if even his wildest fears could have pictured a situation in which Congress is not allowed to put the income tax upon a millionaire, and when the sympathizer with labor is enjoined from persuasion and peaceful aid.

CHAPTER XLII

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE

One of the eternally convincing proofs of Mr. Jefferson's range of vision as a statesman is the importance which he attached to the West while it was still a wilderness. He was quick to encourage George Rogers Clarke when he offered to invade the vast Illinois country. When Governor of Virginia, he pushed the frontier of his State to the banks of the Mississippi, and held it there with a fort. While minister to France he had urged Ledyard to go across Europe to Kamchatka, pass the strait, and from the shores of the Pacific explore the country back to the settlements in the East.

When Spain had demanded full control of the Mississippi, and John Jay had proposed to yield to the Spanish demands for the closure of the river, Jefferson and Madison both realized what Jay and Washington did not—the vast importance of the Mississippi to the American people.

Prof. John Fiske, in his Critical Period of American History, holds up George McDuffie, "the very able Senator from South Carolina," to the scorn of posterity because Mr. McDuffie failed to

foresee the value of the unpeopled wilderness in the northwestern part of the republic. This was very short-sighted in Mr. McDuffie, and serves to lower him as a statesman. But South Carolina was not the only State which had a "very able Senator." Massachusetts had one—Daniel Webster—a "very able Senator," indeed.

The value of the Northwestern lands was passed upon by him as well as by McDuffie, and Prof. John Fiske, of New England, fails to cite the opinion of Mr. Webster.

The very able Senator from Massachusetts expressed himself in these words:

"What do we want with this vast worthless area? This region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie-dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts, or those endless mountain ranges, impenetrable and covered to their base with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the western coast, a coast of three thousand miles, rock-bound, cheerless, uninviting, and not a harbor on it? What use have we for this country?"

Thus spoke Daniel Webster, "the very able Senator" from Massachusetts. All of which merely goes to show that neither George McDuffie nor Daniel Webster had the far-seeing statesmanship which Thomas Jefferson and Napoleon Bona-

parte possessed. For each of these marvelous men fully realized the vast possibilities of the Western wilderness, just as the much-reviled John Law had foreseen it. One of the first fruits of victory which Napoleon snatched at was Louisiana. The bestial, impotent Bourbons had lost it; he, the upstart Corsican, would have it back. And in 1800 he got it—the imperial domain out of which has been carved some fourteen of the best States and Territories of the Union. Mr. Jefferson had cast longing eyes upon this glorious region, and had dreamed of the day when it would be ours. To every movement of the Spaniards on the Mississippi he was acutely sensitive. When they withdrew our right of deposit at New Orleans he was prompt in having it restored—doing it by patient diplomacy, bloodlessly, when the Federalists in Congress were striving to force him into war.

On the instant that it became known in this country that Napoleon had secured the huge prize and meant to develop a colonial empire between the great river and the Pacific Ocean Mr. Jefferson's peace talk gave way to sterner language. He said as plainly as words could make it that France would not be allowed to establish a colonial empire here, thus throwing into the face of Napoleon Bonaparte the first declaration of something which resembled the "Monroe doctrine."

But peace was always better than war, and Mr.

Jefferson, while making threats, offered to trade. Let France sell us New Orleans and part of Florida.

That Napoleon was swerved one hair's breadth from his course by anything Mr. Jefferson said or did no student can allege. Nor is it true that the revolt of the negroes in San Domingo had anything to do with it. Had not England broken the peace of Amiens, Napoleon would have made the attempt to hold Louisiana in spite of Jefferson, in spite of Livingston and Monroe, and in spite of the negroes of San Domingo.

The expedition which General Victor was to have led to Louisiana was already prepared, and sailing-orders had been issued, when it suddenly appeared that there would be another struggle to the death with Great Britain. *This*, and this only, changed Napoleon's purpose. In the twinkling of an eye he *did* change, just as he afterward changed his plan against England to the plan against Austria—which carried him to Austerlitz and made William Pitt roll up the map of the world and turn his tired face to the wall.

Livingston had made no headway in his efforts to buy a portion of the Louisiana country, nor would James Monroe, whom Jefferson hurried across with secret instructions, have had any better success. But Napoleon's circumstances changed, his mind changed, and from sullen "Nay" he shifted his tone to eager "Yea." That is all there is of it. He

said to his minister: "I know the value of what I sell. I regret its loss deeply. But I am powerless to hold it. England will seize it. Offer it to the United States—sell the whole of Louisiana. Do this at once!"

Absolutely he flung to us, almost in spite of ourselves, what we had not asked for, and what he would have kept but for the certainty that Great Britain would get it. The only questions Livingston and Monroe had to settle were (1) whether they should take the responsibility in buying the whole country, and (2) what price they would pay. They decided wisely to accept the entire property, and they agreed to pay what amounted to $15,000,000.

Had Jefferson not been prompt, had our ministers not been men of nerve, had Napoleon not been capable of rapid decision, Louisiana would doubtless have been the first prize of the British fleet in the war which broke out twelve days later. Had England got her clutches upon that immense region, who can say that we ever could have loosed them? The power which has held Canada on the north might have made good against us the line of the Mississippi.

To Jefferson's initiative and farsightedness we owe it that we secured without bloodshed, for a trifling sum of money, a territory which doubled our republic, assured its expansion to the Gulf of Mexico and to the Pacific, and thus lifted us, by a

stroke of genius, into a world power of the first class.

Hamilton had dreamed of something akin to this to be achieved by a doubtful bloody war with Spain and France, in which we should have entangled ourselves in a dangerous alliance with Great Britain. His Miranda scheme, looked at in the most favorable light, amounted to that—a bloody, doubtful war, and a dangerous, entangling alliance. Once over here with her fleets and armies, Great Britain might not have been willing to go when we said go.

Jefferson, pursuing a plan different in spirit and in principle, secured all the results which Hamilton's most brilliant success could have won, without the risk, the bloodshed, and the entangling British alliance.

In selling Louisiana Napoleon did not neglect the people. He provided for them, using expressions which did credit to his heart as well as his head.

If Lucien and Joseph Bonaparte ever had the bath-tub squabble with their mighty brother, which Henry Adams and James K. Hosmer dwell on so lovingly, it but increases one's contempt for the brothers. Napoleon had adopted the only course a statesman could adopt. To give Louisiana back to Spain would have been a folly which even so stupid a man as Joseph Bonaparte might have understood.

A barren debate has arisen over the respective merits of Livingston and Monroe in the Louisiana purchase. As a Southern man, intimate with Jefferson and Madison, Monroe may have better appreciated the grandeur of Jefferson's aims. Livingston was certainly nearer to the ideas of John Jay, for he wrote Madison:

"I would rather have confined our views to smaller objects, and I think that if we succeed it would be good policy to exchange the west bank (of the Mississippi) with Spain for the Floridas, reserving New Orleans."

This is what Livingston wrote *at the time.* Not what he said to Talleyrand, or Barbé Marbois, or Napoleon, but his maturely considered opinion given to his own Government.

Think of it! He was willing to swap the Western Continent from the Mississippi to the Pacific for the island of New Orleans and the Floridas! There is no room left for doubt. Livingston must be classed not with Jefferson, but with George McDuffie and Daniel Webster, each of whom was a "very able Senator."

Mr. Livingston afterward wrote in a very different strain. But that is another matter. Most of us can see what will happen after it has happened.

In buying Louisiana Mr. Jefferson made no hollow pretense that the Constitution gave him authority. He frankly admitted that it was out-

side the Constitution, and needed the sanction of the people. He acted upon the principle that it was a case which had not been foreseen, had not been provided for, but which was of such vital and certain benefit to the Union that it must be done, law or no law. An overwhelming national necessity breaks treaties and written compacts—a most dangerous doctrine, but one which is recognized.

The American Peace Commissioners acted by virtue of this unwritten law in making a treaty with England separate from France.

The delegates to the Constitutional Convention of 1787 obeyed the same rule when they disregarded their instructions and made a new Constitution.

More recently, Jay acted in that spirit in making his treaty with Great Britain.

A dangerous principle, most assuredly, and one whose only justification is the existence of irresistible national interest, from which national consent will be presumed.

Jefferson acted upon this principle, and the nation ratified what he had done. Congress and the people were not only satisfied, they were delighted. Jefferson's praises resounded throughout the land. In New England alone was disapproval heard.

As early as 1786 leaders in Massachusetts declared that if Jay's attempts to close the Mississippi were not successful in Congress it was time for the New England States to withdraw from the

Union and to form a confederation by themselves.

In 1792 and in 1794 similar talk was rife; in 1796 Lieutenant-Governor Wolcott, of Connecticut, said that if Jefferson were elected President he would favor a separation of the Northern from the Southern States.

The purchase of Louisiana intensified this sectional jealousy, the New England Federalists foreseeing the growth of a Western world which would be injurious to Eastern commerce. They declared that the Eastern States would be compelled to establish an Eastern Empire. This disunion sentiment continued to grow until Josiah Quincy declared in Congress that if the bill for the admission of Louisiana passed the bond of the Union would be dissolved, and that as it would be the right of all the States to secede, it would be the duty of some—"amicably if they can, violently if they must."

It is only when we contrast the wisdom of Mr. Jefferson with such shortsighted men as those who threatened to break up the Union because he had gained Louisiana for it, that we begin to realize the difference between a statesman and a humdrum politician.

Our new empire was promptly reduced to possession, and Mr. Jefferson set on foot an exploring expedition to open up to the knowledge of the world the mysterious regions of the far West.

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE

Starting out from St. Louis, a small band of Americans under the two Virginians, Lewis and Clarke, crossed the Rocky Mountains and made their way to where the Columbia River enters the Pacific Ocean. At a cost of $2,500, Jefferson, through the work of these explorers, not only acquired knowledge of the Louisiana purchase, but laid the foundation to our claim to the Oregon country, whose value Mr. Webster was so far from understanding.

Mr. Roosevelt, in his Winning of the West, grudges Mr. Jefferson any credit for the Louisiana purchase, being far less generous to the Southern statesman than was another great Northern writer, James G. Blaine.

In his Twenty Years of Congress, Mr. Blaine bears frank and full testimony to Jefferson, and he clearly demonstrates how much our republic gained by Jefferson's initiative and promptitude.

Mr. Roosevelt contends that the American people would have got the territory anyhow. It was only a question of time. How could Mr. Roosevelt know that? We have wanted Canada bad enough, several times, but we have never got it. Even as these lines are being written (May, 1903) American citizens by the thousand are pouring into Canadian territory from our Northwest, but England still holds the land and our Americans will become subjects of Great Britain.

Emigration cares less about forms of government and national names than it does about conditions of soil, climate, wages, cost of living, richness of mines, and a freedom of opportunity.

So as to Louisiana. Americans would have streamed across the Mississippi to settle the land beyond, but had England been its sovereign the emigrant might have had as little thought of throwing off the British dominion as he now has when he settles in Canada.

Had Mr. Jefferson been "timid, weak, and vacillating," had he waited just a few days longer, the breaking out of the war would have caught him with the Louisiana business unsettled, and Great Britain would have seized it is French territory. He is a prophet, indeed, who can predict that we "would have got Louisiana anyhow" had England been allowed to get her strong hands on it.

. . . . . .

During former administrations the Mohammedan powers of the Mediterranean had remained our "great and good friends," at a cost of $2,000,000. Jefferson determined to put an end to tribute-paying. Recurring to his old Paris plans, he sent war-vessels to the Mediterranean and began to persuade the infidels with guns. Partly by hard fighting, and partly by negotiation and one final ransom of $60,000, Jefferson wrung an honorable peace

from the Mohammedans and they troubled him no more.

In the year 1800, John Adams being President, Commodore Bainbridge was compelled by the Dey of Algiers to carry Algerine despatches to the Sultan at Constantinople, and the American man-of-war, the George Washington, sailed through the Dardanelles with the "pirate" flag at the mast-head.

Adams did nothing about it; Jefferson did. He made it impossible for that kind of degradation to befall us again.

CHAPTER XLIII

JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE

THE leader of Mr. Jefferson's administration on the floor of the House in Congress was one of the most vividly picturesque figures that has ever appeared in our political history. John Randolph, of Roanoke, was born in 1773, and among his ancestors he counted not only the Scotch Earls of Murray, but Pocahontas, the daughter of a king. Whether a lineage of this sort justifies inordinate pride is a fair question for debate. That the Scotch Earls of Murray at some time or other were cattle thieves, just as most of the other feudal lords of Normandy, France, Germany, and England were plunderers by sea or land, need not be seriously doubted; yet, as earls go, they stood high. Pocahontas, too, was only the daughter of a naked Indian, who cooked his fish with the scales on and the entrails undisturbed within,[1] while the little princess, in all the charms of unclothed nature, would play with the Jamestown boys, "turning a somerset" equal to any of them. Yet, after all, she was a princess; and just as the Prince of Wales in England walked

[1] Bruce, Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century.

behind the African chief because he *was* a king, so the descendants of Pocahontas were proud of their descent from the alleged savior of Smith because she *was* a princess. Besides family pride, John Randolph inherited vast family estates—lands, houses, negroes, horses, cattle—but no cash to speak of, and the inevitable British debt. Randolph complained, early and feelingly, of the condition in which he found his estate, and refers to "the scuffle with negroes and overseers for something like a pittance of rent and profit upon my land and stock."

A Charleston bookseller, who saw Randolph in 1776, describes him as "a tall, gawky, flaxen-haired stripling, with a complexion of good parchment color, beardless chin, and as much assumed self-confidence as any two-footed animal I ever saw." Later in life Randolph looked like an old shriveld woman. His bones had no flesh, his voice was a feminine shriek, his face was literally covered with countless wrinkles, and his color was that of old, yellow parchment. Beard he never had; and he was a bundle of nerves, whose capacity for suffering was pathetic. Things which other men of less sensitive organization would never notice tortured him to distraction. He was quick to love and to hate. There was a quality which we call "womanish" in both his loves and his hates.

He was the slave of impulse and temper, irri-

table to the last degree, incapable of sustained, systematic labor.

Imperfectly educated, his genius undisciplined, his faculties untrained, he was nevertheless a most effective speaker. On the hustings he was superb, a master of a crowd. When Robert Toombs was at the University of Virginia, he rode sixty miles to hear John Randolph make one of his last speeches, and Mr. Toombs always referred to it as one of the most powerful of speeches.

The self-confidence to which the Charleston book-dealer referred as assumed was not assumed. Randolph's confidence in himself was real, and was unlimited. At a public dinner in 1795 he dared to propose as a toast, "George Washington—may he be damned!"

When this sentiment met disapproval the bold youth added, "If he signs Jay's treaty."

His very first dash into politics was a race for Congress, and the first opponent whom he met in public debate was Patrick Henry. No small game for "Jack Randle." He struck at the antlered stag. He was only twenty-six when he thus threw himself against the Washington-Henry-Marshall influence in Virginia, and he was victorious. Such a triumph was not calculated to lessen his self-esteem.

It must have been a sight to see Randolph dismount from his splendid saddle-horse at the door,

and go stalking into the House of Representatives with a cap on his head, a whip in his hand, top-boots on his feet, and a pair of pointer dogs at his heels. It made no difference to him whether business had begun or not; he would loudly salute his friends, and, after drawing off his gloves, fire away at whatever subject happened to be before the House. If some member whom he disliked was on the floor he would, as apt as not, turn round, and noisily walk out.

Brilliant, eccentric, brave, honest, ready to tongue-lash anybody who offended him, cursed with a restless disposition which craved excitement, and a morbid temper which made it next to impossible for him to work in harmony with others, he tormented himself, quarreled with relatives, cast off friends, broke with political associates, and became almost an Ishmaelite. Yet a few of the best men loved him, one of the finest constituencies in America stood true to him, and a very considerable percentage of Southern people believed that he was the most clear-sighted and consistent statesman the South ever had.

Between Thomas Jefferson and John Randolph there could never have been much in common.

They were relatives, but not so close as to be intimate. They both loved books, but in a different way. John Randolph's thirty-five hundred volumes were the companions of lonely hours, to be read

whenever the whim seized him, and dropped when he was tired.

He was no student, and while his mind was richly stored with the treasures of literature, he was complete master of no subject whatever.

Irregular, insubordinate, impatient of rule or restraint, such a methodist as Jefferson was certain, sooner or later, to provoke his captain's temper and reckless tongue.

But at first, Randolph as House leader, and Jefferson as President, got on well though. One had to be extremely anxious for a row, indeed, to pick a fuss with so mild, so patient, so conciliatory, so adroit a politician as Jefferson.

The Republican party was young, it was enjoying the first great victory it had won, its chief was still its prophet, nothing had yet occurred to cause divisions, and therefore during the first year or so of the Jefferson administration John Randolph, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and House leader for the Executive, was the most powerful man in Congress.

He was no leader. He was a boss. He drove his men by the force of his temper and the fury of his tongue. His pointed finger was a lance; his wit a sword of fire. Still, the party being obedient, the President supreme, and Randolph orthodox, he was effective. He put administrative measures through under whip and spur. So long as he spoke in the

name of the party he was irresistible. Men might curse him in their hearts, but they dared not vote against him. But troubles arose. There was the impeachment of Judge Chase, in which the President had thrown out no aid and comfort to the prosecution. Randolph had caught a hard fall, had been sorely bruised, and no presidential balm was forthcoming. Then there was the Yazoo fraud business, wherein the State of Georgia had lost, through a bribed Legislature, 40,000,000 acres of land; and wherein James Madison, Matthew Lyon, and other prominent Republicans, had indorsed a proposition to let the land companies have 5,000,000 acres, in compromise, as compensation to alleged innocent purchasers. Randolph could see no innocence in any purchaser of this Yazoo land, and his wrath flamed fiercely against compromise and compromisers. He denounced Lyon, and Lyon denounced him; he denounced Madison, and the Secretary of State defied him. He denounced Gideon Granger, the Cabinet officer, who had taken a fee from the land companies, and was helping to push the compromise through.

In this struggle we must admire Randolph and sympathize with him. He had been in Georgia during the Yazoo agitation, and knew all about it. He knew that a greedy corporation had corrupted the Legislature and perpetrated a tremendous piece of robbery. He may have been present at Louisville,

Ga., when General James Jackson, in the presence of the assembled Legislature, all the State officials, and a multitude of private citizens, "brought down fire from heaven," through a sunglass, and burnt the detested Yazoo Act. At any rate, he felt that the fraud upon the State of Georgia had been so notorious, and had been so promptly and publicly exposed and repudiated, that there could be no question of "innocent purchaser" concerning this land —no matter what some Federal judge might say.

The heat, the violence, the persistence which Randolph manifested in his fight against the Yazoo corruptionists are to his credit. As an honest man and fearless Congressman he staked his political life on the issue—combating Madison, Jefferson, Lyon, Granger, and everybody else who refused to help him punish the rascality of the Yazoo gang.

There were two sides, as there almost always are. Jefferson had prevailed upon the State of Georgia to cede the disputed Yazoo grant to the General Government, with the understanding that Georgia should be paid $1,250,000 out of the proceeds of the first sales of public lands. To avoid all trouble and complications, the administration was in favor of compromising with the so-called "innocent purchasers" by yielding to them 5,000,000 acres of the land. But the taking of a fee by the Postmaster-General from the claimants to lobby

their bill through cast the shadow of a scandal upon the whole administration, and one can not escape the suspicion that the Yazoo grant, conceived in fraud, remained a source of corruption to the last.

But the actual breach between Randolph and Jefferson occurred on the proposition to acquire Florida. The President was proceeding about the business with that diplomacy which in the Louisiana case had been successful. He was making public threats to fight Spain, while by secret message he was asking Congress for money to be used in negotiation. To the public there was a revelation, to the initiated a secret. This principle, or want of principle (as the case may be), had worked well enough for Louisiana, and Randolph had been the presidential agent. But now the floor leader revolted. In his own mind he drew a distinction between the two cases, and, to the amazement of Congress, he began an opposition. Soon the terrors of his tongue were loosed upon the President. At first there was a flurry in administration circles—almost a panic—but it soon passed. Jefferson's confidence did not forsake him, his following in Congress stood the strain; and when Randolph set up his independent standard the merest handful went with him.

For many and many a year Randolph remained in the public service, most of the time in the House, one term in the Senate, one mission to Rus-

sia, always conspicuous, always courageous, often right, generally in the minority, but nothing more than a brilliant free-lance, without decisive influence.

When one reads his letters to friends whom he really honored and his descriptions of his travels in Europe, one regrets that the literature of his country lost a mind so rich and so brilliant.

As a conversationalist, when familiarly spending an evening within a small congenial circle he was at his best; and none excelled him then.

New Englanders were not, as a rule, feverishly fond of John Randolph, but notice the impression he made upon a Senator from Massachusetts, Elijah Mills: "He is really a most singular and interesting man. He dined with us yesterday. He was dressed in a rough, coarse, short hunting-coat, with small-clothes and boots, and over his boots a pair of coarse cotton leggings, tied with strings around his legs. He engrossed almost the whole conversation, and was exceedingly amusing as well as eloquent and instructive."

. . . . . .

With the sole exception of Randolph, Jefferson had no serious troubles with his lieutenants. His Cabinet was singularly harmonious. James Madison, Secretary of State; Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury; Henry Dearborn, Secretary of

War; Gideon Granger, Postmaster-General; Levi Lincoln, Attorney-General; Robert Smith, Secretary of the Navy, were all excellent officers and loyal to the chief.

Congress was probably never handled so adroitly and successfully as it was by Mr. Jefferson.

CHAPTER XLIV

BURR, ADAMS, HAMILTON

Aaron Burr quietly took his place as Vice-President, and made a model officer. Senators who had sat under John Adams must have felt refreshed by the change.

When General Washington became President, and Mr. Adams Vice-President, all was confusion, and modes of doing things had to be adopted before things themselves could be done. Here was infinite field for discussion and for display of knowledge of the ways of other peoples.

Whether the President and Vice-President were like Roman consuls, or Spartan kings, or Carthaginian suffetes, Mr. Adams did not know for certain; but he was anxious to find out, and more than willing to talk about it from the chair. "I am possessed of two separate powers; the one in *esse*, the other in *posse*. I am Vice-President. In this I am nothing, but may be everything. But I am also President of the Senate; what shall I do when President Washington comes? I can not be President then. No, gentlemen, I can not. I wish you gentlemen to think what I shall be."

With a confusion remotely resembling Ham-

let's, Mr. Adams made earnest efforts to understand himself, locate himself, and adjust himself. In nearly every debate he took an active part. Senators who in the progress of their remarks went astray on matters of fact or argument he set right from the chair. Frequently he would address the Senate for nearly an hour at a time; and that day which passed without several speeches of varying lengths from Vice-President Adams was exceptional. A great stickler for forms, he was constantly telling the Senate how certain things were done in the House of Lords in England; and on the first address of Washington to Congress his clerk indorsed, with Adams's approval, the royal phrase "his gracious speech."

When it gradually dawned upon Mr. Adams that he and Washington were not to be treated as Roman consuls, Spartan kings, or Carthaginian suffetes his disgust grew apace—so much so that when Senator Maclay and others stoutly contended for the simple manners of democracy, Adams declared that had he known the American people would come to such a pass he would never have taken up arms against Great Britain.

Fussy, consequential, pompous, garrulous, without dignity of person or of manner, his face often expanded in a vacant laugh, John Adams was not the man to be imposing or impressive as a presiding officer over the Senate of the United States.

Jefferson had, of course, adopted a different standard when he came to preside over the Senate; and nothing more was heard of the consuls, the kings, or the suffetes. Romans, Grecians, and Carthaginians were suffered to rest in peace. The Vice-President no longer acted as schoolmaster for Senators. Under Jefferson's firm, gentle control, the Senate began to assume the character befitting the most responsible body in the New World.

Aaron Burr followed the example of Jefferson; and his conduct as President of the Senate compelled unstinted praise from friends and foes alike. He was a model of decorum, was rigidly impartial, and was conspicuously capable. When his term expired, he delivered a brief farewell address, which created a profound impression, and which even in the imperfect report handed down to us raises the speaker in the estimation of all who will read it.

The received opinion about Burr is that he was a political adventurer, without care or thought for the law, the country, and for the human race. In that connection, one paragraph in his short speech is very striking. "This House is a sanctuary; a citadel of law, and of liberty; and it is here—it is here, in this exalted refuge—here, if anywhere, that resistance will be made to the storms of political frenzy and the silent arts of corruption. If the Constitution be destined to perish by the sacrilegious hands of the demagogue or the usurper, which God

avert, its expiring agonies will be witnessed on this floor."

Whatever else it may be, this is not the language nor the conception of a mere shallow trifler. Just as Patrick Henry had foreseen the centralizing principles in the new Constitution, Aaron Burr realized the predominant power of the United States Senate. In each case the prediction was that of the statesman, for the facts were not then so apparent. "Storms of political frenzy" was the one danger, "the silent arts of corruption" was the other. Anybody who now looks in upon the United States Senate and mentally extracts therefrom the representatives and beneficiaries of "the silent arts of corruption," will be in considerable doubt as to whether he has left a quorum to do business.

Dwarfing the House, overshadowing the President, the Senate governs the republic; and "the silent arts of corruption" govern the Senate.

. . . . . .

With the election of Jefferson the career of Alexander Hamilton ended. This was not foreseen by him, nor was it realized by him until the masterful management which the Virginian displayed in his first administration had borne its fruit in his second, and almost unanimous, election. Not till then did Hamilton give up the ghost politically. So late as January, 1804, he seems to have nursed the

hope that Jefferson would do something very desperate, revolutionary, and anarchistic—something which would justify the Federalist predictions and rekindle the Federalist hopes. On Wednesday, January 18, 1804, we find the three eminent patriots of New York—Rufus King, Gouverneur Morris, and Alexander Hamilton—dining together at King's. These notable three were "alarmed at the conduct of our rulers, and think the Constitution is about to be overturned."

Hamilton and King "apprehend a bloody anarchy." Morris thinks that the Constitution has already been overturned. Anarchy is about to ensue in which property will be sacrificed. The only difference between those three New York patriots is that King and Hamilton believe there will be anarchy accompanied by bloodshed, while Morris thinks that the ruthless Jeffersonians will be content with the confiscation of houses, lands, mules, horses, cows, etc.

Indeed, Hamilton was at sea—adrift on the great ocean without compass or rudder. All his fine plans and schemes had failed. His party was dead, and about to be buried. He had lost the great Washington, who had been his shield. His own personal and political unpopularity now rested upon him with stifling weight. He was bankrupt in his finances. His tortuous intrigues with men and parties had raised up against him an army of venomous

enemies. Jefferson would have nothing to do with him—neither wanting his support nor fearing his opposition. His advice was not sought on any earthly subject, and his newspaper criticisms were treated with the contempt they deserved. Passed forever were the days when he could dictate the policies of Cabinets and control the votes of Congress. The only possible hope for Hamilton was that the country might become involved in war. In that event, his courage and ability would assuredly have guaranteed him a brilliant career, provided a friendly President was ready to give him high appointment. In civil life he had no outlook whatever. A comfortable law practise, a dreary struggle with debt, and a declining capacity for labor was his prospect.

Hamilton had matured early—wonderfully so—but his limit of expansion had soon been reached; and in 1804 he was certainly not a growing man. He had paid the penalty of precocity. The decay had set in at an age when other men, not so rapid in early growth, were still expanding in knowledge and wisdom. In politics Hamilton and Burr had reached the point where each could knife the other in New York without being able to do more. Burr could get no office—Hamilton barred the way. Hamilton could get none—Burr and his own unpopularity blocked the path.

For many years Hamilton had pursued Burr, in

letters and private conversation, with every sort of accusation. Burr's private remarks were used against him; idle reports were repeated and exaggerated; and the most injurious suspicions became facts to the jealous, embittered Hamilton. During all these years the two men were on friendly terms, dining at each other's house, their families mingling freely in social intercourse. In fact, Burr does not seem to have known how rabid was Hamilton's hatred, nor how offensive his language. When Burr did find it out, when he did realize how inveterate had been Hamilton's hostility, he resolutely determined to call him to account.

With Burr's first note in that fatal correspondence Hamilton seemed to have become suddenly conscious of his great imprudence and his great danger. In many of his letters against his rival, previous to that last correspondence—letters which are half frantic with jealousy, malice, and treacherous eagerness to deal a stealthy stab—Hamilton leaves upon the modern reader the impression that he was afraid of Burr. At all events, the correspondence leading up to the duel does not increase one's respect for Hamilton. As John Randolph said, the letters of Hamilton show a consciousness of inferiority to his antagonist.

"On one side there is labored obscurity, much equivocation, and many attempts at evasion, not unmixed with a little blustering; on the other an

unshaken adherence to his object and an undeviating pursuit of it, not to be eluded or baffled. It reminded me of a sinking fox pressed by a vigorous old hound, where no shift is permitted to avail him."

When Gouverneur Morris heard the result of the duel, he hastened to the beside of his dying friend. Hamilton was speechless. Morris sat by him till he expired. It was a tragic scene—the dead husband and father, the frantic wife and children; the grief-stricken, sympathizing friends. Morris was asked to pronounce the funeral oration. This request caused some embarrassment to Morris, and his diary reflects it. He says that the subject is difficult. "The first point in his biography is that he was a stranger of illegitimate birth; some mode must be contrived to pass this over handsomely. He was indiscreet, vain, and opinionated; these things must be told or the character will be incomplete. He was in principle opposed to republican and attached to monarchical government. His share in forming our Constitution must be mentioned, and his unfavorable opinion can not therefore be concealed.

"The most important part of his life was his administration of the finances. The system he proposed was radically wrong in one respect; moreover, it has been the subject of some just and much unjust criticism.

"I can neither commit myself to a full approval, nor is it prudent to censure others. All this must, somehow or other, be reconciled. He was in principle opposed to dueling, yet he fell in a duel."

In other entries in his diary, made a few days later, Morris states that Hamilton "has died insolvent," owing fifty to sixty thousand dollars, and leaving property which would probably sell for forty thousand.

The wife and seven children "will be left destitute; and charitable friends take advantage of the profound public sympathy to set on foot a subscription."

Gouverneur Morris was a personal and political friend of Alexander Hamilton. The estimate of the dead man, which was written when Morris was under the softening spell of circumstances eloquently pleading for mercy to Hamilton, is certainly in striking contrast with the rhapsodies of Daniel Webster and Prof. John Fiske.

If ever there was a man who knew Hamilton thoroughly it was Gouverneur Morris. And no man was better qualified to weigh the true worth of Hamilton; for Morris was himself a practical, successful financier, a statesman of rare intelligence, a student of men and measures, capable of forming a cool, discriminating, accurate judgment of his fellow man.

CHAPTER XLV

BRITISH AGGRESSIONS.—EMBARGO

To avoid another such complication as had threatened to defeat the will of the people at the time of Jefferson's first election, a constitutional amendment, providing that the President and Vice-President should be separately voted for, was adopted during his first term. Under the operation of the new law he received at the election of 1804 162 electoral votes, while the opposite ticket got but 14.

In the mad struggle between Great Britain and France, neutral commerce was swept off the sea. Between British orders in Council and French decrees, no safety ground was left—the ships that missed the English whirlpool foundered on the French rocks. All efforts to make terms with the belligerents were vain. England contemptuously spurned our overtures, and France could do nothing unless England would alter her rules. Outrages without number were committed upon our merchant vessels by both England and France. An English war-ship, the Leopard, attacked one of our battle-ships, the Chesapeake, catching it unpre-

pared, and forced it to haul down its flag, after riddling the ship and littering its decks with dead and wounded.

British officers then went on board the Chesapeake, had the vessel searched, and took away three American-born negroes who were not British subjects, but who had served on, and deserted from, a British man-of-war.[1] In truth, the insolence of our mother country toward us during the period when we could not help ourselves was something almost incredible.

It did not commence with Jefferson's administration, as Henry Adams's histories would imply. On the contrary, it was a continuation of the strife begun in the Revolutionary War. It never had entirely ceased. It continued under Washington, and it made itself felt in the time of Adams. The Jay treaty did not put an end to it entirely.

When the Jay treaty expired, Mr. Jefferson did his utmost to secure better terms, but was unable to do so. After ever so many snubs, delays, and discouragements, James Monroe and William Pinckney signed a treaty which violated their instructions. It was so far short of what was needed and what was fair and just, that Mr. Jefferson rejected it without even taking the advice of the Senate.

A study of the relations between the United

[1] They found, also, a deserter named Ratcliffe. They hung him at Halifax.

States and Great Britain from the conclusion of the Peace of Paris, in 1783, down to the battle of New Orleans, in 1815, is dismal reading. It is a long, long chapter of insolence, oppression, flagrant outrage of the stronger nation toward the weaker.

Who inflamed the Indians during Washington's administration, threw the Northwest into panic, lit the sky with the flames of burning homes, speeding the work of tomahawk and scalping-knife, and laying the train of events which led to the massacre of the army of St. Clair? Great Britain did it. Who kidnaped thousands of our citizens—snatching them from wife, child, home, and freedom—and chained them to a detested service, scourged them with cruel lash, compelled them to fight their own countrymen, or hung them without pity at the yardarm? Great Britain did it. Who insulted our ministers, contemptuously refused to make amends for admitted wrongs, rebuffed every advance we made toward friendship, fomented sedition here among our own people, corresponding with traitors, encouraging treason, and plotting with them a rebellion against the Government? Great Britain did it.

The record is there for all to see.

What was Mr. Jefferson to do? Neither of his predecessors had provided a standing army. The people were intensely jealous of such a force. Public sentiment did not yet demand a war. New

England, especially, preferred for things to remain as they were.

In spite of orders in Council, French decrees, and wholesale seizures there were men engaged in commerce who preferred to continue to take the risks.

But, after all, governments are responsible in national affairs; not individuals. Mr. Jefferson could not afford to have the flag insulted on every sea, our ships condemned, our citizens carried away into slavery.

The Government must do something; and by an overwhelming majority Congress laid an embargo upon foreign commerce. That is, no American ship could clear for a foreign port, and no foreign ships could enter ours.

The whole country suffered under this embargo. The shipowners of the maritime States and the planters of the South were equally hard hit; but the manufacturers of New England coined money. For the time, they enjoyed a complete monopoly of the domestic market—the true aim of all tariffs.

While other sections were groaning under the embargo—produce unsold, debts unpaid, and no money in circulation—New England had more surplus cash than could readily find profitable investment. Nevertheless, her people put up a clamorous opposition to the law, and illicit trade was brisk, open, and defiant.

Congress passed a Force Bill, to enable the President to execute the law. This aggravated New England's discontent.

The Massachusetts Legislature declared the enforcing act to be unconstitutional and not legally binding. Courts and juries refused to convict violators of the law. Connecticut likewise nullified it by legislative enactment, and by the refusal of her Governor to honor the President's requisition for militia to enforce the law. Beset by foreign foes on the one hand and by domestic treason and rebellion on the other, Mr. Jefferson's position was deplorable. While he thoroughly believed in the embargo, and thought that persistence in that policy would force England to terms (as Madison always believed), the force of the measure was lost when New England preached and practised nullification.

His friend and House leader, Nicholas, of Virginia, introduced resolutions (January 25, 1809) to repeal the embargo on June 1st.

The date finally fixed was March 4, 1809. Non-intercourse with France and England was substituted for the embargo, the repealing act merely serving to unfetter American trade as to other nations.

The student can, if he will, see clearly enough, all along here, the evil effects of the original mistake made by Washington's administration. Had

we frankly continued the French alliance, as we had done during the Revolutionary War, there is every reason to believe that the results would have continued to be satisfactory. Combined, we were stronger than Great Britain; separate, she could overcome each. The Hamilton policy played into England's hands by giving her the advantage of combating her enemies one at a time. How any honest student can fail to see this without putting out his eyes, we can not understand. Bold, open alliance with France gave the weak colonies victory over Great Britain; bold, loyal observance of our treaty with her would have continued to maintain a superiority over her. Had we kept faith, had we kept the flags of the two republics intertwined, the tree which had borne such good fruit would have continued to bear good fruit.

France had asked us for nothing that we could not safely have granted. Genet's privateers were not hurting us. Genet's proposition to have George Rogers Clarke call for volunteers and march against Spanish New Orleans was not likely to damage us. Genet's prayer that we pay France what we owed her was not such a very extravagant prayer—especially in view of the fact that he was willing to take it "in trade." Jefferson thought that the request should be granted, and so wrote. But most unfortunately the spell of Hamilton was upon the Cabinet, and the British faction carried

the day. They kept us from getting the immense benefit of the sudden strength displayed by the French Republic. They kept us from deriving any benefit from the victories of Napoleon. And they could *not* prevent England from searching our vessels, seizing our sailors, and capturing our merchantmen during the whole humiliating period. And then when France had been exhausted and lay bleeding at every pore, England pounced upon the silly nation which had not recognized its opportunity; and she had the extreme good luck to fight us when France could not have helped had she been inclined.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt speaks of the "infamous conduct" of Jefferson and Madison in not preparing this republic for war. "Infamous" is a strong word even when thrown at notorious knaves: when applied to such men as Jefferson and Madison it has no more meaning than Daniel O'Connell's reference to the Duke of Wellington as "a stunted corporal," or the British epithet "Corsican ogre" when applied to Napoleon. Mr. Roosevelt was young when he denounced Jefferson and Madison as "infamous"; he would not repeat that statement now, we may be sure.

But when even a younger man, it might have occurred to Mr. Roosevelt that all wars have their remote causes, sometimes hidden sources; and he might have inquired "What was the true origin of

our War of 1812?" And had he given the subject the same fearless, intelligent, and independent study that he gave to the conquest of the Southwest, he would have put his unerring finger on the broken French treaty of 1778, and would have bravely told the world: "This dishonored treaty, this breach of national faith, this selfish ingratitude to the people who came to us in the hour of our need—*this, this* was the origin of our woes."

In short, the fight was already begun, and we had a friend whose strength and fidelity had borne the stern test of the battle-field. We threw away that friend, and during the strife, which had never really ceased, and which was kept up till the Southern volunteers annihilated the British at New Orleans, we got buffets from both France and Great Britain, when we could have continued the alliance with France and compelled Great Britain to keep the peace.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Jefferson made considerable preparations for war. The regular army was increased by 6,000 men; militia to the number of 100,000, to serve six months, was authorized; and $5,000,000 spent upon war equipment and coast defenses.

As events showed afterward, we did not lack for troops. What we needed was strong, loyal public sentiment supporting the administration—and generals who would fight.

CHAPTER XLVI

BURR'S TRIAL.—JEFFERSON'S RECORD

After the expiration of his term as Vice-President Burr was adrift. A combination of the Clintons and Livingstons in New York, aided by Hamilton, had defeated him in the race for Governor; and after he had settled old scores by calling Hamilton out and killing him in the duel, a sudden wave of indignation had driven Burr from the State. Indictments for murder having been found against him; he could not return. Jefferson had taken sides with the Livingston-Clinton faction, as any practical politician would have done, and Burr soon realized that he had no footing anywhere. The President refused to give him a foreign appointment, or to otherwise aid him, and he became desperate.

What his famous plot was in reality can not be known with certainty. Late in his life he declared that he had intended to do what Sam Houston and others did in Texas. Andrew Jackson certainly understood that some such design against Spain was in contemplation, else he would never have gone so far with Burr as to call out his Tennessee militia.

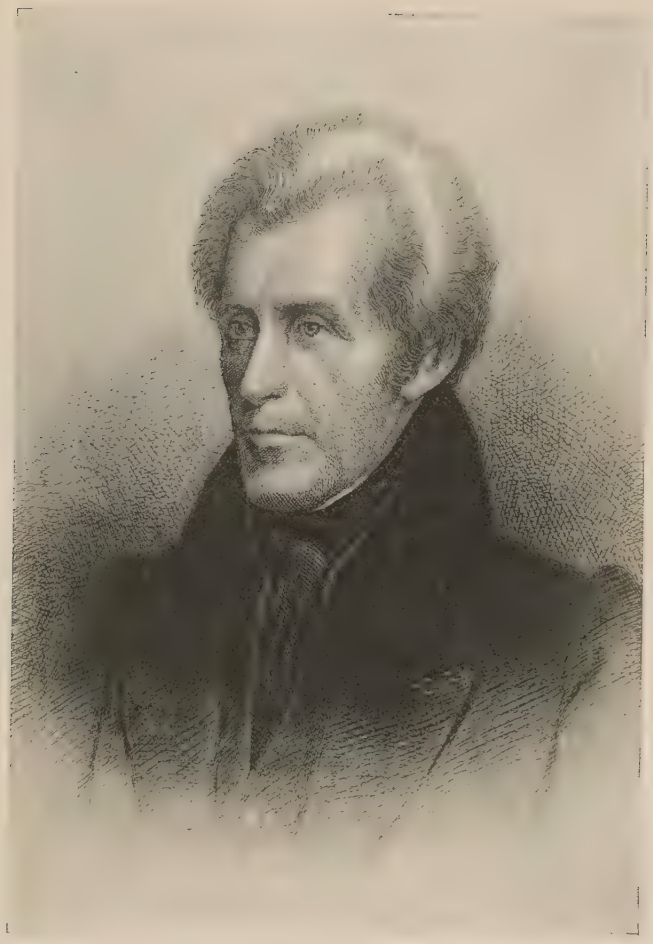
The purchase by Burr of the large Spanish grant points in the same direction, as did the talk at Blennerhasett's Island, where Mexican empire was the burden of the song. But the overtures which Burr made to Great Britain first, and then to Spain, and then to France, disclosed a purpose to sever the Union. It may be safely assumed that he would have stopped at nothing in the effort to retrieve his fortunes.

There was a good deal of secret plotting and planning, cipher despatches, vague soundings of this man and that, purchase of supplies, collection of boats, employment of men, journeying up and down the Ohio and the Mississippi.

Had Burr concentrated his mind upon the effort to wrest territory from Spain, talked that and nothing but that, frittering away no unnecessary time in social festivities, he might have done something great in the Southwest. Such a design was familiar in those regions, and was popular. George Rogers Clarke had meditated such a scheme, and had found no difficulty in gathering up volunteers. Others had brooded over similar plans, and the sentiment favoring them had only to organize to become formidable.

It was Burr's misfortune, however, to put faith in General James Wilkinson, as better men than Burr had done.

Historians of our republic differ in many things,



ANDREW JACKSON.

but as to this man Wilkinson there is a concurrence of opinion that gives the wearied reader of contradictions a positive recreation. With one voice, and by a rising vote, scribes of every persuasion denounce Wilkinson. Venal, cowardly, treacherous, a bribe-taker from Spain, a traitor to the United States, faithless in all relations, public and private, he stands on the pillory side by side with Benedict Arnold. Burr trusted this man as Washington had trusted him. It was to Wilkinson that the cipher despatches were sent. It was Wilkinson who had it in his power to "give away" the whole conspiracy.

And he gave it away.

This main prop failing, the rickety fabric fell. Wilkinson having betrayed his chief, the timorous associates everywhere rushed to cover.

If ever it had been Burr's intention to make any armed resistance to the authorities of the United States, he was in no condition to do so when the crisis came. At the first notice that presidential proclamations and legal warrants were out against Burr, his supporters fell away in the haste of patriotic self-preservation.

Burr disguised himself and tried to escape to the Gulf, but was recognized and arrested.[1] Pending Burr's preparation and previous to Wilkinson's

[1] As there has been much dispute as to the details and exact place of Burr's arrest, the author quotes here an extract from a private letter, written him while this work was in press, by Mr. Dunbar Hunt, now of

disclosures attempts had been made to check the enterprise with criminal prosecutions, but these had signally failed. Nothing criminal could be shown. Now, however, it was thought that high treason had been committed and would be easy to prove. Hence, as Burr was taken to Richmond for trial, he was already regarded by most people as a criminal caught red-handed.

By virtue of his office, Thomas Jefferson became virtually Burr's prosecutor. John Marshall was presiding judge—very fortunately for the prisoner.

Federalism, in forgetfulness of Hamilton, rallied to the defense of Burr; and his trial became almost an attempt to convict Thomas Jefferson of high crimes and misdemeanors.

The tone in which Marshall referred to the President, the outrageous style in which Burr's lawyers arraigned him, the contemptuous attitude

New York. He (Burr) was captured on the banks of Coles Creek, Jefferson County, Mississippi, a few miles from its mouth, where it empties into the Mississippi River. After his capture he was taken to Calviton, the residence of Mr. Thomas Calvit, near by, and when introduced to Mrs. Calvit, the old lady in her dignified manner remarked that she "would be proud of the honor of the acquaintance of Colonel Burr were he a friend to his country."

The small frame house in which this meeting occurred was removed some years ago to another part of the same plantation and is now occupied by one of the negro tenants.

I am a native Mississippian, having lived there most of my life and only recently moved here.

The foregoing statement I get from the lips of my father and mother. My father's name was David Hunt, whose first wife was a daughter of Mr. Thomas Calvit, and our home was at "Woodlawn," adjoining the "Calviton" plantation.

of Burr himself, made this celebrated trial a poisoned thorn in Jefferson's side. Neither could it have been soothing to the President to observe how comfortably a suite of rooms had been fitted up for the distinguished prisoner, and how deferentially he was served by his custodians. The bouquets of choice flowers which were showered upon Burr could not have smelled sweet to Jefferson. Those delicate notes that were sent in by ladies fair, those honeyed messages, those oranges, pineapples, apricots, and raspberries—they certainly could not have tasted right to Jefferson. The semiroyal levees which Washington held as President of the republic had not pleased the plain Thomas Jefferson; but how about those levees which were being held in Richmond, where Virginians crowded on each other's heels to pay court to high treason? Washington's banquets may have been too stately in their etiquette; but how about this Richmond banquet, where John Marshall, the judge, and Luther Martin, the prisoner's lawyer, sat down at a brilliant feast with the prisoner on trial?

Jefferson's wrath became a consuming flame. Almost beside himself, he railed at Burr, at Marshall, at Martin, jogging the elbow of the district attorney at every step, supplying him with copious suggestions, and exerting himself to the utmost to have the evidence ready. Burr's beautiful and brilliant daughter came to Richmond, with Allston, of

South Carolina, her husband; and they were both present at the trial. Andrew Jackson was on hand, delivering street harangues against Jefferson; Burr was a persecuted man, and Wilkinson was an infernal scoundrel. Young Winfield Scott was there, an eager spectator; and so was Zachary Taylor; so, also, was Washington Irving.

Among the lawyers for the defense was Edmund Randolph, whose character had been compromised, but whose legal talents were indispensable.

The leading counsel for Burr, however, was a volunteer, Luther Martin, a wonderful lawyer, whose intellect and learning were the glory, as his intemperance and slovenliness were the shame of the Maryland bar. He had offered his services, partly from generosity and partly from spite. The generosity had its origin in fellow feeling—Martin being a rabid Federalist. The spite grew out of the odious prominence which Jefferson, in the Notes of Virginia, had given to Colonel Cresap, the alleged murderer of the family of the Indian chief Logan. Luther Martin had married Cresap's daughter, and the family bore Jefferson a bitter grudge.[1]

The animosity, then, of at least five of the men who figured in the trial was intense; John Randolph, of Roanoke, foreman of the grand jury; Thomas Jefferson, practically the prosecutor; John

[1] The old age of Burr were spent in poverty and isolation, but he found room in his home for Luther Martin, who was penniless and who had become a wreck. Burr supported Martin until the latter's death.

Marshall, the presiding judge; Luther Martin, the leading lawyer for the defense; and Aaron Burr, the prisoner at the bar. It was a great battle. The attorneys who prosecuted were no match for those who defended, although one of those who appeared for the Government was William Wirt. Burr himself was a great case lawyer; and Luther Martin had no rival, for William Pinckney, of Maryland, was not then devoting himself to the law.

But even had there been a balance as between lawyers, the huge advantage of having Marshall on the bench could not have been overcome.

Under his rulings, the Government could not make out a case; and the prosecution went to pieces. During the trial, the Chief Justice actually attempted to compel the presence in court, as a witness, of the President of the United States. Mr. Jefferson declined to honor the subpœna. He was extremely indignant at the conduct and rulings of the Chief Justice, but he did not call him a dog as Mr. William Eleroy Curtis states. It was Luther Martin to whom Jefferson referred as the "unprincipled Federal bulldog," who ought to be "muzzled."

. . . . . .

So early as November 5, 1806, the Legislature of Vermont invited Mr. Jefferson to become a candidate for a third term. In December the State of Georgia joined in that request. In January, 1807,

Maryland fell into line, and then came Rhode Island, in February, New York and Pennsylvania in March, and New Jersey and North Carolina followed later.

Eighty-nine electoral votes were then necessary to a choice, and Mr. Jefferson had already been tendered the support of safe Republican States to the number of 79 votes, with Virginia, South Carolina, Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee to hear from on the formal proposition of Jefferson's declared candidacy.

Apparently had he claimed a third term and put his friends to work he could have got it.

At that time there was no settled prejudice, no unwritten law upon the subject. Washington had merely declined reelection, declaring no principle, and putting no ban upon a third term. Mr. Jefferson had originally favored a single term, and had stated that it was the abuse his political enemies heaped upon him that caused him to seek vindication in his second election.

As to the third term, he did not hesitate. Firmly and conclusively he declined to become a candidate, and he proclaimed the principle, which, like his Monroe doctrine, has become law. He declared in effect that the third term was dangerous in principle, appealing to the lessons of history and citing Washington's illustrious example to support his position.

"If some termination to the service of the Chief Magistrate be not fixed by the Constitution, *or supplied by practise*, his office, nominally for years, will in fact become one for life; and history shows how easily that degenerates into an inheritance.

"Believing that a representative government, responsible at short periods of election, is that which produces the greatest sum of happiness to mankind, I feel it to be a duty to do no act that shall essentially *impair that principle*."

There were other reasons why Mr. Jefferson declined reelection. He was worn out with the cares and the confinement of office; he felt that his mind was becoming impaired, and he wished to spend his remaining years amid the beloved scenes and companions of home. He yearned for peace, quiet, and Monticello. But it would be a mistake to say that he quit his post feeling soured, humiliated, or self-condemned.

Mortified he doubtless was at seeing New England giving aid and comfort to the enemy, her newspapers flying mottoes of "Resistance to arbitrary laws is duty to God," her treacherous Pickerings feeding the insolence of British ministers, her good city of Boston adopting nullification resolutions, her judges and her preachers trumpeting rebellion; but he could hug to his breast the consoling fact that three citizens out of every four throughout the Union loved him, believed in him,

looked up to him as one of the great men of the world. The votes of the legislatures of the various States, as well as the addresses of public bodies which poured in upon him, assured him of his hold upon the hearts of his people.

Above and beyond the annoyances and humiliations of the last few months of his term, his record of glorious achievement lived in deeds accomplished, a monument more enduring than brass. Of this he felt assured. His work would speak for him when he was gone. How truly great that work was the small men of the hour could not know. Posterity alone could realize his full stature. Life is just so ordered that the miserable crab can always draw attention to himself by gnawing the toe of some Hercules. The crabs know this and the toe finds it out. But after all, after all, thank God! the great man *is* a Hercules and the wretched crab is but a crab. Only the Hercules can do the twelve labors; the poor crabs can just get back to their holes—that and that only.

The New England preachers, editors, and judges who denounced this great man as the paid tool of "Bonaparte"; the pitiful Callenders and Masons and Cotton Mather Smiths who flung mud at him and bespattered him as he passed—where are they? Where are their living words, their imperishable works? What portion of the human race is happier and better, what part of the Union stronger,

richer, brighter, because of their having existed? Who brings offerings to their shrines, who lights tapers at their altars, who drinks inspiration from any rock which *they* smote? Dead, dead are slanders and slanderers; dried long ago and fallen off the mud they flung upon the stately Virginian. Towering through our national history, like the Rocky Mountains which he brought into our republic, range the greatness of his deeds. Eternal as the Union itself are the principles he impressed upon it.

The poison of monarchy was entering the veins of our body politic, and he drove it out. Aristocracy had begun its intrenchments, and he leveled them to the ground. Militarism was about to be established, and he checked it. The public debt was being posted in permanence, and he well-nigh extinguished it. Hemmed in between the Mississippi and the Atlantic we were about to be condemned to a national position of the third class, a tempting prey to stronger nations girdling us round about. With a sweep of the pen he spread our frontiers toward the sunset, never resting till the feet of his pioneers touched the shore of the Western sea. When he took the oath of office his country was a straggling line of seaboard settlements; when he laid down his trust he left an empire—the grandest continuous realm dedicated to democracy that the world had ever seen.

It is true that Federalism yet sought to wound him, but its refuge was the New England town, its power was gone forever.

The question had once been whether the two Chief Magistrates were kings or consuls; they were now known to be the chief servants of their masters, the people. No longer a "great beast" whose self-constituted lords could bar them out from their own government, the masses were in power, and no elector dared to vote contrary to the expressed will.

The prerogative of the President had once been stretched to give him arbitrary control of the life and liberty of the citizen. No such law could be repeated.

The tongue and the pen of the citizen had once been shackled and prisons filled with victims of tyrannical persecution.

Arrogant Federalism could not do that again.

Peaceably, patiently, a revolution had been brought about in the National Government, just as the same reformer had revolutionized Virginia. Not more surely had Jefferson found his own State verging toward feudalism and aristocracy than he found the nation heading toward monarchical methods and principles.

His triumph for democracy in Virginia had not been greater than that which he won for true republicanism in the broader field of the Union.

CHAPTER XLVII

DEBTS AND GUESTS AT MONTICELLO

"NOBODY in this world can make me so happy or so miserable as you. Retirement from public life will ere long become necessary for me. To your sister and yourself I look to render the evening of my life serene and contented. Its morning has been crowded with loss after loss till I have nothing left but you."

In this strain Mr. Jefferson wrote to his daughter Martha while he was minister to France. To his two girls he was both father and mother. He shared their griefs and joys; he selected their books and directed their studies; he watched over the development of their minds and their bodies; he instilled into them the wisest precepts and the purest principles. Down to the shoe-strings he gave his personal attention to their every want. Public demands upon his time were never so exacting as to shut out his daughters. When they were absent his long, affectionate, instructive letters flowed to them in almost unbroken lines. What were they doing? what books were they reading? were they keeping up their music lessons? did

they practise dancing two hours per day? did they always keep busy at some useful work? did they wear their bonnets when they went out in the sun and wind? were the flowers yet in bloom? had the mocking-bird arrived? what were relatives, friends, and neighbors doing and saying? when did the bluebirds appear? when were the first chickens hatched? is the garden flourishing? Gossip and family matters mingle with facts concerning the gravest matters of state; and questions concerning certain hogsheads of tobacco are followed by the announcement "Maribeau is dead." In 1801 he tells Maria of a visit to Mount Vernon and of the kind inquiries which Mrs. Washington made after her—a letter which would seem to disprove the existence of any coolness between the two families. General Washington was dead; but Jefferson would hardly have been visiting the widow at her home in the familiar manner of friendly intercourse if he and Washington had been estranged. "Continue always to love me, and be assured that there is no object on earth so dear to my heart as your health and happiness. My tenderest affections always hang on you. Adieu, my ever dear Maria."

Running through all this tender correspondence the refrain is "Be good, be good; be useful; never be idle, always be at some work, love nature, exercise in the open air, be faithful to friends, wish no

evil to enemies, do not beg for anything, do not be angry; above all things, be good and useful if you would be happy."

"The morning of life has been crowded with loss after loss till I have nothing left but you; to your sister and yourself I look to render the evening of life serene and happy."

The evening had now come, and the aged statesman was turning his feet homeward; but only one of the daughters was left to make him serene and contented. Maria, the "vision of beauty," too frail to bear up under the burdens of motherhood, had died in 1804—died in the spring-time, when such a loss seems doubly cruel.

It will be remembered that one of Jefferson's earliest friends, a boyhood favorite, the confidant of his first little love-affairs, was John Page of college days. After all the shifting scenes of life, Mr. Page was now Governor of the Old Dominion, while Jefferson was President. In the time of his grief for the loss of his daughter, Mr. Jefferson was consoled by the sympathy of his old friend and schoolmate, Page, and Mr. Jefferson's letter of reply reminds one of Edmund Burke bewailing his only son.

"When you and I look back over the country over which we have passed what a field of slaughter does it exhibit! Where are all the friends who entered it with us, under all the inspiring energies of health and hope? But we have the traveler's

consolation, every step shortens the distance we have to go; the end of the journey is in sight, the bed wherein we are to rest, and to rise in the midst of the friends we have lost.

"My loss is great indeed. Others may lose of their abundance, but I, of my want, have lost even the half of all I had.

"My evening prospects now hang on the slender thread of a single life. The hope with which I looked forward to the moment when I was to retire to that domestic comfort from which the last great step is to be taken is fearfully blighted."

So it came to Mr. Jefferson as it comes to us all —the discrepancy between the hope and the reality, between the plan and the result, between what we ask—innocently and passionately ask—and what we receive.

. . . . . .

For more than thirty years Mr. Jefferson had held office, and with the exception of his four years' term as Vice-President, he had always spent more than his salary. During his presidency he had not seemed to be extravagant, but he rolled up a twenty-thousand-dollar debt, and from the burdens which came upon him with that deficit he never escaped. The truth is that he had some expensive habits which he could not shake off. He loved to have friends around him, and this meant

lavish entertainment. If the President's house was always open, which it was, and his cook was the best in town and his meals the most bountiful and appetizing, as they were, why should any respectable citizen pay for his dinner at a fourth-rate tavern where the victuals and cooking were poor, the wine and coffee weak, the company undistinguished, and the conversation dull, when he could enjoy the very choicest viands, companionship, and talk at the Executive Mansion, free of all expense?

The facts were undisputed and the argument was unanswerable. Mr. Jefferson had all the patronage and expenses of a free hotel.

The actual cost of the food consumed in one year was about $7,000. The wine bill was nearly $3,000. The stable bill was more than $1,000. Servant hire was nearly $3,000.

Of course these expenses varied with the years, but they give an idea of what it cost him to live at Washington. To be exact on the item of wine, Mr. Jefferson's own figures show that he and his guests drank $10,855 worth of wine during his presidency. Besides the outlays of money, there were the services of slaves from Monticello and the value of provisions hauled in from his farm.

Every year he spent hundreds of dollars for books and for charity, besides the sums he loaned and the thousands he put out on building. His

Monticello house was apparently incomplete as yet, for in 1801 there is an entry of more than $2,000 for building, while in 1802 the sum charged is $3,500. It was about this time that the famous mansion was at length completed—a house which was commenced in 1769, thirty-three years before!

Another expensive taste of Mr. Jefferson was horses. It took the best to suit him, and he loved to have lots of them. We have already seen that he kept eight saddle-horses; how many carriage teams he kept we are not told, but his team consisted of four. On one of each pair rode a driver; he would never trust to a coachman and lines. The four which pulled his carriage while he was President cost him $1,600.

Supporting an establishment like this in Washington, he kept up a smaller one in Virginia, for his daughter Martha and her children made their home at Monticello. Thus the outgo was enormous, while the only certain income was the presidential salary of $25,000.

Overseers had charge of the farm, the negroes were not made to work, the crops were small and the lands had been washed away.

The Wayles debts appear to have pursued him from his marriage till his death. In the year 1800 we find him excusing himself to Thomas Mann Randolph, who had applied to him for money, on the

ground of the Wayles debts. Mr. Jefferson was not able to oblige his son-in-law because of the losses he had sustained by his father-in-law.

After Mr. Jefferson's death there was found among his papers a courteous letter from the agent of the Wayles creditors asking about further payments. Thus it would seem that a debt of less than $20,000 pursued Mr. Jefferson fifty-four years, devoured about forty thousand acres of land and was still voicing the appetite of the horse-leech!

The habit of setting down in a book every cent one pays out for stamps, shoe-strings, hair-cuttings, and shoe-shines does not, of itself, prove extreme care in larger matters. In Mr. Jefferson's case such a habit certainly proved nothing of the kind, for when he woke up to the fact that he could not get away from Washington at the end of his presidency without borrowing $7,000 or $8,000 the reality came upon him with a shock of surprise. Thrown into an "agony of distress," he wrote to a friend in Richmond, stating his mortifying situation and asking the friend to borrow the money at once. Until the relief should come the anxious President would not be able to sleep.

The Richmond friend hurried about, got the loan, and sent the money to Washington, where the most pressing demands were met and the President tranquilized.

At the inaugural ball, it was noticed that Jeffer-

son was smiling, genial, almost gay, while Madison wore the look of anxiety.

Alas for these Virginians—Jefferson, Madison, Monroe! A lifetime of hard work for the nation, glorious results achieved, highest offices held, splendid opportunities enjoyed, and an old age of debt, poverty, and financial suffering to face at the end!

A heavy drain upon the resources of Mr. Jefferson after his retirement from public life was the company which came to Monticello. Nothing like it was ever seen even in Virginia.

Famous the world over as a statesman, a scholar, an experimental farmer, an amateur scientist, an all-round philosopher, a most genial host, there were legions of people at home and abroad who wanted to see Mr. Jefferson. Nobody was turned away; everybody was bountifully entertained—he and his wife, child, nurse, man-servant, maid-servant, horse, and dog. The guest was fed better than he was used to at home, the mansion was a better house, the view was superb, the air salubrious, the water and the wine good. If the guest loved books, he found the best library in the land. If he loved hunting and fishing, there were the rivers, creeks, and woods. If solitude was his delight, he could stay in his own room, and have servants to wait upon him. If he doted on flowers, music, and polite conversation, he found all these attractions, day in and day out, at Monticello.

Why should the guest be in a hurry to leave? Why not spend the summer right there? He did. He spent the summer, was asked to come back next summer, and he did so. It became the regular outing place for some of the nicest people in America. Some stayed by the week, some by the month. Some came singly, some with retinues. Sometimes a whole family would move in and spend several months. Fifty guests were known to spend the night there at one time. To feed these caravans, to prepare extra beds, bedding, furniture, washing, ironing, etc., required everything produced at Monticello, and more besides. The overseers had to haul corn and meat from other farms to supply the shortage. Some of these visitors were relatives, many were friends, and most of them were worthy people; but the nuisance grew with indulgence until the abuse was intolerable. Professional tourists, idle gad-abouts, promiscuous sight-seers, thronged his drives, lined his terraces, made themselves at home on his lawn, followed him into his groves and gardens, peeped at him through the door, kept guard on him through the window. The inquisitive female who punches things with her parasol came, of course; and she poked out a pane of glass to get a better view of Mr. Jefferson in his room—the lion in his cage.

The ardent parent who points his instructive finger at things for the benefit of his little boy, and

then holds up the little boy so that he may get a better look, was there also; and Mr. Jefferson, sitting on his portico of an evening, was expected to sit still and look cheerful while little boys and instructive parents were mentally taking his photograph.

Between his dining-room and study was the hallway, or passage, and strange ladies and gentlemen would station themselves there to catch a glimpse of him as he went to dinner. Consulting their watches from time to time as people do in connection with schedules and circus announcements, they would await the inevitable hour when the sage would have to emerge or starve; and then as he made his way to the dining-room he would be followed by that candid style of comment so characteristic of some folks when they are in other folks' houses.

Rank imposes obligations?

Sometimes. But Virginia hospitality imposed its obligation at all times. Mr. Jefferson might repeal primogeniture and entails—he dared not lay his hand upon the venerable tyranny of custom which turned his dwelling into a promiscuous free hotel. The honor of Virginia was at stake—Virginia hospitality must not be shamed in him. There was no privacy possible under such circumstances. The companionship of his family and his real friends could not be enjoyed. Uninterrupted read-

ing, quiet study, were out of the question. The place, crowded with miscellaneous men, women, children, servants, dogs, horses, was no longer a home for anybody. The owner of the house was simply a boarder in a crowded inn, where all the others had a good time at his expense. In other words, he had spent thirty years and a fortune in preparing a place to live at, and now it was rendered worse than useless because Virginia hospitality and his own good nature would not allow him to act upon the principle that his private dwelling had been built for himself. Once a year he had to fairly run away from Monticello, leaving it all to overseers, negroes, and company, while he sought a little rest at Poplar Forest, ninety miles away. Here he had built another mansion, at the close of his presidency (regardless of those debts), and on this remote plantation he found the rest, recreation, and privacy which had become impossible at Monticello.

Mr. Jefferson never lost affectionate interest in any member of his family. They were all welcome to his house, had free access to his purse, and a warm place in his heart. Every year one of his carriages would be sent down into Roanoke County to bring his sister, Mrs. Anne Marks, to Monticello, where she spent the months of summer.

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE WAR OF 1812

THE Federalist school of historians has been very severe on Jefferson and Madison because of the War of 1812. The harshest words of the vocabulary have been applied to them; and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has been intemperate enough to say that Mr. Jefferson "was perhaps the most incapable Executive that ever filled the presidential chair." [1]

Living in New England, Woodrow Wilson catches the color of the leaf upon which he feeds; and he, also, raises his Southern voice in condemnation of Mr. Jefferson, virtually charging him with responsibility for the War of 1812. "Mr. Jefferson had become deeply entangled" (with France) "beyond hope of extrication, had become the professed friend of France," etc. "Friendly dealings with England had been given up," etc.

Was ever the truth of history so distorted? Did Thomas Jefferson really provoke patient England into the War of 1812 by giving to her the cold shoulder, while to France he gave warm embraces? Had our dealings with Great Britain been friendly

[1] Roosevelt's Naval War of 1812, vol. xi, p. 198.

until our "most incapable Executive" entered upon the office?

The literal facts are that our relations to England and to France had been fixed before Mr. Jefferson was elected, and that he did not change them. Washington had made the treaty with Great Britain; Adams had made that with France. Friendly ministers representing both these powers were at Washington when Jefferson became President, and they remained.

In the purchase of Louisiana he had not entangled himself with Napoleon at all. In his efforts to buy Florida from Spain he asked the "good offices" of France because it had been understood that they would be given. Napoleon refused to say a word in our behalf, and there the matter ended. What was it that Jefferson had done that had carried him "beyond the hope of extrication"?

As to England, the facts are equally clear. Mr. Jefferson exhausted every effort from first to last to secure honorable treaty relations after the expiration of the Jay treaty; and he was *so* patient, *so* persistent, so earnestly conciliatory, that nothing drove him to break with England. She might seize our merchantmen, impress our sailors, kill citizens in our harbors, as at New York; riddle a war-vessel and bloody its deck, as at the entrance of the Chesapeake; and still the President strove for peace. Josiah Quincy flung at him the taunt in Congress

that "this administration could not be kicked into war" with Great Britain.

Yet Woodrow Wilson discovers that Jefferson broke off friendly dealings with England and brought on the war by going so far in friendship to France that he was "beyond hope of extrication."

Where rests the blame for the war with Great Britain? It must have been on her, for she repealed the orders in Council, stopped the impressment of seamen, recognized the principle that "free ships make free goods"—the points at issue between us.

Do Jefferson and Madison deserve the wholesale abuse they get from the Federalist school of historians—abuse based upon the assertion that the country was not put in state of defense?

The President alone can not prepare a republic for war. He must be supported by Congress and the country. It was the misfortune of both Jefferson and Madison not to have that support.

The greatest weakness in the position of these two Presidents at this crisis was New England. That great section was honeycombed with conspiracy and the impulse toward secession. Presidents and presidential policies were denounced in pulpits, newspapers, town meetings, legislatures, and gubernatorial proclamations. Treasonable correspondence with Great Britain was kept up, her representatives were encouraged by New Eng-

land leaders to resist all of the presidential overtures for honorable adjustment, signal-lights blazed along her coasts giving friendly notice to British ships.

Thus these two Presidents were placed in the most embarrassing position ever occupied by American Presidents; they had to cope at the same time with sedition at home and invasion abroad.

This great indisputable fact not only accounts for the lack of executive vigor, but explains also the secret of the disasters which befell our arms. The attitude of New England demoralized the soldiers in the ranks. How could they put heart in the fight when one great portion of the national family was denouncing the war as infamous, tolling the bells, hanging out public signs of mourning, holding communications with the enemy, and threatening secession from the Union?

For instance, there was General Hull, of Connecticut, who had fought bravely in the Revolutionary War. Placed inside the fort at Detroit, the safety of the entire Northwest depended upon his maintenance of his post, yet when an army of British and Indians, no larger than his own, came up on the outside of the works and demanded his surrender, he ran up the cowardly white flag, without firing a shot. We not only lost the Northwest by this shameful capitulation, but its demoralizing influence was beyond all calculation.

What was the matter with officers and men? Why had the American soldier so suddenly lost his luck and his pluck?

Mr. Roosevelt explains it all by saying that the troops had not been drilled. Jefferson and Madison had been neglecting the drilling. Did soldiers inside of a fort need drilling to hold it against British and Indians outside? Could discipline and experience do any good where the veteran general of the Revolutionary War sat on the ground with tobacco juice oozing down his chin, refusing to give the order to fight?

Was the young hero, George Croghan—an Irish-American—helped by drilled soldiers when with 160 men he held Fort Stephenson against an army of British and Indians?[1] Were the 28 Georgians who, under William Cone, drove away from the St. Mary's River 27 barge-loads of British regulars under General Prevost, killing 180 and wounding as many—were they drilled soldiers?

Who drilled the riflemen who rode to King's Mountain?

No sane man underrates the value of drill and discipline, but some of the defeats of the War of 1812 were so inexcusable that they challenge inquiry into causes. Volunteer soldiers did great

[1] Croghan was the nephew of George Rogers Clark. He had been ordered by his superior officer to evacuate the fort, but refused—begging and finally getting leave to stay and fight.

things during our Revolution, during our Indian wars, and during the late civil war.

What, then, was the secret of the disasters of our land forces of the War of 1812? More than anything else, it was the lack of unity of spirit and of purpose.

For the American volunteer *had* done sublime things, and it was in him to do them yet. All that he needed was a leader who put his heart into the fight, and who meant to win or die.

And at last we found him. While New England delegates were getting ready to travel to Hartford to hold the first secession convention ever held on this continent, the volunteers of the South were tramping along the country roads as fast as they could go—to meet face to face the trained, seasoned, thoroughly drilled soldiers of Great Britain—they who had chased the eagles of Napoleon from every battle-field in Spain. And at New Orleans these volunteers whom Jefferson and Madison had not drilled, but whom Andrew Jackson knew how to lead, gave to Great Britain that crushing defeat from which is to be dated the time when she first began to treat us with the respect which the strong show to the strong—the brave to the brave.

Mr. Roosevelt's War of 1812 was written in 1882. At that time it may have been thought by military experts that the day of the militia, the untrained volunteers, was eternally over.

It was *after* 1882 that the undrilled farmers of South Africa taxed the utmost strength of the world's greatest Empire and exhausted themselves beating the British. It was *after* 1882 that Theodore Roosevelt took his undrilled volunteers, the Rough Riders, and led them to victory and immortality at San Juan.

. . . . . .

The speed of the fleet being that of the slowest vessel, the strength of the chain being that of the weakest link, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison were both awfully weighed down by the disunion movements in the richest, best educated, most religious, and best organized section of the Union.

Historians who will not grant them allowance for this terrible weakness in their position are mere partizans—not historians. How the disloyal attitude of New England affected Mr. Madison let William Wirt tell. He went on a visit to Washington just after the British raid. In a letter to his wife, he describes the ruins and desolation of the city; he visited the remnants of the White House, the smoke-blackened bare walls, without roof, cracked and ready to fall. He called on the President. "He looks miserably shattered and wobegone. In short he looked heart-broken. His mind is full of the New England sedition." Mr. Madison introduced the subject, expressed his fears that New

England would secede, and make common cause with Great Britain. Mr. Wirt tried to calm his apprehensions upon that subject but without success. "His mind and heart were full of the subject."

Heart-broken by the conduct of New England!

If that was the feeling of the President, what must have been the spirit of the New England troops—to say nothing of the others? Washington had been looted, the public buildings wrecked, an army of 7,000 put to flight by the mere appearance of the British, who numbered 5,000.[1] The President, his wife, the Cabinet, Congress—all had to fly the Capitol. In a little hut in the Virginia woods Mr. Madison spent a night in misery while his wife continued her retreat. Fugitives from Washington insulted him as they fled—as the author of their misfortunes. In Hampton it was reported that the British had committed every outrage known to war and had invited the negroes to join them in the atrocities. Baltimore was more fortunate. The British met bloody repulse—their commander, General Ross, being among the slain.[2]

Writing to William Cary Nicholas, Mr. Madison

[1] On the way up the Potomac when the British vessels were passing Mount Vernon the officers stood on deck with their hats off—a silent tribute to George Washington.

[2] Readers will remember that Francis S. Key had been sent on board a British ship to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, that he was detained through the bombardment, and that next morning when he saw the Stars and Stripes still floating above Fort McHenry he wrote The Star-Spangled Banner under the inspiration of his joy.

says: "You are not mistaken in viewing the conduct of the Eastern States as the source of our greatest difficulties in carrying on the war; as it certainly is the greatest, if not the sole inducement to the enemy to persevere in it."

This was the truth—the simple, ruinous truth. New England not only weakened the republic in the hour of distress, but strengthened the enemy. Stephen Decatur blockaded in New London, Connecticut, by a superior fleet of British, and attempting to steal out to sea on a dark night, was betrayed by his own countrymen, who displayed blue lights to warn the English ships.

Heart-broken by the treason of his people and fearful of a disruption of the Union, Mr. Madison was forced to consent to a peace which left unsettled the issues in dispute. But for Jackson's victory at New Orleans, the War of 1812 would have been a remembrance to excite shame rather than pride.

Due to Jefferson's "criminal folly" in not preparing the country, says Mr. Roosevelt. "Criminal folly" is a term which might better be applied to the Congress which would not supply the sinews of war and to the course of that great section which divided the House against itself. The one bright spot on our war record from the first was our navy. Whose "criminal folly" made that navy efficient, gave it a taste of service and of victory? Thomas

Jefferson did it by declaring war upon our "great and magnanimous friend," the "Barbary pirate."

Instead of sending tribute and letters of flattery, Jefferson sent war-ships. Dale, Bainbridge, Decatur, made the Mediterranean the training-ground for the young American navy, exercised it in actual battle, strengthened it on the strong wine of victory, and thus made it ready for the War of 1812. That this was done, that we fought the Mohammedans rather than continue to pay them, that we had a navy which had learned how to fight and how to win, was due to the timid, incapable Executive, Thomas Jefferson.

The arm which can not be improvised is the navy, and the glory of the War of 1812 was won on the sea. Perry, McDonough, Decatur, Hull, Lawrence, are names Americans will ever honor.

So it would seem that somebody had been making naval preparations for war. To the impartial student it will also appear that what the army most needed was generals who were willing to fight and knew how, and a spirit of determination in the troops.

The city of Baltimore was in no very good condition to resist the British, and there was talk in the Council of capitulation. The venerable John Eager Howard rose with all of his revolutionary heroism aflame, and cried:

"I have as much property in this city as any one

man, and I have five sons in the army—but sooner than surrender to the British I will sacrifice my property and see my sons in their graves."

One man like this inspires a whole community, becomes a tower of strength to the weak, a beacon light to the doubtful, a bugle-blast to the wavering.

To make the salvation of a nation depend upon drill-sergeants and West Point regulations is the veriest nonsense that was ever put in a book—the mental soap-bubble of rampant militarism.

CHAPTER XLIX

RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS

One day a grandchild of Mr. Jefferson asked him why he would not state his religious convictions, he replied:

"If I inform you of mine, they will influence yours—I will not take the responsibility of directing any one's views on the subject."

In his letters, he enters so frankly into his beliefs that nothing is left to conjecture. He believed in God—one, not three.

He believed in a future life in which we should know those whom we had known here. He believed that religion consisted in being good and doing good.

He believed in a benevolent design in creation. If he can be classed with any church at all, he was a Unitarian. He was certainly not more orthodox than that. In one of his letters he calls himself a materialist, contrasting himself with Christ, who was a spiritualist. He rejected the Trinity, the divinity of Christ, and the Holy Ghost.

He classed Jesus with Socrates and other great teachers, regretting that he wrote nothing, and

that we have to take so much of his doctrine on hearsay.

He (Jesus) had no one to write for him as Socrates and Epictetus had, but, on the contrary, the learned men of his country were all against him for fear that his teachings might undermine their power and riches. His doctrines therefore fell to ignorant men, who wrote from memory long after the transactions had passed.

Notwithstanding these disadvantages, Jesus presented a system of morals which if filled up in the spirit of the rich fragments he left us would be the most perfect and sublime that has ever been taught by man. Whether Mr. Jefferson was acquainted with the system of morals taught among the Hindus long before the time of Jesus nowhere appears.

It would seem that he compared the system of Jesus with the moral teachings of the Jews, the Romans, and the Greeks—not with those of ancient Egypt or of India.

He says that Jesus, like other reformers who try to benefit mankind, fell a victim to the jealousy and combination of the altar and the throne. Hence he did not reach the full maturity and energy of his reasoning faculties, and his doctrines were defective as a whole.

What he did say has come down to us mutilated, misstated, and often unintelligible.

These fragmentary doctrines have been still more disfigured by the corruptions of schismatizing followers who have found an interest in perverting the simple doctrines he taught, frittering them into subtleties, obscuring them with jargon until they have caused good men to reject the whole in disgust, and to view Jesus himself as an impostor. He contended that it was the priest—not Jesus himself—who put forward the claims that his origin was miraculous and divine. He read the Bible just as he read Euripides, Æschylus, or Xenophon. From the New Testament he made the volume called Jefferson's Bible, which contains the life and teachings of Christ, omitting everything about his miraculous birth and resurrection.

In writing to a friend about this little book Mr. Jefferson regretted that he did not have time to prepare a similar volume from the teachings of Epicurus—a philosopher whom he defends against Cicero and the Stoics. Writing to the son of his dearest friend, Dabney Carr, he tells this young man, his nephew, to put the Bible on a par with Livy and Tacitus, to read the one just as he would the others; and by inference as plain as inference can be, advises him to reject the story that Joshua made the sun stand still, and that Christ was the son of God, born of a Virgin, who reversed all the laws of nature and ascended bodily into heaven. He tells his young nephew that when he reads of a

miracle in the Bible he ought to class it with the showers of blood and the statues and animals which in the books of Livy and Tacitus are made to speak. In other letters he charges in effect that the early founders of the Christian Church borrowed the idea of the Trinity from the Roman Cerberus, which had one body and three heads. Calvin's creed excited his especial horror; and his language was never more violent than when denouncing it.

But the doctrine of the Trinity aroused his indignation also because it compelled the individual to take leave of his senses. He thought that to compel a sane person to declare that he believed three to be one, and one to be three, was a priestly triumph over common sense which was degrading to the human race.

In 1822 he wrote, "I trust there is not a young man now living in the United States who will not die a Unitarian."

And in his letter to Pickering he speaks glowingly of what might result if we could get back to the pure and simple doctrine of Jesus—knocking down artificial scaffolding of the Trinitarians and doing away with their incomprehensible jargon that three are one and one are three. He said that the Apocalypse was the ravings of a maniac. Nobody could possibly understand what it meant.

But what theologian ever wrote a more beauti-

ful letter than this, which the great Deist left for his little namesake, Thomas Jefferson Smith:

"This letter will, to you, be as one from the dead. The writer will be in his grave before you can weigh its counsel. Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself and your country more than yourself. Be just. Be true. Murmur not of the ways of Providence.

"So shall the life into which you have entered be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And if to the dead it be permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard."

This was written the year before he died.

To Peter Carr, son of Dabney Carr, he wrote:

"Give up money, give up fame, give up science, give up earth itself, and all it contains, rather than do an immoral act."

. . . . . .

Mr. Jefferson had always taken a deep interest in guiding young men in their reading, their studies, and their physical exercises. Even when he himself had barely finished his collegiate course parents sought his advice as to the education of their boys. In this way he mapped out a program for weakly little James Madison which came near making a gap in the Madison family. James could not carry

the load which the strength of Thomas Jefferson shouldered with ease. To his two daughters and the Carr children, and then to his own grandchildren, Mr. Jefferson wrote line upon line and precept upon precept for three generations, and sounder lessons for the young it would be hard to find.

His system may be summed up as follows:

Exercise in the open air, walking long distances being preferable to all other forms. Violent exercises, such as games of ball, he condemned. Bodily health is essential to good spirits and to a sound mind. Never be idle; let each hour of the day be occupied with something useful.

Do not sit up late at night; study and work in the daytime. Rise early and go to bed early. Avoid novel reading and cultivate the companionship of good books. Never tell a lie or stoop to a mean act. Be kind to every living creature. Speak no evil of any one. Be good, adore God, be loyal to friends, and love your country better than yourself. Take hold of things by the smooth handle; avoid disputes; do not turn pleasant conversation into heated argument. Too much speaking is not best. Washington and Franklin rarely made speeches, and never spoke longer than ten minutes—and then to the main point only. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. Never spend your money before you have it. Never buy what you do not need because it is cheap. Pride costs more than

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

hunger, thirst, and cold. We never repent of having eaten too little. Never borrow trouble.

. . . . . .

In his old age it was natural that his interest in the young should increase. From all parts of the country applications came to him to advise students who appreciated the value of his wisdom. Nothing pleased him better than to give ambitious boys the benefit of his experience, and to whet their appetite for knowledge. Thus disciples gathered about him—young men who would secure board in Charlottesville and come to Monticello to use his library.

Education! Education! The word rings throughout the long life of this great statesman. Democracy must spread among the masses the benefits of education; the rich must *not* be allowed to monopolize so vast a power.

In the long run the mind rules, ideas prevail, the thinker is king. If democracy is to stand its ground against its ancient eternal foes, it must read, it must think, it must *know!*

When a mere youth in service he had endeavored to adopt a thorough system of state education. He had failed utterly, but he did not surrender the purpose. With patient stubbornness he held on to the idea all his life, and never missed a chance to win converts to it.

Therefore it was an appropriate rounding out of his bequest to posterity that he should give his last years to founding the University of Virginia. It was the old workman's last job and one of his best. Had he done for mankind nothing more his name would have won honorable mention among those who have benefited the human race. What a chapter of heroic endeavor and success it is! The aged, feeble, debt-ridden man giving a thousand dollars, giving all of his influence, experience, and genius, using every act of diplomacy with factions, unwilling legislatures, smoothing the sharp corners of local prejudice and sectarian jealousy; giving his thought, time, and labor to every detail of the building and equipment; laboring to overcome inertia, ignorance, crass stupidity; submitting to many slights, snubs, rebuffs, rebukes, misrepresentations, but holding on steadily year by year until at last the institution is there, soaring above all obstacles and opposition, a fixed fact, a glorious fact, a splendid final triumph to this grand old warrior in the battles of human progress.

It was the first thoroughly modern school in America.

This Benjamin of his old age—his university—came near being wrecked by his own nephew, a boy whom he had been steeping in sage counsels for ten years. A mutinous spirit grew among the students until at length discipline was at an end and riot

took the place of order. The faculty was helpless. Jefferson and Madison hurried to the scene, spoke to the students with all the earnestness such a crisis aroused in these aged ex-Presidents, and succeeded in quelling the disturbance. When Mr. Jefferson discovered that his own nephew had come so near ruining the institution which had cost him so much, and upon which his hopes were so fondly fixed, his anger was great and his words harsh. This nephew and other ringleaders were expelled.

CHAPTER L

POLITICAL OPINIONS

In the author's Napoleon an account is given of the royalist reaction which followed Waterloo. It is there shown how the Kings first used the people against the great Emperor, and then reensnared, reenslaved the credulous people. In Spain, Italy, and Germany the uprising against Napoleon had been made a popular movement by promises of constitutions and democratic institutions. The tyrant once down and securely caged at St. Helena, the people were fettered hand and foot, tongue and brain. The Church, the State, the priest, the soldier, the dungeon, the rack, political and religious persecution in their full ferocity, fell upon the masses and crushed every effort at reform.

As Dr. Charles B. Spahr has shown in his Present Distribution of Wealth, it was during the long Napoleonic struggle that the little band of English aristocrats gathered up four-fifths of the real estate in Great Britain—a process which explains why the landlords were opposed to peace.

The anti-democratic league of European kings became known as the Holy Alliance. It became

their sacred mission on earth to put down every kind of popular movement and to reestablish the good old absolutism of Church and State.

Having crushed, brutally and bloodily, every effort of the people to resist them in the Old World, their eyes turned to the New.

The South American colonies of Spain had taken advantage of the opportunities Napoleon gave them to throw off the Bourbon yoke. They had struck for independence as we had done.

The Holy Alliance determined to drive back these South American republics into the clutches of Spain.

For commercial and political reasons, Great Britain did not favor this design of the Holy Alliance, and proposed to us a joint resistance to it.

James Monroe was President, and the important issues involved prompted him to seek advice from abler men than himself. He turned to Thomas Jefferson and James Madison.

The year was 1823, the sage of Monticello was eighty years old, and yet his letter to James Monroe rings like a battle-ax on the iron casque of a foe. The old-time fire was not quenched nor the zeal abated.

Listen to the grand old man:

"The question presented by the letters you have sent me is the most momentous which has been offered to my contemplation since the Declaration

of Independence. That made us a nation; this sets our compass and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time. Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs.

"America, North and South, has interests distinct from those of Europe. She should therefore have a system of her own.

"While Europe is laboring to become the domicile of despotism, our endeavor should surely be to make our hemisphere the domicile of freedom."

He proceeds to argue in favor of the English alliance for the purpose proposed. He also states that the United States ought to acquire Cuba. But waiving that for the time, he declares that a declaration should be issued to the effect that we would "oppose with all our means, the forcible interposition of any other power, as auxiliary, stipendiary, or under any other form or pretext, and more especially their transfer to any other power by conquest cession or acquisition in any other way."

The letter bears date October 24, 1823, and is the first full and explicit setting forth of the Monroe doctrine.

Afterward, in Monroe's Cabinet, John Quincy Adams, as the historian McMaster claims,

added the further clause, "that land upon this continent was no longer subject to European colonization."

There was nothing added, because Jefferson's language covered every possible form of acquisition.

He distinctly said that the United States should resist with all our means the acquisition of territory here in any shape or form whatever by a foreign power.

Europe should not be allowed to get territory on this side "under any form or pretext" or by conquest cession or acquisition, "or in any other way." If that language did not cover every way in which territory could be acquired what words would have done so?

When John Quincy Adams added the word "colonize" he simply supplied a specification which had already been covered by the general declaration.

Mr. Madison's letter on the same subject advises President Monroe to agree to the proposed British alliance for the purpose of sustaining the South American states in their independence, but it takes no such bold stand for the *general principle* that Europe must "hands off" the New World, as does the letter of Mr. Jefferson.

In the presidential message, December, 1823, President Monroe followed the counsel of Mr. Jeffer-

son, and proclaimed what is now known as the Monroe doctrine.

Under this celebrated new law in the international code, the South American republics were preserved then, Mexico rescued in the sixties, and Venezuela saved from dismemberment in 1895.

. . . . . .

There has been so much debate concerning Mr. Jefferson's financial views that it may be proper to state them briefly. He was a bimetalist, believing in the full equal use of both gold and silver.

In 1806 he ordered the mint to cease coining the silver dollar. The silver in this coin being worth more than a dollar, measured by gold, exporters sent it abroad to get the profit—hence as fast as the silver dollars left the mints they became merchandise to be shipped away from the country. The law authorizing the coinage was neither repealed nor amended. The mint officers were simply directed to use the silver bullion in the coining of other kinds of silver money, to wit, half-dollars, quarter-dollars, dimes, and half-dimes.

These smaller silver coins, like the silver dollar, continued to be full legal tender. The mint continued to coin them, so that between the years 1792 to 1853 the output was $77,000,000—not counting three-cent silver pieces. In silver dollars only 18,000,000 were coined from 1792 to 1873.

Ten days before closing the mint to the silver dollar, Mr. Jefferson had approved an act of Congress which gave the legal-tender quality to all foreign gold and silver coins. The Spanish milled dollar was already a legal tender.

He not only had absolute confidence in the Government to create its own paper currency independent of banks, but he contended that in no case had the paper money of any of the colonies failed to keep on a par with gold and silver when such colonies provided, at the same time the paper was issued, a tax to redeem it. He gave as a reason why the Continental currency failed the want of power in Congress to provide for its redemption. Another reason was that the Continental notes were not money; they were not legal tender, and they only gave to the holder the right to go to the treasury and swap paper for coin—if the coin was there. As the coin never was there, the paper was only paper.

"Rag money" is the favorite sneer of the academic historian, yet the very book he writes is paid for with rag money, whose virtue and credit is based upon another rag. The Government's bond is a rag, the national banker's note issued on the bond is a rag—but how glad the academic historian is to get it!

Suppose the Government should put the banker aside, call in the bond, and issue the note itself,

putting behind it the same law and credit which upholds the bond and the banker's note, would the note of the Government be less valuable than the note of the banker?

Mr. Jefferson thought not. So will every other citizen who will consent to use his own eyes, his own brain.

Another principle with Mr. Jefferson was that legislation should encourage the equitable distribution of wealth. The growth of excessive fortunes should be discouraged. Taxation should exempt all below a certain limit, and upon the larger properties the tax should be assessed by a geometrical ratio, the tax growing heavier as the property grew larger. Legislators could not invent too many devices for subdividing property, and thus preventing the misery which flows from enormous inequality.

. . . . . .

A few months before he died Mr. Jefferson wrote a strong letter to William B. Giles, denouncing the tendency of the General Government to usurp the reserved rights of the States. Such a consolidation of powers he viewed with extreme alarm. The manner in which Congress, by means of tariff regulations, took the money out of the pockets of the agriculturist and gave it to the manufacturer, he considered a shameful violation of the Constitution.

The construction which had been put upon the "general welfare" clause made the remainder of the instrument blank paper. Should the issue come between the two evils—dissolution of the Union or submission to a government of unlimited powers, there could be no hesitation in choosing the former as the smaller of the two evils. To this desperate counsel had the steady increase of Federal aggressions driven so conservative a statesman!

The manner in which the agricultural States were being systematically plundered by the manufacturers under forms of law were as apparent to him then as they became to McDuffie, Calhoun, and Stephens when the cruel results of Federal favoritism had fully developed.

Many of Mr. Jefferson's declarations prior to 1825 can be quoted in favor of moderate encouragement of infant industries until such infants could get some of the strength of life in them; but his latest deliverance upon that subject was in December, 1825, and was made in the light of the tariff system as it then stood. Realizing the trend of this legislation, it was Mr. Jefferson's final and deliberate opinion that it would be better to dissolve the Union than to submit to a government which recognized no limits to its powers and no restraints of justice or shame in building up certain classes and sections at the expense of others.

Mr. Jefferson believed that economy was one of the greatest virtues of a republican government, and that a public debt was one of the greatest dangers to be feared. He considered a navy needful to our safety, but condemned the idea that we should have a navy as large as those of the leading European nations. Such a policy would "pull on our heads that load of military expenses which makes the European laborer go supperless to bed." He never ceased to preach against standing armies, and to insist that a well-organized militia was sufficient for every national need.

He believed that home manufactures should be encouraged to the extent of our own consumption of everything of which we raise the raw material.

In a Report on Commerce, made in 1793, Mr. Jefferson fully discussed and favored the policy of reciprocity which he had previously suggested in a letter written from Paris, in 1785, to James Monroe. The late James G. Blaine's name is so prominently connected with reciprocity that there are many who give him credit for originating the doctrine. The basic principles upon which that policy is founded are set forth clearly in these writings of Jefferson.

He believed in the income tax, progressively increasing as the income increased. He believed that the earth belonged to the living, not to the dead,

and that each generation should enjoy only the *use* of the land. He denied that one generation had the just right to bind succeeding generations. It was on this principle that he opposed entailed estates and denounced perpetual national debts. Unfetter the law with the death of each life owner, and "let each generation pay its own debt as it goes."

He opposed the appointment of women to office, and thought the whole world would be gainer if commerce enjoyed perfect freedom. He declared that we should not meddle with European affairs, nor allow Europe to intermeddle with affairs on this side.

"World-mission" bombast apparently had not entered his poor, unprogressive head.

The equal rights of man and the happiness of every individual he believed to be the only legitimate objects of government. So far from being a monomaniac on the subject of gold or silver as standards of value, he declared that a fixed quantity of wheat would be in most countries the best permanent standard of value.

"Foreign relations are the province of the Federal Government, domestic regulations and institutions belong in every State to itself."

"Honesty is the first chapter of the book of wisdom; to do what is right is the one true rule of conduct."

"Let all the world pray to Heaven that at length there may be on earth peace and good will toward men."

. . . . . .

A statesman who lived so long as Jefferson, and wrote so much, expressing opinions on so many topics, would have been more than human had he never said a foolish thing nor ever involved himself in a contradiction.

The men who hunt with microscopes for fly-specks on pictures without ever being able to see the picture, do a thriving business picking out the flaws and specks in Jefferson.

But after all is said, it comes down to this: His dissimulation was that of the man of the world who knows better than to tell those he wants to use that he hates them even when he does hate them; his diplomacy was that of the traveler who reaches the summit along the line of the least resistance, his inconsistency was that of the practical leader who, not being able to get what he knows to be best, accepts a compromise rather than get nothing. A theorist, he allowed the force of circumstances to constrain him to be silent when his convictions bade him speak; to be quiescent when they would have urged him to active opposition.

In theory he was an absolute free-trader, but he led no crusade against the Federalist tariff.

He believed that the nation should supplement its gold and silver currency by a national paper currency of its own—Treasury notes bottomed on taxes; but while he was President he made no efforts to inaugurate his system. He stressed it strongly in letters to his son-in-law, Eppes, who served long and prominently in Congress, but his system was only partially practised. He detested the Federal judiciary and denounced the judges as sappers and miners who were loosening the foundations of democracy; but he did not exert himself to cure the disease by any constitutional treatment. It excited his profound indignation to see the Government abdicate in favor of national banks the sovereign power to create money, but when his friend Madison was about to sign a bill to incorporate the third great national bank we do not find that Mr. Jefferson protested.

The Constitution did not authorize the acquisition of foreign territory or a system of internal improvements, yet he bought Louisiana, tried to buy Florida, and spoke of spending the surplus revenue on roads, canals, and education. An ardent advocate of freedom for the negro, he kept his own slaves to the last.

It amused the learned men of the Philosophical Society when Vice-President Jefferson rode up to Philadelphia with a bag of bones tied under his carriage, which bones turned out to be the remains

of a giant ant-eater instead of the mastodon, as Jefferson had supposed. Much laughter can be had over mistakes like this, but it is merely another case of Newton, with his big hole in the door for the cat, and the little hole for the kitten. Plain John Smith laughs at a mistake like this—a mistake *he* would never make—and complacently goes his way, a wiser man than Newton—in his own mind.

Classically educated, George Canning was profoundly amazed to learn, after he had grown to be a man, that tadpoles shed their tails and turned to frogs. Plain John Smith knows better than that, and is therefore a greater man than Canning, in Smith's catalogue.

The apostle of Jeffersonian simplicity who made his own fires, who would return the bow of the humblest negro and would seat at his table any respectable man, no matter how poor and unpopular, he had a fine house, kept foreign wines, had many servants, employed a French cook, ordered a coat of arms from London, rode in a four-horse carriage, sported thoroughbreds, and would send his saddle-horse back to be regroomed if the cambric handkerchief of the master, passed over the hair of the horse, showed any stains.

It may have been absurd in Mr. Jefferson to oppose such titles as Mister and Esquire, but his doctrine of "Resist the beginnings" was profoundly

wise. His earnest advice to Washington had much to do with those changes in the constitution of the Cincinnati, which rendered harmless what threatened to be the commencement of a hereditary military caste.

CHAPTER LI

LAST DAYS AND DEATH

QUIETLY, usefully, year after year passed with Mr. Jefferson, his only harassing trouble being his debts.

He kept up his correspondence with a very great number of people, his open-door style of entertainment, his interest in books, plants, trees, birds, flowers, his gardens, fields, and pleasure-grounds. He rode horseback several hours every day, spent much time in social converse with relatives and friends, made himself the idol of all the children, and was quite happy when sharing their pleasures, forming their habits, and improving their minds. As a patriarch, venerated and beloved, his tall figure moved through the gathering shadows of Monticello with a majesty, a grave sweet dignity, which few attain.

He had made bitter enemies—especially in Virginia, where he had removed the Capital from historic old Williamsburg to the then straggling village of Richmond; he had cut off the ancient aristocratic church from the public treasury; and he had knocked the props from under the landed aris-

tocracy. John Randolph, of Roanoke, probably voiced the sentiment of thousands when he declared that Jefferson's leveling principles had brought upon Virginia financial ruin, lowering at the same time the standard of character.

To these causes for hatred was added another: he did not conform to the religious beliefs of his neighbors. He did not keep his views locked within his own breast, as Washington had more prudently done. That indefatigable pen was, every now and then, giving itself all the license of the free and bold thinker to whom expression is absolutely necessary.

Active causes such as these kept the dogs barking to the last; and we find this way-worn servant of the republic charged with having overdrawn his salary while minister to France. The libel was published in a Richmond paper at a time when the old man already had one leg in the grave. Think of the mortification he must have suffered in being compelled to prove himself an honest man in his home paper and to his home people!

He resigned the presidency of the Philosophical Society, an honorary post which he had held for eighteen years.

Through the kindly offices of Dr. Benjamin Rush a reconciliation was brought about between Mr. Jefferson and John Adams; and the two venerable statesmen resumed their correspondence.

In a fall from the steps of one of the terraces, Mr. Jefferson broke his other arm, and being now disabled in both wrists, writing became doubly painful. Nevertheless, the industrious old man never ceased to write. The last motion of a definite sort which he was to make with his right hand was the motion of writing.

His eyes continued good and he could enjoy reading to the last; his hair turned gray, but remained abundant; his teeth remained perfect; his hearing became somewhat dull.

When young he had been given to fine clothes. In France he wore a garb which his secretary planned, and it included red breeches. When he began to wear these trousers in New York as Secretary of State, there was some commotion in society, and he soon left them off. During his first term as President his raiment is said to have been studiously negligent. The political literature of the time identifies particularly an old pair of corduroy breeches, which had been in the tub and the soapsuds so often that their color had faded to a dingy white. His shabby brown coat also was the source of considerable suffering among the fastidious.

In all this, political spite may have exaggerated the facts. During his second term the complaints about his dress died away, and the reader of current comments notes the advent of the black coat, which the President wears, and the consequent re-

turn of composure to his critics. During his later years, while he preserved his scrupulous neatness it seems that his clothing was very plain and old-fashioned.

Frame in your mind the figure of a tall, spare, straight old farmer dressed in common clothes and surrounded by a group of grandchildren who climb on his knees, or recite their lessons to him, or play around him as he strolls slowly about his grounds, and you have a fair likeness of Jefferson in retirement.

The embargo and the War of 1812 played havoc with Virginia, and the losses on Mr. Jefferson's farms were as serious as elsewhere. Crops could find no markets, and the value of money, measured by the produce which had to buy it, was out of all proportion to the cost of production. Finally, the overseer was discharged and one of the grandchildren, the favorite Thomas Jefferson Randolph, took the management of Mr. Jefferson's business into his own hands.

But the expenses were so great, there were so many visitors to feed and serve, the interest-charge on old debts was so heavy, and the bad crop years so frequent, that it was impossible to work the property out of debt. One of the finishing strokes was a security debt of $20,000 for an old friend. There being no market for land at fair prices, Mr. Jefferson applied to the Legislature for leave to

dispose of real estate by lottery. There was also a suggestion that the State should lend him money. Neither of these plans materialized. The British having burned the Congressional Library, Mr. Jefferson offered to sell his books, his fondly treasured books, to the nation. There was much contemptible suspicion and ill will on the part of political enemies. The Pharisee opened his mouth and spoke; and the Pharisee announced that the entire collection of books should be rejected because it included the works of Voltaire. The Pharisee had never read Voltaire, of course. That in itself would have been contamination. But the Pharisee had heard some other member of his tribe denounce Voltaire, and that was sufficient—there being no prejudice quite so stubborn as the hereditary sort which doesn't know and refuses to be informed. Finally, Congress bought the books for $23,950, their value being, perhaps, four times that amount. The creditors of Mr. Jefferson got the money.

It becoming noised abroad that the aged statesman was about to be sold out of house and home, public subscriptions were set on foot for him. New York sent $8,000; Philadelphia, $5,000; Baltimore, $3,000; Virginia did nothing. In fact, his home State and home county held a greater number of bitter enemies than any equal area of the Union, with the possible exception of New England.

When the notorious Callender, whom Jefferson

freed from fine and imprisonment under John Adams's sedition law, demanded the Richmond post-office from President Jefferson and was refused, the worst abuse he could throw at Jefferson came in the shape of Albemarle affidavits.

In one's own immediate environment are to be found those whom one has combated, and perhaps overthrown; the competitors one has distanced, the former associates one has outgrown; the local opinions one has risen above; the narrow prejudices one has reproved; the envies, jealousies, cravings for revenge that one has provoked—hence within rifle-range of one's own house are usually to be found the hidden fires of the hatreds which are unquenchable. It was so with Jefferson.

The voluntary offerings made for his relief by sympathetic admirers pleased the old statesman immensely, and he believed that his debts had been paid. On the contrary, the amount thus realized was but a drop in the bucket. He remained hopelessly insolvent, happily unconscious of the fact.

Unable to help himself, he remained capable of helping others. It was his suggestion which started the movement in favor of Lafayette. Congress managed to recall what Federalism and its historians had well-nigh forgotten—that France had shed its blood and treasure for us when we needed them as we never could need them again.

Lafayette got 24,000 acres of land and $200,000 in money.

Gouverneur Morris accuses the Lafayettes of repudiating one-half the loan he made the family when the Marquis was an Austrian prisoner at Olmütz. The portrait of an ungrateful, dishonest Lafayette is not handsome. But there are other pictures of the many-sided Frenchman. There is one that would group Lafayette and Monroe—both old, both feeble, both poor. They had fought together when they were nothing but boys. They had honored each other all their lives. Now as they were tottering toward the grave, noble-hearted old Jefferson was able to turn the tide of fortune—not to ex-President Monroe or to ex-President Jefferson, but to ex-Revolutionary volunteer Lafayette. And the gallant Frenchman, his purse suddenly full, turns toward his feeble companion in arms, the moneyless James Monroe, and tells him to take what he needs.

"Honor to Lafayette!"

In that attitude, holding out the open hand to the Virginian whose "soul might have been turned wrong side out without finding a spot upon it," Lafayette's figure stands in a light as radiant as that which shone about him when he led the lines at Yorktown.[1]

[1] It does not appear, however, that Monroe *accepted* any aid from Lafayette.

In the summer of 1825 Madison and Monroe were present at the banquet given to Lafayette by the University of Virginia, but Jefferson was not strong enough to go.

Lafayette came to Monticello, and the meeting of these two relics of a past age can not be better described than Mrs. Randolph has done it:

"The barouche containing Lafayette stopped at the end of the lawn. His escort—one hundred and twenty mounted men—formed on one side in a semicircle extending from the carriage to the house. A crowd of about two hundred men, who were drawn together by curiosity to witness the meeting of two venerable men, formed themselves in a semicircle on the opposite side.

"As Lafayette descended from the carriage, Jefferson descended to the steps of the portico. Jefferson was feeble and tottering with age, Lafayette permanently lame and broken in health.

"As they approached each other their uncertain gait quickened itself into a shuffling run, and exclaiming 'Ah, Jefferson!' 'Ah, Lafayette!' they burst into tears as they fell into each other's arms."

Among those who looked on there was not a tearless eye, and no sound except an occasional sob. The two old men entered the house, and the crowd dispersed in silence.

In all public events Mr. Jefferson continued to

take an interest, but he made few efforts to influence men or measures.

When the slavery question drew its sharp geographical line between North and South in 1820, the "fire-bell at night" aroused him from slumber, filling him with forebodings. Upon that subject he wrote in substance:

"The Missouri is not a moral question, but one of power merely. Its object is to raise a geographical principle for the choice of a President, and the noise will be kept up until that is effected.

"All know that the spreading of the slaves does not increase the number of the slaves, but dilutes the evil and renders easier the remedy of it. In the mean time it is a ladder for rivals climbing to power."

In that disappointing work, the Recollections of Richard W. Thompson, the author describes Mr. Jefferson as he appeared in Charlottesville in 1825. The venerable statesman had come into town from Monticello to do some trading at one of the stores. To little Thompson it appeared that Jefferson was dressed in home-made clothing. His shoulders were stooped, his voice feeble and trembling. He chose his purchases with care and did not higgle about prices. The merchant was very deferential, and when the trading was finished took his customer by the arm to assist him to the carriage, which Jeffer-

son slowly entered with the aid of the merchant and the old negro driver.

In Kennedy's Life of William Wirt there is a note by the author in which Mr. Jefferson is vividly pictured in his last days:

"I had never seen Mr. Jefferson. It was a hot day in July when we reached the top of the mountain and entered the spacious hall of the mansion. Mr. Jefferson had been very ill with a recent attack of his malady, and therefore excused himself from receiving company.

"There was a large glass door which opened on the hall and separated Mr. Jefferson's apartments from it. Whilst we sat in this hall a tall, attenuated figure, slightly stooping forward, and exhibiting a countenance filled with an expression of pain, slowly walked across the space visible through the glass door.

"It was Mr. Jefferson.

"He was dressed in a costume long out of fashion, small-clothes, a waistcoat with flaps, and it struck us, in the brief view we had, some remnants of embroidery.

"The silence of the footfall, the old costume, and the short space in which that image glided past the glass door made a strange and mysterious impression upon us. It was all that I ever saw of the Sage of Monticello."

As his strength waned, he feared that he might

live too long, might linger in dotage. This he dreaded, and he longed to die before he became a mere driveling imbecile. To death he looked forward with serene confidence, an utter absence of fear. A gradual failure of the physical organs and a dysentery which could not be checked brought on the end, July 4, 1826. To the last he was clear-minded and resolute. Declining to see a minister of the Gospel except as a "kind good friend," the Deist who had always yearned for right and light, and who had never wilfully harmed a human being, nor ever prostituted to any base purpose his time, talent, or opportunity, put his feet into the great road without the slightest tremor of doubt.

On the night of the 3d of July he had asked, once and again, "Is it the Fourth?" His last thoughts were on his country and its birthday—the only birthday he ever wanted this republic to celebrate. "Is it the Fourth?" Told that it was, he seemed satisfied and passed into slumber. During the morning of the Fourth he was in a stupor. Once he roused himself. The fingers—the long, chalky, stiffened fingers—took the old, old shape of holding the pen and made feebly the motion of writing.

With his last words he said, "Tell the committee to be on the alert!"

The spent, relaxed brain was falling backward

into the trains of thought, the ancient grooves of purpose, the bygone battle-fields where he had stood in the ranks along where the foremost stood.

Timid? No, not timid then. Incapable? No, not incapable then. Weak and vacillating? Not then, oh, not then!

England marked him as too bold, and she wrote his name on her black list—her black list of traitors where the names of Hampden and Sydney and Cromwell and William Wallace and Robert Emmet are found.

Nervous patriots marked him as too bold; and his hot counsel was put aside many and many a time.

"Tell the committee to be on the alert—Virginia's Committee of Safety, perhaps, of which the dying man had been chairman in the days that tried men's souls. In another time which tested the souls of men, another great Virginian called out in his delirium, "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action."

Great in elemental grandeur is that race whose leaders, even in the article of death, cling to duty and to country, rather than to self—anxious but for the cause to which life has been given.

Bells were pealing for the Fourth of July all over the great land, the boom of cannon and the sound of patriotic music thrilled men and women from Canadian borders to the Gulf of Mexico. It was a classic death, a sublime death, that amid such

anthems as those the stoutest leader of the North and the boldest statesman of the South should close their eyes in final sleep.

. . . . . .

Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, dying on the same day, July 4, 1826, there was but one Signer left—Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

The old Roman was living in retirement at his stately Doughoregan Manor, near Baltimore, when on July 20, 1826, he was pressed to attend the funeral services in memory of Adams and Jefferson. There was a solemn procession through the streets of Baltimore, a draped funeral car with black horses, a band of music playing dirges, a troop of horse with standard draped in black. In a carriage following the car rode Charles Carroll, the only living man who had signed the Declaration of Independence, and John Eager Howard, who had turned back the rout of battle at the Cowpens. Four generations trooped behind the venerable heroes, these veterans of the ancient struggle for liberty.

The Governor of Maryland and all his brilliant staff were there; members of the Executive Council and committees of arrangements were there; a multitude of worthy people from far and near were there, but this writer has eyes for two figures only —old Charles Carroll, the last of the Signers, and

John Edgar Howard, the hero of the Cowpens. Two of the noblest, mourning two of the noblest—it is a spectacle to move patriots as long as old glories command reverence; and, with this procession, our story may end.

APPENDIX

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, MARCH 4, 1801.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:

Called upon to undertake the duties of the first executive office of our country, I avail myself of the presence of that portion of my fellow citizens which is here assembled to express my grateful thanks for the favor with which they have been pleased to look toward me, to declare a sincere consciousness that the task is above my talents, and that I approach it with those anxious and awful presentiments which the greatness of the charge and the weakness of my powers so justly inspire. A rising nation, spread over a wide and fruitful land, traversing all the seas with the rich productions of their industry, engaged in commerce with nations who feel power and forget right, advancing rapidly to destinies beyond the reach of mortal eye; when I contemplate these transcendent objects, and see the honor, the happiness, and the hopes of this beloved country committed to the issue and the auspices of this day, I shrink from the contemplation and humble myself before the magnitude of the undertaking. Utterly, indeed, should I despair, did not the presence of many whom I see here remind me that in the other high authorities provided by our Constitution I shall find resources of wisdom, of virtue, and of zeal on which to rely under all difficulties. To you, then, gentlemen, who are charged with the sovereign functions of legislation, and to those associated with you, I look

with encouragement for that guidance and support which may enable us to steer with safety the vessel in which we are all embarked, amidst the conflicting elements of a troubled world.

During the contest of opinion through which we have passed, the animation of discussions and of exertions has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers unused to think freely, and to speak and to write what they think; but this being now decided by the voice of the nation, announced according to the rules of the Constitution, all will of course arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good. All, too, will bear in mind this sacred principle that, though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate which would be oppression. Let us, then, fellow-citizens, unite with one heart and one mind, let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection without which liberty, and even life itself, are but dreary things. And let us reflect, that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little, if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, as wicked, and as capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions. During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world, during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking through blood and slaughter his long-lost liberty, it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore; that this should be more felt and feared by some, and less by others, and should divide opinions as to measures of safety; but every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all Republicans; we are all Federalists. If there be any among us who wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand

undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it. I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government can not be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it is the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man can not be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? Or, have we found angels in the form of kings to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Let us, then, with courage and confidence, pursue our own federal and republican principles; our attachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one quarter of the globe; too high-minded to endure the degradation of the others, possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation, entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisition of our own industry, to honor and confidence from our fellow citizens, resulting not from birth, but from our actions and their sense of them, enlightened by a benign religion, professed, indeed, and practised in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man, acknowledging and adoring an overruling Providence, which, by all its dispensations, proves that it delights in the happiness of man here, and the greater happiness hereafter; with all these blessings,

what more is necessary to make us a happy and prosperous people? Still one thing more, fellow citizens, a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government; and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

About to enter, fellow citizens upon the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of our government, and consequently, those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principle, but not all its limitations. Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concern, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people, a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword of revolution where peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace, and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its hand-

maid; the diffusion of information, and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the public reason; freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and freedom of person, under the protection of the *habeas corpus*, and the trial by juries impartially selected. These principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages and blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment; they should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or of alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps, and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety.

I repair, then, fellow citizens, to the post you have assigned me. With experience enough in subordinate offices to have seen the difficulties of this, the greatest of all, I have learned to expect that it will rarely fall to the lot of imperfect man to retire from this station with the reputation and the favor which bring him into it. Without pretensions to that high confidence you reposed in our first and greatest revolutionary character, whose preeminent service has entitled him to the first place in his country's love, and destined for him the fairest page in the volume of faithful history, I ask so much confidence only as may give firmness and effect to the legal administration of your affairs. I shall often go wrong through defect of judgment. When right, I shall often be thought wrong by those whose positions will not command a view of the whole ground. I ask your indulgence for my own errors, which will never be intentional; and your support against the errors of others, who may condemn what they would not, if seen in all its parts. The approbation implied by your suffrage is a great consolation to me for the past; and my future solicitude will be to retain the good opinion of those who have bestowed it in advance, to conciliate that of others, by doing

them all the good in my power, and to be instrumental to the happiness and freedom of all.

Relying, then, on the patronage of your good-will, I advance with obedience to the work, ready to retire from it whenever you become sensible how much better choices it is in your power to make. And may that infinite Power which rules the destinies of the universe lead our councils to what is best, and give them a favorable issue, for your peace and prosperity.

INDEX

Act for ports of 1691, 1.

Adams, John, friendship for Jefferson, 129; Declaration of Independence, 143; minister to France, 241; minister to England, 244; political relations with Jefferson, 365; Vice-President, 430; presidential administration, 350; death, 514.

Adams, Samuel, opposition to the Stamp Act, 41; and American Independence, 131, 283; Washington's appointment as Commander-in-chief, 147; friendship for Jefferson, 129; Jefferson's letter to, 402.

Alamance Creek, the fight at, 77.

Alfred, Paul Jones's ship, 194.

Alien and sedition laws, 362, 376.

Ancestral homes, meaning of, 169.

André, Major, capture of, 191.

Annapolis Convention, 292.

Anti-Federalists, as a political party, 330.

Arnold, Benedict, Canadian campaign, 187; treason of, 191; invasion of Virginia, 233.

Ashe, John, opposes the Stamp Act, 40; revolt in North Carolina, 83.

Bacon, Nathaniel, rebellion of, 282.

Bank, national, beginning of, 316; opposition to, 318.

Barbary pirates, war with, 247, 418, 479.

Bayard, James A., Jefferson-Burr contest, 396.

Beaumarchias, Pierre Augustin Caron de, assistance to America, 165, 287.

Bernard, Sir Francis, on the Stamp Act, 45.

Betsy, captured by the Barbary pirates, 249.

Bibby, Captain, at Monticello, 184.

Bland, Colonel Richard, in Virginia House of Burgesses, 66; first Continental Congress, 109.

Bolling, Thomas, 51.

Bon Homme Richard, fight with the *Serapis*, 195.

Boone, Daniel, 224.

Boston, port closed by Great Britain, 105; sympathy of the colonies, 109, 134; evacuation of, 187.

Botetourt, Lord, Governor of Virginia, 60, 152.

Boucher, Rev. Jonathan, 129.

Braddock, defeat of, 154.

Buffon, Jefferson's argument with, 257.

Bull, Jesse, cotton-gin of, 338.

Bulloch, Archibald, first governor of independent Georgia, 137, 163.

Bunker Hill, battle of, 127, 187.

Burgoyne, surrender of, 190.

Burke, Edmund, on the Stamp Act, 45.
Burr, Aaron, political methods, 377, 378, 387; character as described by Carroll Morris, 389; Vice-President, 379, 382, 430; duel with Hamilton, 436; conspiracy and trial, 447.
Burwell, Miss, Jefferson's attentions to, 87.

Camden, defeat of Gates at, 190.
Canada, attempt to enlist in the cause of the colonists, 189, 285.
Capital, struggle for the location of the, 317, 395.
Carr, Dabney, Jefferson's friendship for, 23; married to Martha Jefferson, 51; Virginia Committee of Correspondence, 100; home life and death, 101; family of, at Monticello, 120; debt of the republic to, 283.
Carroll, Charles, of Carrollton, 110; Canadian mission, 189, 285; opinion of Jefferson and Burr, 389; at funeral of Jefferson and Adams, 514.
Cary, Archibald, Virginia Committee of Correspondence, 100.
Catholics, appeal to Canadian, 189, 285.
Cedar Springs, battle at, 206.
Chase, Samuel, impeachment trial of, 404, 425.
Chesapeake, attacked by the *Leopard*, 439.
Clark, John Rogers, 223, 408; takes Kaskaskia, 226; expedition against Vincennes, 230.
Clark, Lewis and, expedition, 416.
Class rule in America, 312.
Clinton, George, ratification of the Constitution, 304.
Coast Survey, beginning of, 403.
Committee of Correspondence, Virginia, 100, 106, 290.
"Common Sense," publication of, 141, 174.
Concord, battle at, 186.
Confederation, Articles of, 290, 306.
Congress, Continental, First, 123, 283.
Connecticut Compromise in the Constitutional Convention, 298.
Constitutional Convention, genesis, 292; meets, 297; adopts the Constitution, 298.
Cornstalk, Indian chief, defeated at the Great Kanawha, 111.
Cornwallis, in command in the South, 207; at Yorktown, 213.
Correspondence, Committee of, 100, 106, 290.
Cotton-gin, invention of, 338.
Courts, Federal, power of the, 406.
Cowpens, battle of, 212, 219.
Croghan, George, defense of Fort Stephenson, 474.

Dale, Richard, on the *Bon Homme Richard*, 199.
Dayton, Jonathan, in Constitutional Convention, 297.
Deane, Silas, minister to France, 166, 287.
Dearborn, Henry, Secretary of War, 428.
De Bonvouloir, French envoy at Philadelphia, 165, 286.
Decatur, Stephen, betrayed at New London, 478.
Declaration of Independence, 108, 157; reception in the colonies, 161.
Declaration of Rights, 1765, 123.
De Kalb, Baron, aid to America, 190.

De Marbois, French envoy to Philadelphia, 236.
Democracy, debt of, to Virginia, 277.
De Reidesel, General, at Monticello, 183.
Dexter, Samuel, Secretary of War, 377.
Dinwiddie, Robert, Governor of Virginia, 150.
Douglass, Rev. William, tutor to Jefferson, 13.
Dudingston, Lieutenant, commander of the *Gaspee*, 96.
Dungeness, home of the Randolphs, 5.
Dunmore, Lord, Governor of Virginia, 106, 152, 293; battle with the Indians on the Great Kanawha, 111; Patrick Henry's march on Williamsburg, 124; flight to England, 118, 132, 185; ravages the Chesapeake, 140; Washington's relations with, 155.

Easton, Pa., treaty with the Indians at, 284.
Education in colonial Virginia, 15; Jefferson's reforms in Virginia, 182.
Elections, method of conducting presidential, 382; change in, 439.
Embargo, the, 439, 442.
Entail, law of, in Virginia, work of Jefferson to abolish, 166.
Eppes, John, marries Jefferson's daughter, 341, 365.
Estates, naming of, in colonial Virginia, 169.

Fairfax, Lord, 150.
Falmouth, destruction of, by the British, 141.
Fanning, Colonel Edmund, with Tryon in North Carolina, 75.
Fauquier, Francis, Governor of Virginia, friendship for Jefferson, 17; death, 60.
Federalists, as a political party, 330.
Fenno's Gazette, 332.
Ferguson, General Patrick, at King's Mountain, 207.
Few, Captain William, of the North Carolina Regulators, 78.
Force Bill, the, 443.
Fort Jefferson, 232, 299.
Fort Necessity, surrender of, 154.
Fort Sullivan, defense of, by Moultrie, 143.
Fort Washington, capture of, 189.
France, condition of, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, 96; struggle with Great Britain for the possession of America, 28; in the Ohio Valley, 151; aid against Great Britain during the Revolution, 165, 190, 215, 285, 324; Genet's mission to America, 323, 355; threat to invade United States, 356; plans for development of Louisiana, 410.
Franklin, Benjamin, 131, 159; Canadian mission, 189, 285; minister to France, 166, 241, 288; in Constitutional Convention, 297.
French Revolution, Jefferson's traditional debt to, 108; letters in regard to the condition of the French peasantry, 262; Jefferson's relation to, 265; Genet's mission to America, 323; Monroe's relation to, 353.
Freneau's Gazette, 332.

Gage, General Thomas, on the Stamp Act, 45.
Gallatin, Albert, Secretary of the Treasury, 428.
Gaspee, destruction of the, 96.
Genet episode, the, 322, 444.
Georgia, condition of, at the time of the Revolution, 133.
Gerry, Elbridge, in the Constitutional Convention, 314.
Gibault, Pierre, and George Rogers Clark, 227.
Gist, Christopher, in the Ohio Valley, 151, 154.
Granger, Gideon, Postmaster-General, 428.
Great Britain, and the American Revolution, 27; attitude toward French Revolution, 323; attitude toward United States after Revolution, 355, 439.
Griswold, Roger, attack on Matthew Lyon, 374.
Guilford Court-House, battle of, 213.

Habersham, James, opposition to the Stamp Act, 134.
Habersham, Major Joseph, at head of Georgia patriots, 137.
Hale, Nathan, execution of, 188.
Hall, Dr. Lyman, 136.
Hamilton, Alexander, at Yorktown, 216; Annapolis Convention, 292; Constitutional Convention, 297; Secretary of the Treasury, 310; political system of, 311, 319, 331, 388; the Genet episode, 327; on Washington's death, 348; at head of the army, 357; intrigue with Miranda, 360, 378, 389, 413; the Jefferson-Burr contest, 385, 395; final struggle with Burr and death, 433.
Hamilton, Henry, in the wilderness, 224; takes Vincennes, 229; surrenders to Clark, 231.
Hancock, John, Declaration of Independence, 159.
Harnet, Cornelius, the Mecklenburg Resolutions, 158.
Harrison, Benjamin, first Continental Congress, 109.
Hartford, Secession Convention at, 475.
Harvey, John, Jefferson's guardian, 14.
Henry, Patrick, 3, 33; education and professional career, 49, 57; friendship for Jefferson, 46, 117; break with Jefferson, 49; speech in the Virginia House of Burgesses, 41; the Parsons case, 47, 50; march on Williamsburg, 84, 124, 155; Virginia Committee of Correspondence, 99; first Continental Congress, 109; in command of Virginia forces, 140; Governor of Virginia, 185; in Virginia Convention, 299; alien and sedition laws, 376; debate with John Randolph, 422.
Hermitage, The, home of Andrew Jackson, xi.
Hessians, employed by Great Britain, 157.
Holland, aid to the colonists, 189.
Holy Alliance, 489.
Howard, John Eager, at Cowpens, 213; at funeral of Jefferson and Adams, 514.
Hull, General William, surrender of Detroit, 473.
Husbands, Herman, leads revolt against Governor Tryon in North Carolina, 74.

Impressment of American seamen, 329, 440, 445.
Indians, Jefferson's interest in,

9; employed by the British against the colonies, 157, 223; troubles with, following the Revolution, 441.

Jackson, Andrew, xi; War of 1812, 475; the Burr conspiracy, 447.
Jamestown, the founders of, 279.
Jasper, Sergeant, at battle of Fort Sullivan, 144.
Jay, John, 129; Annapolis Convention, 292; treaty with Great Britain, 345, 355, 370.
Jefferson, Jane, Jefferson's favorite sister, death, 51.
Jefferson, Jane (Randolph), mother of Thomas Jefferson, 3; marriage, 5; at Shadwell, 120.
Jefferson, Martha, elder daughter of Thomas Jefferson, 241, 270; marriage, 341; letters to, 459.
Jefferson, Martha, wife of Thomas Jefferson, marriage, 87; character, 90; musical ability, 115; ill health, 182; death, 234.
Jefferson, Mary, daughter of Thomas Jefferson, 270; marriage, 341, 365; death, 461.
Jefferson, Mary, sister of Thomas Jefferson, marriage to Dabney Carr, 51.
Jefferson, Peter, father of Thomas Jefferson, 2, 150; marriage, 6; death, 7.
Jefferson, Randolph, brother of Thomas Jefferson, 71, note, 120.
Jefferson, Thomas, ancestry, 1; appearance, 20, 505, 510; Bible, 482; birth, 7; boyhood and education, 1, 11, 19; character, 21; children, 182, 270, 459; debts, 92, 340, 462, 505; death, 512; ideas of education, 484; financial views, 493; home life, 340; income, 55; inventions, 343; last years, 502; letters, 262, 459; love of nature, 344; marriage, 87; musical ability, 115, 184; notebooks, 52; physical training, 8, 11, 21; political courage, 366; political system, 331, 495; religious belief, 480; college days, 14; enters the law, 20; admitted to the bar, 51; legal practise, 56; elected burgess, 60; succeeds Randolph in Continental Congress, 126; Governor of Virginia, 185; services in Congress, 237; minister to France, 241, 255, 274; Secretary of State in Washington's Cabinet, 335; resigns, 334; the Genet episode, 328; tribute to Washington, 348; Vice-President, 350, 362; President, 379, 382, 397, 455; Jefferson-Burr contest, 382; second term, 439; declines third term, 453.
Jones, John Paul, 258; naval exploits, 193; death, 201.
Jumonville, N. Coulon de, 154.

Kaskaskia, captured by Clark, 226.
Kenton, Simon, in the wilderness, 224.
Kentucky Resolutions, 363.
King's Mountain, victory of the Americans at, 207, 219.
Knox, General Henry, Secretary of War, 318; opposes Hamilton as head of the army, 357.
Kosciusko, Tadeusz, 190.

Labor, status of, in colonial Virginia, 4.
Lacey, Edward, at King's Mountain, 208.

Lafayette, aid to America, 190, 324; at Yorktown, 214; Jefferson's report to, on the condition of the French people, 262; sympathy for Monroe, 508; visit to Monticello, x, 509.
Lafreniere, heads revolt of Louisiana against Spanish rule, 36.
Laurens, John, at Yorktown, 216; mission to France, 214; the Rutledge letter, 221.
Lauzun, Armand Louis de Gontaut, 216.
Lee, Francis Lightfoot, 99, 105.
Lee, Richard Henry, Virginia Committee of Correspondence, 100, 132; First Continental Congress, 109, 143, 283.
Lewis and Clark expedition, 416.
Lewis, General, defeats the Indians on the Great Kanawha, 111.
Lexington, battle of, 84, 186.
Lincoln, Levi, Attorney-General, 429.
Livingston, Robert R., the Louisiana purchase, 411.
Lobby, the, origin of, 317.
Logan, chief of the Mingoes, reply of, 112.
Logan, Dr., voluntary mission to France, 359.
Long Island, battle of, 188.
Louisiana purchase, the, 408.
Louisiana, revolt in, 1764, 35.
Lyon, Matthew, 372; attacked by Griswold, 374; Jefferson-Burr contest, 396; the Yazoo frauds, 425.

McDuffie, George, on the Northwestern Territories, 408.
McHenry, James, Secretary of War, 377.
McIntosh, Colonel Lachlan, 138.
Mackinaw, Pontiac's capture of the fort at, 37.
Maddox, Joseph, 135.
Madison, James, and Harriet Martineau, 13; religious liberty in Virginia, 180; contrasted with Edmund Randolph, 301; Annapolis Convention, 292; Constitutional Convention, 297; Virginia Convention, 300; Secretary of State, 428; War of 1812, 470; the Monroe doctrine, 490.
Marion, General Francis, "the Swamp Fox," 204.
Marshall, John, Secretary of State, 377; Chief-Justice, 379, 403; the trial of Aaron Burr, 450.
Martin, Alexander, Governor of North Carolina, 80.
Martin, Luther, opposition to the Constitution, 299; the Chase impeachment, 404; defense of Burr, 451.
Martineau, Harriet, and James Madison, 13.
Maryland, adoption of the Constitution, 299.
Mason, George, Bill of Rights and the Virginia Constitution of 1776, 142; in the Constitutional Convention, 299.
Maury, Jesse, x.
Maury, Rev. James, tutor to Jefferson, 13, 50.
Mazzei, Jefferson's letter to, 346.
Mecklenburg Resolutions, 158.
Mills, Elijah, opinion of John Randolph of Roanoke, 428.
Miranda, Hamilton's intrigue with, 360, 378, 389, 413.
Mississippi, importance of the, 408; John Jay's treaty with Spain in regard to the Mississippi, 299.

Money system, Jefferson's part in introducing, 238.
Monroe doctrine, 489.
Monroe, James, minister to France, 352, 376; recalled from France, 355; the Louisiana purchase, 411; the Monroe doctrine, 489; and Lafayette 508.
Montgomery, Richard, Canadian campaign and death, 187.
Monticello, 25, 71, 113, 243; home life at, 120, 340; hospitality at, 466; wedding journey to, 89; return from France to, 275; Hessian prisoners at, 182; Cornwallis's raid, 214, 233; Lafayette's visit to, x, 509.
Morris, Gouverneur, originates money system, 238; minister to France, 352; death of Paul Jones, 201; opinion of Burr and Jefferson, 392; at Hamilton's death-bed, 437.
Moultrie, William, defense of Fort Sullivan, 144; the Rutledge letter, 221; the Genet episode, 325.
Mount Vernon, xi.
Musgroves' Mills, battle at, 206, 219.

Napoleon, plans for development of Louisiana, 410.
Navigation laws, 31, 94.
Navy, Jefferson's part in planning the United States, 253.
Nelson, Thomas, 142; Governor of Virginia, 217.
New England, influence on United States history, vii; attitude toward War of 1812, 472; secession talk in, 415, 455, 472, 475.
New Orleans, battle of, 475.
Newspapers, modern thirst for, 33.
New York, adoption of the Constitution, 304.
Nicholas, John, letter to Washington, 347.
Nicholas, Robert C., Virginia Committee of Correspondence, 100.
Norfolk, destruction of, by the British, 141.
North Carolina, opposition to the Stamp Act, 40; revolt in, in 1767-70, 73; adoption of the Constitution, 307.
Northwestern Territory, ordinance of the, 239.
Notes on Virginia, Jefferson's, 235.
Nullification, Edmund Randolph on, 364; talk of, in New England, 415, 455, 472, 475.

Oconostata, or Ontassité, Cherokee chief, 9.
Ohio Land Company, 150.
Ontassité, or Oconostata, Cherokee chief, 9.
Otis, James, opposition to the Stamp Act, 41, 44.

Page, John, Governor of Virginia, 87, 185, 217, 461.
Paine, Thomas, publication of "Common Sense," 141, 174; Indian Commissioner, 284; Foreign Secretary, 288; the French Revolution, 354; Jefferson's letter to, 402.
Parker, Sir Hyde, 119.
Parker, Sir Peter, defeat at Fort Sullivan, 143.
Parsons case, the, Patrick Henry wins the, 47, 50.
Pearson, Captain, of the *Serapis*, 196.

Peggy Stewart, burning of the, 110.
Pendleton, Edmund, Virginia Committee of Correspondence, 100; First Continental Congress, 109; revision of the laws of Virginia, 180.
Pennsylvania, tariff act of 1785, 316.
Pepys's diary, 52.
Pickering, Judge, impeached, 404.
Pickering, Timothy, Secretary of State, 357, 377.
Pinckney, C. C., minister to France, 355.
Pinckney, William, 57.
Pocahontas, 420.
Political parties, first, 330.
Pontiac's War, 37.
Providence, Paul Jones's ship, 194.
Pulaski, Count, 190.

Randolph, Colonel Peter, 46.
Randolph, Colonel William, 5, 7.
Randolph, Dr. William Carey Nicholas, great-grandson of Jefferson, x.
Randolph, Edmund, 56, 57, 275; Governor of Virginia, 295; Annapolis Convention, 292, 295; Constitutional Convention, 297; Virginia Convention, 300; contrasted with Madison, 301; trial of Aaron Burr, 451.
Randolph, Isham, grandfather of Thomas Jefferson, 5.
Randolph, Jane. See JANE (RANDOLPH JEFFERSON).
Randolph, John (father of Edmund Randolph), 118; home life, 293; goes with Dunmore to England, 119; death, 120.
Randolph, John, of Roanoke, 173; character and career, 420; the Chase impeachment, 404, 425; break with Jefferson, 427; minister to Russia, 427; the trial of Aaron Burr, 452.
Randolph, Peyton, 46; Virginia Committee of Correspondence, 100; First Continental Congress, 109, 126; death, 294.
Randolph, Thomas Mann, marries Martha Jefferson, 341.
Ranger, Paul Jones's ship, 194.
Regulators, organized in North Carolina, 73.
Religion, State, in Virginia, 177.
Republican party, Jefferson's, 330.
Revolution, the American, causes of, 27.
Rhode Island, adoption of the Constitution, 307.
Richmond, removal of capital to, 502.
Rochambeau, Count, 216.
Rosewell, home of John Page, 185.
Rutledge, Edward, battle of Fort Sullivan, 145.
Rutledge, John, 134, 163, 220.

Saratoga, battle of, 190.
Secession, talk of, in New England, 415, 455, 472, 475.
Sedition laws, 362, 376.
Serapis, Paul Jones's fight with the, 195.
Shadwell, home of Peter Jefferson, 5, 120; burned, 70.
Shays's Rebellion, 291.
Skelton, Mrs. Martha, married to Jefferson, 87. See JEFFERSON, MARTHA.
Slavery, in colonial Virginia, 4; Jefferson's attitude toward, 65, 160, 181; attitude of Virginia toward, 66; beneficent results of, 66, 94; compromise on, in the Constitution, 298.

INDEX

Small, Dr., favorite professor, 18.
Smith, John, colonization of Virginia, 279.
Smith, Robert, Secretary of the Navy, 429.
Social equality in colonial Virginia, 3.
Spain, John Jay's treaty with, 299.
Stamp Act Congress of 1765, 123.
Stamp Act, passage of the, 39; opposition to, 73, 134; repealed, 60, 70; effect of repeal in the colonies, 70.
Steuben, Baron, 190.
Stewart, Anthony, burning of the *Peggy Stewart*, 110.
Summary View of the Rights of British America, prepared by Jefferson, 107.
Sumpter, General Thomas, "the Game-Cock," 204.

Talleyrand, X. Y. Z. despatches, 356, 358.
Tariff, beginning of the, 315; Jefferson's views on the, 495.
Tarleton, Sir Bannastre, in the South, 205, 210; battle of Cowpens, 212; raid on Virginia, 233.
Tazewell Hall, home of the Randolphs, 293.
Tea-Party, Boston, 104, 147.
Tea tax, the, 60, 65, 70.
Tennessee, beginnings of, 10.
Tithes in Virginia, work of Jefferson to abolish, 166.
Tories, as a political party, 330.
Trenton, battle of, 190.
Tripoli, negotiations with, 247; war with, 418, 479.
Tryon, William, Governor of North Carolina, 73.
University of Virginia, 114, 486.

Valley Forge, Washington at, 189.
Vergennes, Charles Gravier, French aid to colonists, 287.
Vincennes, George Rogers Clark at, 228; retaken by the British, 229.
Virginia, first settlement of, 279; resolutions against the Stamp Act, 40; resolutions of 1765, effect of, 60; adoption of the Constitution, 299.
Virginia courts, the, 280.

Waddell, Hugh, 83.
War of 1812, 401, 445, 470.
Washington, George, xi, 129; character, 148; bravery, 191; education, 2; marriage, 153; as a soldier, 150; land surveyor, 150; in Virginia House of Burgesses, 63; service with Braddock, 9, 154; First Continental Congress, 109; Henry's march on Williamsburg, 84, 124; made Commander-in-chief, 147, 187; at Yorktown, 215; lays down commission, 238; Annapolis Convention, 292, 295; Constitutional Convention, 297; President, 307, 430; Cabinet officers, 310, 332; negotiations with Morocco, 251; the Genet episode, 326; feeling toward the French Revolution, 265; letter in regard to Jefferson's resignation, 334; last years of his administration, 346; Mazzei and Nicholas letters, 346; threatened war with France, 356; death, 348.
Washington, William, at Cowpens, 213.

Washington city, 318; British raid on, 476.
Watson, Thomas, 135.
Wayles, John, father of Jefferson's wife, 88; death, 91.
Wayne, Anthony, takes Stony Point, 190.
Webster, Daniel, on the Northwestern Territories, 409.
Wesley, John, on American Independence, 131.
West Point, Military Academy at, 403.
Whigs, as a political party, 330.
Whisky Rebellion, 292, 345.
Whitney, Eli, inventor of cotton-gin, 338.
Wilkinson, James, the Burr conspiracy, 448.
William and Mary College, 14.
Williamsburg, social life in, in colonial days, 14.
Wirt, William, 57; trial of Aaron Burr, 452; War of 1812, 476.
Wolcott, Oliver, in Adams's Cabinet, 377; the Jefferson-Burr contest, 385.
Woodford, Colonel, skirmish near Norfolk, 140.
Wright, Sir James, Governor of Georgia, 133; returns to England, 139.
Wyoming Valley, dispute over the, 291.
Wythe, George, Jefferson's preceptor in the law, 18, 20; the Virginia Resolutions, 49; revision of the Virginia laws, 180.

X. Y. Z. despatches, 356.

Yazoo frauds, the, 425.
Yorktown, founded, 1; siege of, 212.

(1)

THE END

973.46
J45s, Wa

DATE DUE

C T OCT 1 8 1981
L R MAR 2 3 1985
J T NOV 0 1 1985
C T NOV 0 6 1981
J T DEC 0 2 1985
C T MAR 2 7 1982
G R NOV 2 8 1988
L R JUN 2 3 1983
T R MAR 0 7 1994
J T OCT 0 9 1985
OCT 1 5 1994
DEC 1 4 1997

FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY
3 1254 00404 1519